THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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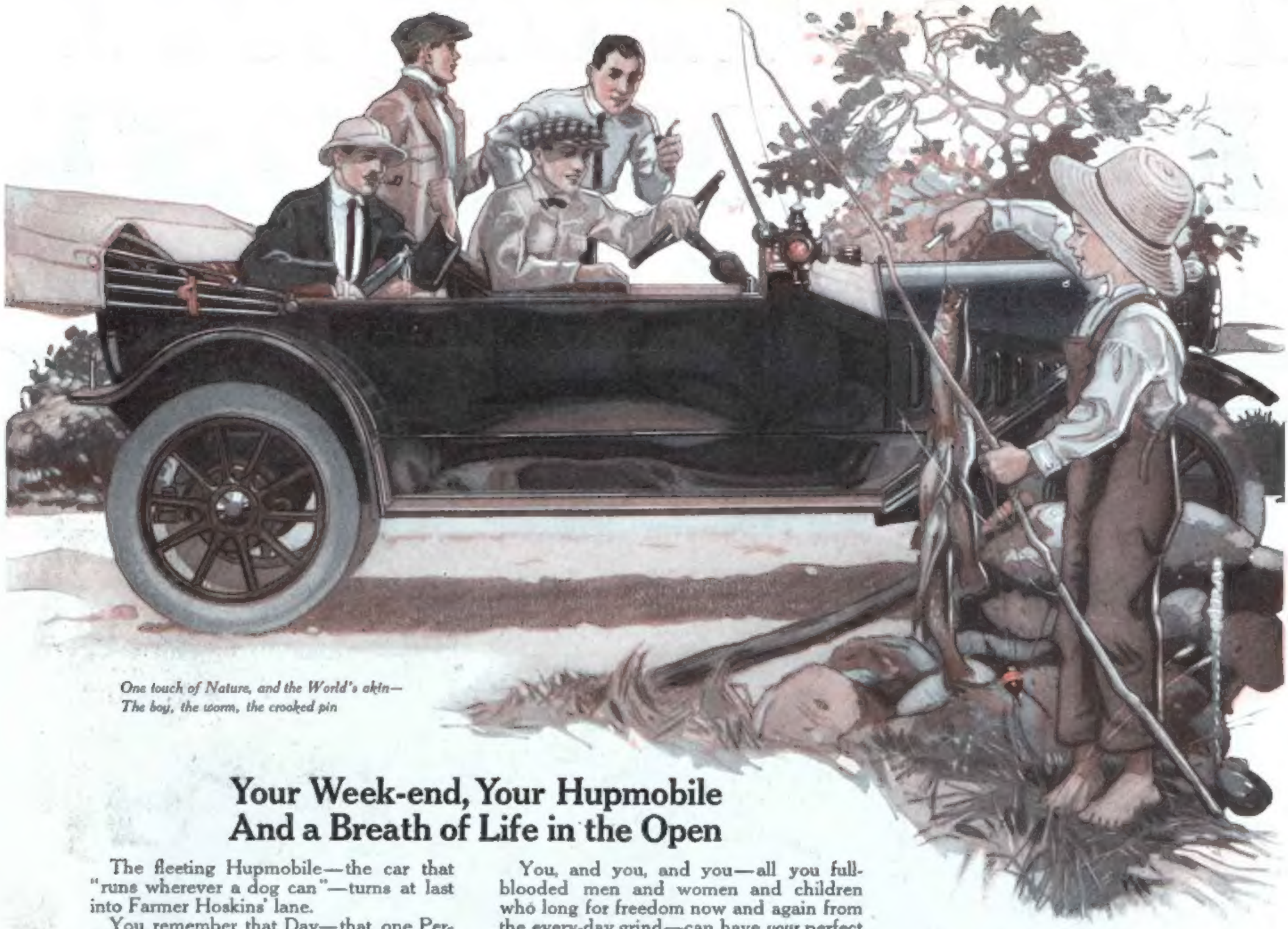
Like a Wolf on the Fold—By Mary Roberts Rinehart



One touch of Nature, and the World's akin—
The boy, the worm, the crooked pin

Your Week-end, Your Hupmobile And a Breath of Life in the Open

The fleeting Hupmobile—the car that "runs wherever a dog can"—turns at last into Farmer Hoskins' lane.

You remember that Day—that one Perfect Golden Day. It is given to each of us to Live and Treasure just one such day. Dawn was just breaking—a spring day, the Dawn of a New Summer—when you and Billy and Ned and Steve left the drowsy city streets and streaked for the Open Places.

Of course, you knew *about* where that Lake was. Old Farmer Hoskins had whispered it to you last fall.

And now—the Day—the long-coming, the one Perfect Golden Day—the day of summer wind, rustling new-born leaves and sunlight dancing from ripples to lily pads.

But Hoskins, Junior, has beaten you to it. He grins through his freckles, holds up his string and then leads you off through the hickory grove to the Enchanted Lake of your Dreams. * * *

Then, when the shadows are slanting through the hickories and the fish stop biting, you pile into the Hupmobile, promising Hoskins, Junior, a stamp-album, a real bass rod and a photograph of Ty Cobb—and wing through the falling evening back to the city—in actual miles very far from the Lake of your Dreams, but in the Hupmobile—very near.

You, and you, and you—all you full-blooded men and women and children who long for freedom now and again from the every-day grind—can have *your* perfect day, too, in a Hupmobile.

And at a cost ridiculously small, as automobile costs are measured nowadays.

You have long known the Hupmobile's reputation for economy. It is founded on nothing but the performance of the car and the experience of thousands of owners.

The Hupmobile is distinctly a car of the American family. It is the car that both millionaire and man of moderate means can approve; for there is no other car with style, stamina, comfort and power that so closely approaches its companions of costlier price.

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Build your week-end plans around a Hupmobile: give your loved ones such a Summer as they have never known, with this sturdy Car of the American Family.

Begin right away—write for a catalogue of the Hupmobile and the name of the nearest dealer.

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Hupmobile

Hupmobile "32" Touring Car, $1000 f. o. b. Detroit

Four-cylinder motor, cylinders 3¼-inch bore by 5½-inch stroke, cast en bloc. Unit power plant.

Selective type transmission, sliding gears.

Irreversible, screw and double nut steering gear.

Full-floating rear axle.

Twelve by two-inch brakes, external contracting and internal expanding.

Wheelbase, 106 inches.

Tires, 32 x 3½ inches.

Equipment of windshield, mohair top with envelope, Jiffy curtains, speedometer, quick detachable rims, rear shock absorber, gas headlights, Prest-O-Lite tank, oil lamps, tools and horn.

Finish, black with nickel trimmings.

"32" Six-passenger, fully equipped	$1200
"32" Roadster, fully equipped	$1000
"32" Delivery, fully equipped	$1100
"20" H. P. Runabout	$ 750

All Prices F. O. B. Detroit

"32" Touring Car, fully equipped	$1180
"32" Six Passenger Touring Car, fully equipped	$1430
"32" Roadster, fully equipped	$1180
"32" Delivery, fully equipped, without speedometer	$1300
"20" H. P. Runabout, fully equipped	$ 850

All Prices F. O. B. Windsor, Canada

NEXT MONTH

A Hupmobile week-end on the banks of "that" trout stream.

FOR YOUNG MEN
And Men Who Stay Young

Society Brand Clothes

Get a Norfolk Suit—a Society Brand Norfolk this season. They will be worn more than ever—and in anticipation of this large demand we have prepared a most comprehensive variety—each one a distinct, graceful model.

Reading from left to right, models with reverse views above, are as follows:

MODEL F—An English Norfolk. 3 button coat, 30 inches long; soft lapels and front; unpadded shoulders; patched pockets; 3 buttons on sleeves; plait in shoulder seams; loose belt; straight vent in back; 2 plaits in back. Straight trousers. No vest.

MODEL H—English. 3 button coat, 30 inches long; soft lapels and front; unpadded shoulders; patched pockets; box plait in center of back tacked above shoulder blades to give wearer plenty of ease in stooping or driving position; cuff on sleeves with buttonhole through cuff. Straight trousers. No vest.

MODEL K—3 button, 31 inches long; inverted plaits in front and back; belt stitched down over seam to pockets only, from pockets to front loose; skeleton back; vent from belt down; 3 buttons on sleeves. Edges and seams double stitched. Full peg trousers. No vest.

MODEL MASTER—May be worn either as a Norfolk or regular suit—simply remove the belt. 2 button coat; 32 inches long; 2 buttons on sleeves; full lined; no vent. Full peg trousers. No vest.

MODEL E—3 button coat, 31 inches long, soft roll, full skeleton lined; patch pockets, one out breast patch; 4 buttons on sleeves; box plait in center back with a little hollow in center, ⅝ inch plaits on each side of box plait at yoke and under belt; belt stitched down. Straight trousers. No vest.

MODEL A—A style that is simple, yet dignified. 2 button coat, 31 inches long, 2 buttons on sleeves; full skeleton lined; patch pockets to button; box plaits in front and back running over shoulders; no vent in back. Semi-peg trousers. No vest.

MODEL C—2 button coat, 31 inches long; box plaits in front and one in center of back, with yoke; skeleton back; one button on sleeves; flaps in yoke on both sides; side pockets with flaps to button, one hole and button in belt; edges and seams double stitched. Full peg trousers. No vest.

MODEL MONROE—2 button coat, 31 inches long; half belt in back; inverted box plait from belt down. Half lined; 1 button on sleeves. Semi-peg trousers. No vest.

MODEL J—2 button double breasted coat, 31 inches long; belt runs under box plaits; semi-soft roll; box plait in front and back; 2 buttons on sleeves; skeleton back; edges and seams single stitched ⅛. Semi-straight trousers. No vest.

MODEL G—English. 3 button coat, 30 inches long; soft lapels and front; unpadded shoulders; patched pockets; belt across the back stitched down; 4 plaits across the back, under yoke; 4 plaits under belt. Straight trousers. No vest.

MODEL D—3 button coat, 31 inches long; regular back with yoke; semi-soft roll; full skeleton lined; 4 buttons on sleeves; belt to run to front plaits only; patch pockets to button inside. Semi-straight trousers. No vest.

MODEL B—A special favorite. 2 button coat, 31 inches long; skeleton back; box plaits and yoke in front and back; 2 buttons on sleeves; edges and seams double stitched. Full peg trousers. No vest.

Ask your clothier

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LIKE A WOLF ON THE FOLD

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

AGGIE has always been in the habit of observing the anniversary of Mr. Wiggins' death. Aggie has the anniversary habit, anyhow, and her life is a succession of small feast days, on which she wears mental crape or wedding garments—depending on the occasion.

Tish and I always remember these occasions appropriately, sending flowers on the anniversaries of the passing away of Aggie's parents; grandparents; a niece who died in birth; her cousin, Sarah Webb, who married a missionary and was swallowed whole by a large snake—except her shoes, which the reptile refused and of which Aggie possesses the right, given her by the stricken husband—and, of course, Mr. Wiggins.

For Mr. Wiggins Tish and I generally send the same things each year—Tish a wreath of autumn foliage and I a sheaf of wheat tied with a lavender ribbon. The program seldom varies. We drive to the cemetery in the afternoon and Aggie places the sheaf and the wreath on Mr. Wiggins' last resting-place, first removing the lavender ribbon, of which she makes capbows through the year and an occasional pincushion or fancy-work bag; then home to chicken and waffles, which had been Mr. Wiggins' favorite meal. In the evening Charlie Sands generally comes in and we play a rubber or two of bridge.

The Real Meaning of What Was Occurring Did Not Penetrate to Any of Us

On the thirtieth anniversary of Mr. Wiggins' falling off a roof and breaking his neck—he had been in the roofing business and was very particular about chimneys, always seeing to the cap-flashing himself—on this anniversary Tish was late in arriving and I found Aggie sitting alone, dressed in black, with a tissue-paper bundle in her lap. I put my sheaf on the table and untied my bonnet strings.

"Where's Tish?" I asked.

"Not here yet." Something in Aggie's tone made me look at her. She was eying the bundle in her lap.

"I got a paler shade of ribbon this time," I said, seeing she made no comment on the sheaf. "It's a better color for me if you're going to make my Christmas present out of it this year again. Where's Tish's wreath?"

"Here." Aggie pointed dispiritedly to the bundle in her lap and went on rocking.

"That! That's no wreath."

In reply Aggie lifted the tissue paper and shook out, with hands that trembled with indignation, a lace-and-linen centerpiece. She held it up before me and we eyed each other over it. Both of us understood.

"Tish is changed, Lizzie," Aggie said hollowly. "Ask her for bread these days and she gives you a Cluny-lace fandangle. On mother's anniversary she sent me a set of doilies; and when Charlie Sands was in the hospital with appendicitis she took him a pair of pillowshams. It's that Syrian!"

Both of us knew. We had seen Tish's apartment change from a sedate and spinsterly retreat to a riot of lace covers on the mantel, on the backs of chairs, on the stands, on the pillows—everywhere. We had watched her Marseilles bedspreads give way to hemstitched covers, with bolsters to match. We had seen Tish go through a cold winter clad in a succession of sleazy silk kimonos instead of her flannel dressing gown; terrible kimonos—green and yellow and red and pink, that looked like fruit salads and were just as heating.

"It's that dratted Syrian!" cried Aggie—and at that Tish came in. She stood inside the door and eyed us.

"What about him?" she demanded. "If I choose to take a poor starving Christian youth and assist him by buying from him what I need—what I need!—that's my affair, isn't it? Tufik was starving and I took him in."

"He took you in, all right!" Aggie sniffed. "A great, mustached, dirty, palavering foreigner, who's probably got a harem at home and no respect for women!"

Tish glanced at my sheaf and at the centerpiece. She was dressed as she always dressed on Mr. Wiggins' day—in black; but she had a new lace collar and jabot, and we knew where she had got it. She saw our eyes on it and she had the grace to flush.

"Once for all," she snapped, "I intend to look after this unfortunate Syrian! If my friends object I shall be deeply sorry; but, so far as I care, they may object until they are purple in the face and their tongues hang out. I've been sending my money to foreign missions long enough; I'm doing my missionary work at home now."

"He'll marry you!" This from Aggie. Tish ignored her.

"His father is an honored citizen of Beirut, of the nobility. The family is impoverished, being Christian, and grossly imposed on by the Turks. Tufik speaks French and English as well as Mohammedan. They offered him a high government position if he would desert the Christian faith; but he refused firmly. He came to this country for religious freedom; at any moment they may come after him and take him back."

A glint of hope came to me. I made a mental note to write to the mayor, or whatever they call him over there, and tell him where he could locate his wandering boy.

"I Never Expected to Be Put Out of This Place by a Dirty Dago!"

"He loves the God of America," said Tish.

"Money!" Aggie jeered.

"And he is so pathetic, so grateful! I told Hannah at noon today—that's what delayed me—to give him his lunch. He was starving; I thought we'd never fill him. And when it was over he stooped in the sweetest way, while she was gathering up the empty dishes, and kissed her hand. It was touching!"

"Very!" I said dryly. "What did Hannah do?"

"She's a fool! She broke a cup on his head."

Mr. Wiggins' anniversary was not a success. Part of this was due to Tish, who talked of Tufik steadily—of his youth; of the wonderful bargains she secured from him; of his belief that this was the land of opportunity—Aggie sniffed; of his familiarity with the Bible and Biblical places; of the search the Turks were making for him. The atmosphere was not cleared by Aggie's taking the Cluny-lace centerpiece to the cemetery and placing it, with my sheaf, on Mr. Wiggins' grave.

As we got into Tish's machine to go back Aggie was undeniably peevish. She had caught cold, too, and was sneezing—as she always does when she is irritated or excited.

"Where to?" asked Tish from the driving seat, looking straight ahead and pulling on her gloves. From where we sat we could still see the dot of white on the grass that was the centerpiece.

"Back to the house," Aggie snapped, "to have some chicken and waffles and Tufik for dinner!"

Tish drove home in cold silence. As well as we could tell from her back she was not so much indignant as she was determined. Thus we do not believe that she willfully drove over every rut and thank-you-ma'am on the road, scattering us generously over the tonneau, and finally, when Aggie, who was the lighter, was tossed against the top and sprained her neck, eliciting a protest from us. She replied in an abstracted tone, which showed where her mind was.

"It would be rougher on a camel," she said absently. "Tufik was telling me the other day ——"

Aggie had got her head straight by that time and was holding it with both hands to avoid jarring. She looked goaded and desperate; and, as she said afterward, the thing slipped out before she knew she was more than thinking it.

"Oh, damn Tufik!" she said.

Fortunately at that moment we blew out a tire and apparently Tish did not hear her. While I was jacking up the car and Tish was getting the key of the toolbox out of her stocking, Aggie sat sullenly in her place and watched us.

"I suppose," she gibed, "a camel never blows out a tire!"

"It might," Tish said grimly, "if it heard an oath from the lips of a middle-aged Sunday-school teacher!"

We ate Mr. Wiggins' anniversary dinner without any great hilarity. Aggie's neck was very stiff and she had turned in the collar of her dress and wrapped flannels wrung out of lamp oil round it. When she wished to address either Tish or myself she held her head rigid and turned her whole body in her chair; and when she felt a sneeze coming on she clutched wildly at her head with both hands as if she expected it to fly off.

Tufik was not mentioned, though twice Tish got as far as Tu— and then thought better of it; but her mind was on him and we knew it. She worked the conversation round to Bible history and triumphantly demanded whether we knew that Sodom and Gomorrah are towns today, and that a street carline is contemplated to them from some place or other—it developed later that she meant Tyre and Sidon. Once she suggested that Aggie's sideboard needed new linens, but after a look at Aggie's rigid head she let it go at that.

No one was sorry when, with dinner almost over, and Aggie lifting her ice-cream spoon straight up in front of her and opening her mouth with a sort of lockjaw movement, the bell rang. We thought it was Charlie Sands. It was not. Aggie faced the doorway and I saw her eyes widen. Tish and I turned.

A boy stood in the doorway—a shrinking, timid, brown-eyed young Oriental, very dark of skin, very white of teeth, very black of hair—a slim youth of eighteen, possibly twenty, in a shabby blue suit, broken shoes and a celluloid collar. Twisting between nervous brown fingers, not as clean as they might have been, was a tissue-paper package.

"My friends!" he said, and smiled.

Tish is an extraordinary woman. She did not say a word. She sat still and let the smile get in its work. Its first effect was on Aggie's neck, which she forgot. Tufik's timid eyes rested for a moment on Tish and brightened. Then like a benediction they turned to me, and came to a stop on Aggie. He took a step farther into the room.

"My friend's friend are my friend," he said. "America is my friend—this so great God's country!"

Aggie put down her ice-cream spoon and closed her mouth, which had been open.

Tish Said That Proper Clothing Would Make Her Beautiful

"Come in, Tufik," said Tish; "and I am sure Miss Pilkington would like you to sit down."

Tufik still stood with his eyes fixed on Aggie, twisting his package.

"My friend has said," he observed—he was quite calm and divinely trustful—"My friend has said that this is for Miss Pilk a sad day. My friend is my mother; I have but her and God. Unless—but perhaps I have two new friend also—no?"

"Of course we are your friends," said Aggie, feeling for the table-bell with her foot. "We are—aren't we, Lizzie?"

Tufik turned and looked at me wistfully. It came over me then what an awful thing it must be to be so far from home and knowing nobody, and having to wear trousers and celluloid collars instead of robes and turbans, and eat potatoes and fried things instead of olives and figs and dates, and to be in danger of being taken back and made into a Mohammedan and having to keep a harem.

"Certainly," I assented. "If you are good we will be your friends."

He flashed a boyish smile at me.

"I am good," he said calmly—"as the angels I am good. I have here a letter from a priest. I give it to you. Read!" He got a very dirty envelope from his pocket and brought it round the table to me. "See!" he said. "The priest says: 'Of all my children Tufik lies next my heart.'"

He held the letter out to me; but it looked as if it had been copied from an Egyptian monument and was about as legible as an outbreak of measles.

"This," he said gently, pointing, "is the priest's blessing. I carry it ever. It brings me friends." He put the paper away and drew a long breath; then he surveyed us all with shining eyes. "It has brought me you."

We were rather overwhelmed. Aggie's maid having responded to the bell, Aggie ordered ice cream for Tufik and a chair drawn to the table; but the chair Tufik refused with a little, smiling bow.

"It is not right that I sit," he said. "I stand in the presence of my three mothers. But first—I forget—my gift! For the sadness, Miss Pilk!"

He held out the tissue-paper package and Aggie opened it. Tufik's gift proved to be a small linen doily, with a Cluny-lace border!

We were gone from that moment—I know it now, looking back. Gone! We were lost the moment Tufik stood in the doorway, smiling and bowing. Tish saw us going; and with the calmness of the lost sat there nibbling cake and watching us through her spectacles—and raised not a hand.

Aggie looked at the doily and Tufik looked at her.

"That's—That's really very nice of you," said Aggie. "I thank you."

Tufik came over and stood beside her.

"I give with my heart," he said shyly. "I have had nobody—in all so large this country—nobody! And now—I have you!" Aggie saw—but too late. He bent over and touched his lips to her hands. "The Bible says: 'To him that overcometh I will give the morning star!' I have overcometh—ah, so much!—the sea; the cold, wet England; the Ellis Island; the hunger; the aching of one who has no love, no money! And now—I have the morning star!"

He looked at us all three at once—Charlie Sands said this was impossible, until he met Tufik. Aggie was fairly palpitant and Tish was smug, positively smug. As for me, I roused with a start to find myself sugaring my ice cream.

Charlie Sands was delayed that night. He came in about nine o'clock and found Tufik telling us about his home and his people and the shepherds on the hills about Damascus and the olive trees in sunlight. We half expected Tufik to adopt Charlie Sands as a father; but he contented himself with a low Oriental salute, and shortly after he bowed himself away. Charlie Sands stood looking after him and smiling to himself.

"My Friend's Friend are My Friend. America is My Friend!"

"Pretty smooth boy, that!" he said.

"Smooth nothing!" Tish snapped, getting the bridge score. "He's a sad-hearted and lonely boy; and we are going to do the kindest thing—we are going to help him to help himself."

"Oh, he'll help himself all right!" observed Charlie Sands. "But, since his people are Christians, I wish you'd tell me how he knows so much about the inside of a harem!"

Seeing that comment annoyed us, he ceased, and we fell to our bridge game; but more than once his eye fell on Aggie's doily, and he muttered something about the Assyrian coming down like a wolf on the fold.

II

THE problem of Tufik's future was a pressing one. Tish called a meeting of the three of us next morning, and we met at her house. We found her reading about Syria in the encyclopedia, while spread round her on chairs and tables were numbers of silk kimonos, rolls of crocheted lace, shirtwaist patterns and embroidered linens.

Hannah let us in. She looked surly and had a bandage round her head, a sure sign of trouble—Hannah always locating a pain in her temper in her ear or her head or her teeth. She clutched my arm in the hall and held me back.

"I'm going to poison him!" she said. "Miss Lizzie, that little snake goes or I go!"

"I'm ashamed of you, Hannah!" I replied sternly. "If out of the breadth of her charity Miss Tish wishes to assist a fellow man ——"

Hannah reeled back and freed my arm.

"My God!" she whispered. "You too!"

I am very fond of Hannah, who has lived with Tish for many years; but I had small patience with her that morning.

"I cannot see how it concerns you anyhow, Hannah," I observed severely.

Hannah put her apron to her eyes and sniffled into it.

"Oh, you can't, can't you!" she wailed. "Don't I give him half his meals, with him soft-soapin' Miss Tish till she can't see for suds? Ain't I fallin' over him mornin', noon and night, and the postman telling all over the block he's my steady company—that snip that's not eighteen yet? And don't I do the washin'? And will you look round the place and count the things I've got to do up every week? And don't he talk to me in that lingo of his, so I don't know whether he's askin' for a cup of coffee or insultin' me?"

I patted Hannah on the arm. After all, none of the exaltation of a good deed upheld Hannah as it sustained us.

"We are going to help him help himself, Hannah," I said kindly. "He hasn't found himself. Be gentle with him. Remember he comes from the land of the Bible."

"Humph!" said Hannah, who reads the newspapers. "So does the plague!"

The problem we had set ourselves we worked out that morning. As Tish said, the boy ought to have light work, for the Syrians are not a laboring people.

"Their occupation is—er—mainly pastoral," she said with the authority of the encyclopedia. "Grazing their herds and gathering figs and olives. If we knew some one who needed a shepherd ——"

Aggie opposed the shepherd idea however. As she said, and with reason, the climate was too rigorous. "It's all well enough in Syria," she said, "where they have no cold weather; but he'd take his death of pneumonia here."

We put the shepherd idea reluctantly aside. My own notion of finding a camel for him to look after was negatived by Tish at once, and properly enough I realized.

"The only camels are in circuses," she said, "and our duty to the boy is moral as well as physical. Circuses are dens of immorality. Of course the Syrians are merchants, and we might get him work in a store. But then again—what chance has he of rising? Once a clerk, always a clerk." She looked round at the chairs and tables, littered with the contents of Tufik's pasteboard suitcase, which lay empty at her feet. "And there is nothing to canvassing from door to door. Look at these exquisite things!—and he cannot sell them. Nobody buys. He says he never gets inside a housedoor. If you had seen his face when I bought a kimono from him!"

At eleven o'clock, having found nothing in the Help Wanted column to fit Tufik's case, Tish called up Charlie

"She Has Put Me Out! No One Loves Tufik! I Am No Good"

Sands and offered Tufik as a reporter, provided he was given no nightwork. But Charlie Sands said it was impossible—that the editors and owners of the paper were always putting on their sons and relatives, and that when there was a vacancy the big advertisers got it. Tish insisted—she suggested that Tufik could run an Arabian column, like the German one, and bring in a lot of new subscribers. But Charlie Sands stood firm.

At noon Tufik came. We heard a skirmish at the door and Hannah talking between her teeth.

"She's out," she said.

"Well, I think she is not out," in Tufik's soft tones.

"You'll not get in."

"Ah, but my toes are in. See, my foot wishes to enter!" Then something soft, coaxing, infinitely wistful, in Arabian followed by a slap. The next moment Hannah, in tears, rushed back to the kitchen. There was no sound from the hallway. No smiling Tufik presented himself in the doorway. Tish rose in the majesty of wrath.

"I could strangle that woman!" she said, and we followed her into the hall.

Tufik was standing inside the door with his arms folded, staring ahead. He took no notice of us.

"Tufik!" Aggie cried, running to him. "Did she—Did she dare —— Tish, look at his cheek!"

"She is a bad woman!" Tufik said somberly. "I make my little prayer to see Miss Tish, my mother, and she —— I kill her!"

We had a hard time apologizing to him for Hannah. Tish got a basin of cold water so he might bathe his face; and Aggie brought a tablespoonful of blackberry wine, which is soothing. When the poor boy was calmer we met in Tish's bedroom and Tish was quite firm on one point—Hannah must leave!

Now this I must say in my own defense—I was sorry for Tufik; and it is quite true I bought him a suit and winter flannels and a pair of yellow shoes—he asked for yellow. He said he was homesick for a bit of sunshine, and our so somber garb made him heart-sad. But I would never have dismissed a cook like Hannah for him.

"I shall have to let her go," Tish said. "He is Oriental and passionate. He has said he will kill her—and he'll do it. They hold life very lightly."

"Humph!" I said. "Very well, Tish, that holding life lightly isn't a Christian trait. It's Mohammedan—every Mohammedan wants to die and go to his Heaven, which is a sort of sublimated harem. The boy's probably a Christian by training, but he's a Mohammedan by blood."

Aggie thought my remark immoral and said so. And just then Hannah solved her own problem by stalking into the room with her things on and a suitcase in her hand.

"I'm leaving, Miss Tish!" she said with her eye-rims red. "God knows I never expected to be put out of this place by a dirty dago! You'll find your woolen stockings on the stretchers, and you've got an appointment with the dentist tomorrow morning at ten. And when that little blackguard has sucked you dry, and you want him killed to get rid of him, you'll find me at my sister's."

She picked up her suitcase and Tish flung open the door.

"You're a hardhearted woman, Hannah Mackintyre!" Tish snapped. "Your sister can't keep you. You'll have to work."

Hannah turned in the doorway and leered at the three of us.

"Oh, no!" she said. "I'm going to hunt up three soft-headed old maids and learn to kiss their hands and tell 'em I have nobody but them and God!"

She slammed out at that, leaving us in a state of natural irritation. But our rage soon faded. Tufik was not in the parlor; and Tish, tiptoeing back, reported that he was in the kitchen and was mixing up something in a bowl.

"He's a dear boy!" she said. "He feels responsible for Hannah's leaving and he's getting luncheon! Hannah is a wicked and uncharitable woman!"

"Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn!"

quoted Aggie softly. From the kitchen came the rhythmic beating of a wooden spoon against the side of a bowl; a melancholy chant—quite archaic, as Tish said—kept time with the spoon, and later a smell of baking flour and the clatter of dishes told us that our meal was progressing.

"'The Syrians,'" read Tish out of her book, "'are a peaceful and pastoral people. They have not changed materially in nineteen centuries, and the traveler in their country finds still the life of Biblical times.' Something's burning!"

Shortly after, Tufik, beaming with happiness and Hannah clearly forgotten, summoned us to the dining room. Tufik was not a cook. We realized that at once. He had made coffee in the Oriental way—strong enough to float an egg, very sweet and full of grounds; and after a bite of the cakes he had made Tish remembered the dentist the next day and refused solid food on account of a bad tooth. The cakes were made of lard and flour, without any baking powder or flavoring, and the tops were sprinkled thick with granulated sugar. Little circles of grease melted out of them on to the plate, and Tufik, wide-eyed with triumph, sweetly wistful over Tish's tooth, humble and joyous in one minute, stood by the cake plate and fed them to us!

I caught Aggie's agonized eye, but there was nothing else to do. Were we not his friends? And had he not made this delicacy for us? On her third cake, however, Aggie luckily turned blue round the mouth and had to go and lie down. This broke up the meal and probably saved my life, though my stomach has never been the same since. Tish says the cakes are probably all right in the Orient, where it is hot and the grease does not get a chance to solidify. She thinks that Tufik is probably a good cook in his own country. But Aggie says that a good many things in the Bible that she never understood are made plain to her if that is what they ate in Biblical times—some of the things they saw in visions, and all that. She dropped asleep on Tish's lounge and distinctly saw Tufik murdering Hannah by forcing one of his cakes down her throat.

The next month was one of real effort. We had planned to go to Panama, and had our passage engaged; but when we broke the news to Tufik he turned quite pale.

"You go—away?" he said wistfully.

"Only for a month," Tish hastened to apologize. "You see, we—we are all very tired, and the Panama Canal ——"

"Canal? I know not a canal."

"It is for ships ——"

"You go there in a ship?"

"Yes. A canal is a ——"

"You go far—in a ship—and I—I stay here?"

"Only for a month," Aggie broke in. "We will leave you enough money to live on; and perhaps when we come back you will have found something to do ——"

"For a month," he said brokenly. "I have no friends, no Miss Tish, no Miss Liz, no Miss Pilk. I die!"

He got up and walked to the window. It was Aggie who realized the awful truth. The poor lonely boy was weeping—and Charlie Sands may say what he likes! He was really crying—when he turned there were large tears on his cheeks. What made it worse was that he was trying to smile.

"I wish you much happiness on the canal," he said. "I am wicked; but my sad heart—it ache that my friends leave me. I am sad! If only my seester ——"

That was the first we had known of Tufik's sister, back in Beirut, wearing a veil over her face and making lace for the bazars. We were to know more.

Well, between getting ready to go to Panama and trying to find something Tufik could do, we were very busy for the next month. Tufik grew reconciled to our going, but he was never cheerful about it; and finding that it pained him we never spoke about it in his presence.

He was with us a great deal. In the morning he would go to Tish, who would give him a list of her friends to see. Then Tish would telephone and make appointments for him, and he would start off hopefully, with his pasteboard suitcase. But he never sold anything—except a shirtwaist pattern to the minister's wife. We took day about giving him his carfare, but this was pauperizing and we knew it. Besides, he was very sensitive and insisted on putting down everything we gave him in a book, to be repaid later when he had made a success.

The allowance idea was mine and it worked well. We figured that, allowing for his washing—which was not much, as he seemed to prefer the celluloid collar—he could live in a so[illegible] way on nine dollars a week. We subscribed equally to [illegible], and to save his pride we mailed it to him weekly by check.

His failure to sell his things hurt him to the soul. More than once we caught tears in his eyes. And he was not well—he could not walk any distance at all and he coughed. At last Tish got Charlie Sands to take him to a lung specialist, a stupid person, who said it was a cigarette cough. This was absurd, as Tufik did not smoke.

At last the time came for the Panama trip. Tish called me up the day she packed and asked me to come over.

"I can't. I'm busy, Tish," I said.

She was quite disagreeable.

"This is your burden as well as mine," she snapped. "Come over and talk to that wretched boy while I pack my trunk. He stands and watches everything I put in, and I haven't been able to pack a lot of things I need."

I went over that afternoon and found Tufik huddled on the top step of the stairs outside Tish's apartment, with his head in his hands.

"She has put me out!" he said, looking up at me with tragic eyes. "My mother has put me out! She does not love Tufik! No one loves Tufik! I am no good. I am a dirty dago!"

I was really shocked. I rang the bell and Tish let me in. She had had no maid since Hannah's departure and was taking her meals out. She saw Tufik and stiffened.

Aggie Has the Anniversary Habit, Anyhow

"I thought I sent you away!" she said, glaring at him.

He looked at her pitifully.

"Where must I—go?" he asked, and coughed.

Tish sighed and flung the door wide open.

"Bring him in," she said with resignation, "but for Heaven's sake lock him in a closet until I get my underwear packed. And if he weeps—slap him."

The poor boy was very repentant, and seeing that his cough worried us he fought it back bravely. I mixed the white of an egg with lemon juice and sugar, and gave it to him. He was pathetically grateful and kissed my hand. At five o'clock we sent him away firmly, having given him thirty-six dollars. He presented each of us with a roll of crocheted lace to take with us and turned in the doorway to wave a wistful final goodby.

We met at Tish's that night so that we might all go together to the train. Charlie Sands had agreed to see us off and to keep an eye on Tufik during our absence. Aggie was in a palpitating travel ecstasy, clutching a patent seasick remedy and a map of the Canal Zone; Tish was seeing that the janitor shut off the gas and water in the apartment; and Charlie Sands was jumping on top of a steamer trunk to close it. The taxicab was at the door and we had just time to make the night train. The steamer sailed early the next morning.

"All ready!" cried Charlie Sands, getting the lid down finally. "All off for the Big Ditch!"

We all heard a noise in the hall—a sort of scuffling, with an occasional groan. Tish rushed over and threw open the door. On the top step, huddled and shivering, with streams of water running off his hair down over his celluloid collar, pouring out of his sleeves and cascading down the stairs from his trousers legs, was Tufik. The policeman on the beat was prodding at him with his foot, trying to make him get up. When he saw us the officer touched his hat.

"Evening, Miss Tish," he said, grinning. "This here boy of yours has been committing suicide. Just fished him out of the lake in the park!"

"Get up!" snapped Charlie Sands. "You infernal young idiot! Get up and stop sniveling!"

He stooped and took the poor boy by the collar. His brutality roused us all out of our stupor. Tish and I rushed forward and commanded him to stand back; and Aggie, with more presence of mind than we had given her credit for, brought a glass containing a tablespoonful of blackberry cordial into which she had poured ten drops of seasickness remedy. Tufik was white and groaning, but he revived enough to sit up and stare at us with his sad brown eyes.

"I wish to die!" he said brokenly. "Why you do not let me die? My friends go on the canal! I am alone! My heart is empty!"

Tish wished to roll him on a barrel, but we had no barrel; so, with Charlie Sands standing by with his watch in his hand, refusing to assist and making unkind remarks, we got him to Tish's room and laid out on her mackintosh on the bed. He did not want to live. We could hardly force him to drink the hot coffee Tish made for him. He kept muttering things about his loneliness and being only a dirty dago; and then he turned bitter and said hard things about this great America, where he could find no work and must be a burden on his three mothers, and could not bring his dear sister to be company for him. Aggie quite broke down and had to lie down on the sofa in the parlor and have a cracker and a cup of tea.

When Tish and I had succeeded in making Tufik promise to live, and had given him one of his own silk kimonos to put on until his clothing could be dried—Charlie Sands having disagreeably refused to lend his overcoat—and when we had given the officer five dollars not to arrest the boy for attempting suicide, we met in the parlor to talk things over.

Charlie Sands was sitting by the lamp in his overcoat. He had put our railway and steamer tickets on the table, and was holding his cigarette so that Aggie could inhale the fumes, she having hay fever and her cubebs being on their way to Panama.

"I suppose you know," he said nastily, "that your train has gone and that you cannot get the boat tomorrow?"

Tish was in an exalted mood—and she took off her things and flung them on a chair.

"What is Panama," she demanded, "to saving a life? Charlie, we must plan something for this boy. If you will take off your overcoat ——"

"And see you put it on that little parasite? Not if I melt! Do you know how deep the lake is? Three feet!"

"One can drown in three feet of water," said Aggie sadly, "if one is very tired of life. People drown themselves in bathtubs."

Tish's furious retort to this was lost, Tufik choosing that moment to appear in the doorway. He wore a purple-and-gold kimono that had given Tish bronchitis early in the

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THE FIGHTING SIX

The Boy Who Stayed at Home

By EDWARD MOTT WOOLLEY

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

OUT of six of us who chummed together as boys, I am the only one who stayed at home. The other five are scattered pretty well over the United States. I think we averaged about fourteen years of age when we formed the harmless but imaginative secret society we called the Fighting Six. In theory, its purposes were dark and bloody; in practice, I was the only one of the lot who saw any real blood.

My gory adventures took place at a period when the Fighting Six were at their greatest glory as theoretical buccaneers; and, since my sanguinary experiences led directly to events of importance, I want to refer to them briefly.

In a word, my father apprenticed me to a butcher. Father was an Irishman—Michael Hogan, a man of muscle and wit, but of no education. Consequently he remained all his life a laborer. Society in our little town of Stony Bend was not discriminating; yet father was sensitive, and when I was sixteen he decreed that I must learn a trade and thus establish my social equality.

Our village—located some four hundred miles from the city of New York—offered small choice of vocations, but father was satisfied to start me off as a butcher. The proprietor of our local market, Si Blodgett, was a man of much consequence.

Thus I began to slice meat in Si's shop on Main Street. The preliminary period was devoted to technicalities, such as ribs, chuck and flank; but one day Si said to me:

"It's time, me b'y, to tackle the real insides o' butcherin'. I've got a critter down at the shed; so come down there at six o'clock in the mornin'."

Of course I reported the pending execution to the Fighting Six, and that night we held a meeting in Fred Hastings' woodshed, back of the tavern conducted by his father. Fred said we ought to rescue the doomed critter; but while we were laying plans to this end the woodshed was raided by old man Hastings, who said Fred had neglected to split his day's stint of firewood. The rest of us fled, leaving Fred and his dad in the shed.

I went to the bovine charnel house at the appointed hour next morning, with my knees quaking. A gruesome place it was, deep in a tangle of willows and underbrush, near the brook. Si was already there.

"It ain't no trick at all," said he, handing me a big sledge-hammer. "The minute I let the critter in from the pen you just up and crack her between the eyes. Down she goes like a stone! Then I'll show you the art o' butcherin'."

I remonstrated feebly, feeling somewhat giddy.

"Tut, tut!" reproved Si. "It's the way o' all critters."

I stood palpitating and weak while he went into the yard and drove in the animal. "Hey, there!" he shouted to me. "Hey! Why don't you crack her?"

"Hey, There!" He Shouted to Me. "Hey! Why Don't You Crack Her?"

The sledge fell harmless from my hands, however. I recognized the critter as a cow with which I was personally acquainted. I had milked her one summer over at Widow McHaff's. I recalled now that the widow had threatened to sell her for beef. I got hold of a post for support, for I felt queer at the pit of my stomach.

"It's old White Nose!" I managed to gasp.

Si glared at me.

"You ain't cut out for a butcher!" he shouted. "Lookyhere!"

He picked up the sledge-hammer. I bolted for the door, sick as I was. That was the end of my butchering career.

Si was right—I was not cut out for a butcher; and I had sense enough to know it. Many a man is in the wrong calling today because he failed to see at the beginning that he was not cut out for it.

When I refused to go back to Si's shop father was angry and bitterly disappointed. He had set his heart on making a butcher of me. As a punishment he went out and got me a job in Zeph Quarles' stone-quarry—the hardest job he could find. Thus, undreamed of at the time, father set me down in the very midst of opportunity.

I worked in the quarry about six months. It was while I was there that Fred Hastings ran away from home—the first of the Fighting Six to leave Stony Bend. He lives in Texas today.

The present narrative concerns myself chiefly—the boy who stayed at home—but I understand the other five have agreed, in turn, to tell their own stories; so, to give you the personnel of the Fighting Six, I submit this list:

Fred Hastings—Grand Bloody Chief.
Bob Hotchkiss—Bloody Torturer.
Buford Southern—Custodian of Bloody Arms.
Don Randall—Bloody Avenger.
Horace Ewell—Keeper of Bloody Records.
Henshaw Hogan—Chief of Bloody Ceremonies.

Our original purpose, I may add, was to recover the hidden treasure that Fred declared was hidden somewhere about Stony Bend. If necessary we pledged ourselves to massacre all the inhabitants who might oppose us; but toy buccaneering began to lose its zest about the time Fred deserted. He possessed most of the imagination. Still a job in a stone-quarry did not appeal to whatever imagination I had. One day I heard that Limpy Pettigrew had shuffled off suddenly, so I hustled down and hit Bill Yanney for his job. Yanney Brothers were grocers and Limpy had clerked for them twenty years.

"Limpy ain't good and dead yet," said Bill. "Out of respect for his memory, Hen Hogan, you'd better not come to work until after the funeral. If you want the job then, I'll give you four dollars a week." When the obsequies were over five fellows came round trying to get Limpy's job; but I had it. I think it is all right to observe the formalities in such cases; but if a man really wants a thing it is just as well to get a first lien on it on the q. t.

Buf Southern, one of the Fighting Six, had a job in the Stony Bend Exchange Bank; but he couldn't get along with old Loren Rixey, the bank's owner. A few months after I hired out to the Yanneys, Buf and the old banker had a row—and Buf quit. He wanted me to go up to New York with him that night.

"That's where a fellow finds the opportunities, Hen," he said. "I don't propose to fritter away my life in any four-corners. I'm out for the money!"

I never was much of a hand to jump without looking. Maybe I am a bit timid. Anyhow I refused. Somehow the very thought of leaving home made me homesick. Buf went away talking big. Next morning at breakfast my father said to me:

"If yez really want to be a gintleman go see old Skinflint Rixey—mebby he'd take yez in. Si Blodgett will recommend yez as a loikely candidate for a gintleman!"

I had already been thinking of this. The Yanney grocery was just across the street from the bank, and as soon as I saw old Rixey back of his counter that morning I ran over. The old fellow always got round at seven-thirty. I found him as red as a lobster and sputtering tobacco juice, as he always did when excited. He had forgotten the combination to his vault, having depended of late on Buf Southern to open it.

"I came over to ask for Buf's job," said I, rather expecting to be kicked out. Old Rixey was reputed to be very irascible and mean.

"How soon can you go to work?" he demanded.

"Would next week do?" I asked.

"No!" he snapped. "If I take you at all it must be now! I've got to send up to Farm Center for some currency and I want you to catch the seven-forty train. You can get back here at ten."

I had just time to run over to the grocery and shout in at the door to Bill Yanney.

"I've quit!" I said. "I've got a job in the bank!"

I was always rather quick in making decisions when I saw a real chance. This trait has helped me a great deal, I am sure. I never plunged into uncertainties, but I had a knack—even in my early days—of grabbing an opportunity and of seeing through it in a hurry. Some men have a faculty of jumping the wrong way, because they do not separate a proposition into its component parts.

It was easy enough, however, to decide this particular proposition. Loren Rixey was by far the biggest man in our community. He had made all his money right there in Stony Bend. I did not know just how he had done it, but here was a chance to find out! It did not take very sharp wits to see that a job with Rixey was worth ten jobs with the Yanneys.

Life has queer twists. I stayed at home and Buf Southern went to New York. Buf abandoned his chance and I fell heir to it. Many boys had worked in the Stony Bend Exchange Bank during its thirty years of existence, but few of them had lasted more than a year or two. My friends predicted that I, too, would quit or get fired shortly.

This prophecy proved wrong. I suppose I was no smarter than my predecessors—it is not always pure smartness that shoves a man ahead. The thing that kept me there in the Stony Bend Exchange Bank was purpose. Rixey was something of a crank, sure enough; but when a man has a purpose of a definite sort he is willing to keep his mouth shut and take the necessary cranks philosophically—if he knows he is playing a game worth winning.

None of those former boys had a purpose; so they quarreled with Rixey, sassed him back and went their own little ways. My purpose was to get an interest some day in the Stony Bend Exchange Bank. I do not remember just when this idea dawned on me. It was an evolution, I suppose. I do know it was well developed by the time I had been there a year. I said nothing about it, but laid all my wires accordingly. Rixey was over seventy and somewhat feeble. I knew he would need a right-hand man some day—more than a mere clerk.

For three or four years things moved slowly. I saved nearly half of my seven dollars every week, talked little about business, and quietly absorbed the banking methods of Stony Bend. It was a humdrum village existence, yet there was a good deal going on in my head. I had not discovered any way to become Rixey's partner, except to weave myself into his affairs so that he would need me. I was often disheartened. Rixey was not the sort to bestow a partnership gratis and I could see no prospect of ever commanding any capital. Still I kept on dreaming about it. Ambition and dreams are often close together and, if pursued, they turn into realities.

"I Can't Pay It! I Might as Well Close Up the Bank!"

During this period the life of Stony Bend pulled on two more of the Fighting Six. Neither had a definite ambition to enliven the outwardly dull life of our village.

Don Randall had been working in the post-office, but, through a drag he had in Chicago, he landed a swell job as a Pullman conductor. Bob Hotchkiss had studied telegraphy under the night operator at the Stony Bend depot and finally got a job in Pittsburgh. Bob lacked a drag; so his job had no gold braid or soft seats attached to it.

I heard from Bob later in Wyoming, and from Don in a good many places. Drags do not count much in the long run.

When I was twenty-one I began to think about getting married. One Sunday I was out riding with my girl—her father was a farmer and furnished the rig—and we chanced to pass Zeph Quarles' old stone-quarry. It had not been operated for several years because Zeph was in the penitentiary for shooting a man. Rixey had been compelled to take the property on a mortgage.

I had never mentioned matrimony to my girl, but that old quarry gave me an idea.

"I believe I could make some money crushing stone," I observed; "then we'd get married."

"Well," said she, "why don't you?"

I never was very sentimental—at least I could not talk heart-throbs and cannot today. Sometimes I feel them circulating round in my system, but I cannot say them. When I do say a thing it is usually hard to squeeze any romance out of it; so there was no romance in what I said about crushing stone. It was a solid proposition, and I knew it.

Next day I mentioned the matter to old Rixey, omitting all reference to the matrimonial end of it. I knew there would be an explosion, and there was. The stone-quarry was a sore spot.

"The pusillanimous hybrid!" Rixey exclaimed, referring of course to Zeph Quarles. Anybody who stuck the old fellow in a business deal was always a pusillanimous hybrid and a few other things.

"Well," said I, "what's the use of letting that property lie idle? I worked up there, you know, and I understand how to run it. You furnish the machinery; I'll operate the plant. We can fix up some sort of partnership arrangement. Then I'll put my father up there as foreman. He worked there two or three years."

Rixey liked the idea of getting some cash out of the property, but he demurred over the partnership proposition.

"In view of the fact that I've just raised your wages to nine dollars a week," he observed, "you should be willing to look after the stone-quarry as part of your regular duties."

Loren Rixey was a just man, even generous outside of business. His eccentricities were never dishonorable, but he was keen on a bargain. I had acquired something of the knack myself—having had such a good teacher. I had no intention of crushing stone for the fun of it. By this time I was pretty strong with Rixey and he was even thinking of giving me the title of cashier. I had established myself in his confidence and here was my chance. If I could not get a partnership in the bank I could take the stone-quarry as a stepping-stone.

He came round to my plan finally, because I was the most valuable man for his purposes of all the human material in town. My long years of self-restraint and careful service were bearing fruit. As I look back I can see the cause and effect very plainly.

The era of good roads was just about beginning and stone was in demand. Then I began getting out building stone, and the first year we netted eight hundred dollars. My share, however, was only two hundred.

One day I was in the bank alone when Booty Bradlast came in. Booty was a farmer south of town who always wore high boots. He had sold his home farm and was going West to grow apples as soon as he could get rid of a forty-acre patch up Potato Creek.

It is always easier to get rich somewhere else than it is at home. Apples grew fairly well round Stony Bend, but Bradlast's trees had been used chiefly as scratch-my-backs for his hogs. Out West he meant to keep the hogs out.

"I'll give you eight hundred dollars cash for your forty acres," said I.

I knew the price I offered was ridiculously low, but it was nearly all I had. My savings, including the money I had made at the quarry, amounted to a trifle over this sum.

Booty got mad right away. "You can't get that place for less'n sixteen hundred!" he declared; and he brought his fist down

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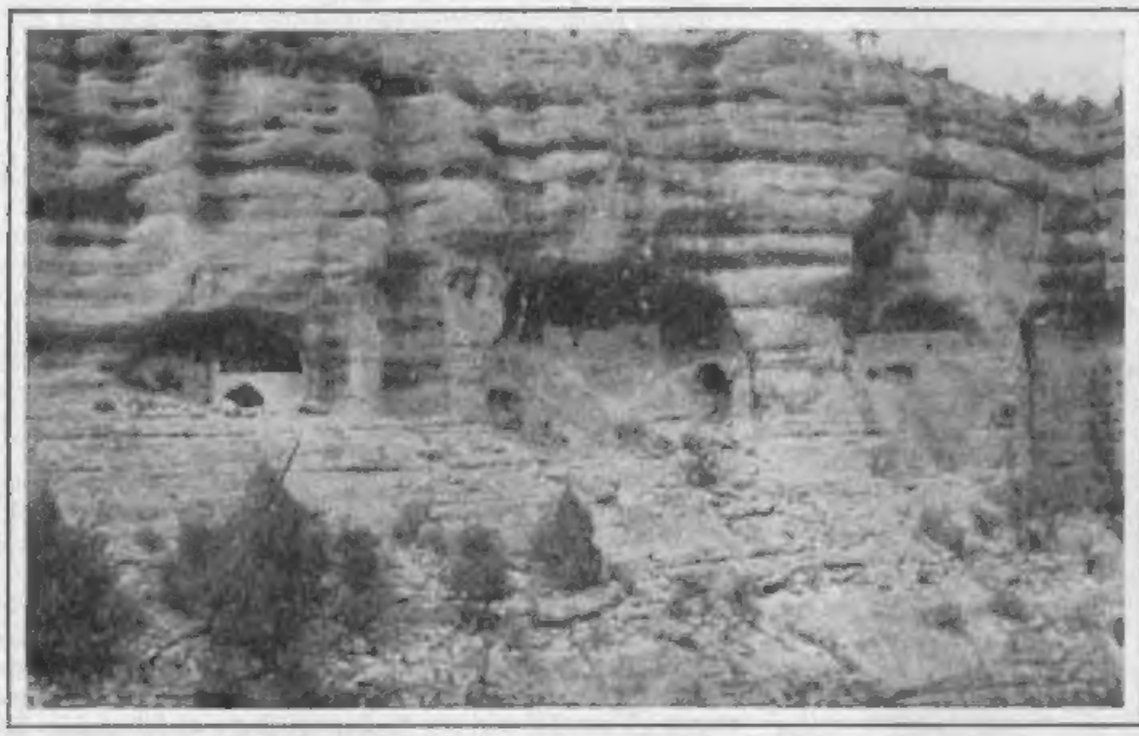
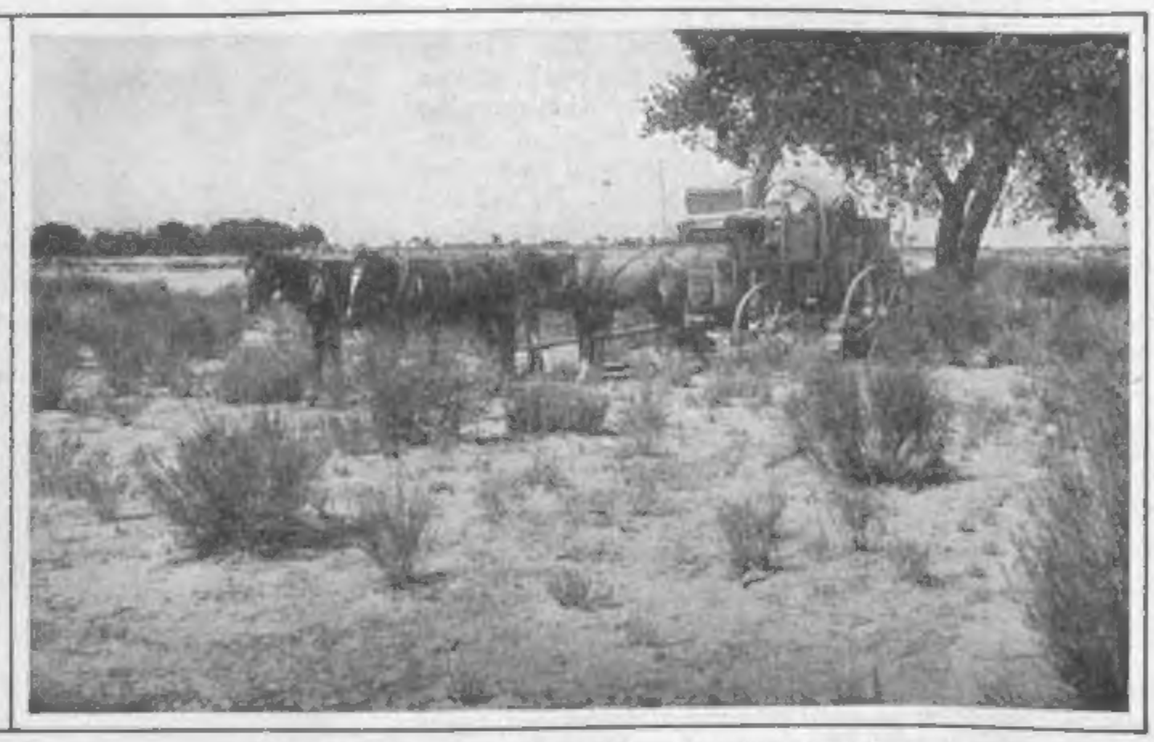
I Chucked a Lot of Dry Wood Into the Kitchen and Set Fire to It

WHEN THE LITTLE RED GODS BEGIN TO CALL—By A. C. Laut



The Gila River Caves Where, Ages Ago, Lived a Race of Dwarfs



Hauling Supplies and Camp-Gear Into the Arizona Desert

IT IS time to think of camping—when, where and how! Holiday-time has barely passed—Christmas carols and lenten ashes—before the little red gods begin to call, with memories of campfire smells and cinnamon incense, and trills and rills, and runs of mountain torrents down from the snows, and the live waters leaping to the keel of your quivering canoe just before you take the hair-raising plunge down the rapids! You can't get away from it! When you look into the grate fire you see the little red gods of the campfire twinkling, and smell the barky odors of burning logs one night when the campfire nearly smoked your eyes into kippered herring as you made flapjacks and stowed them away, with the same aftermath as if you had ballasted your stomach with brickbats. You cursed at the time of course! Never mind, you long for it now!

Or the spring thaw comes, with a rush of rains; and you think of that time up in the swamps of Canada, when you had a glorious time getting wet to the skin three weeks handrunning chasing a buck you never got close enough to shoot. Never mind! The wetting softened out your town callous spots that run to moral corns if you do not get rid of them; and if you did not shoot the buck or land the trout or get the duck you at least shot the cobwebs out of your brain and the tiredness out of your nerves, and came back from the savage wilds civilized enough to be livable for your family for another year.

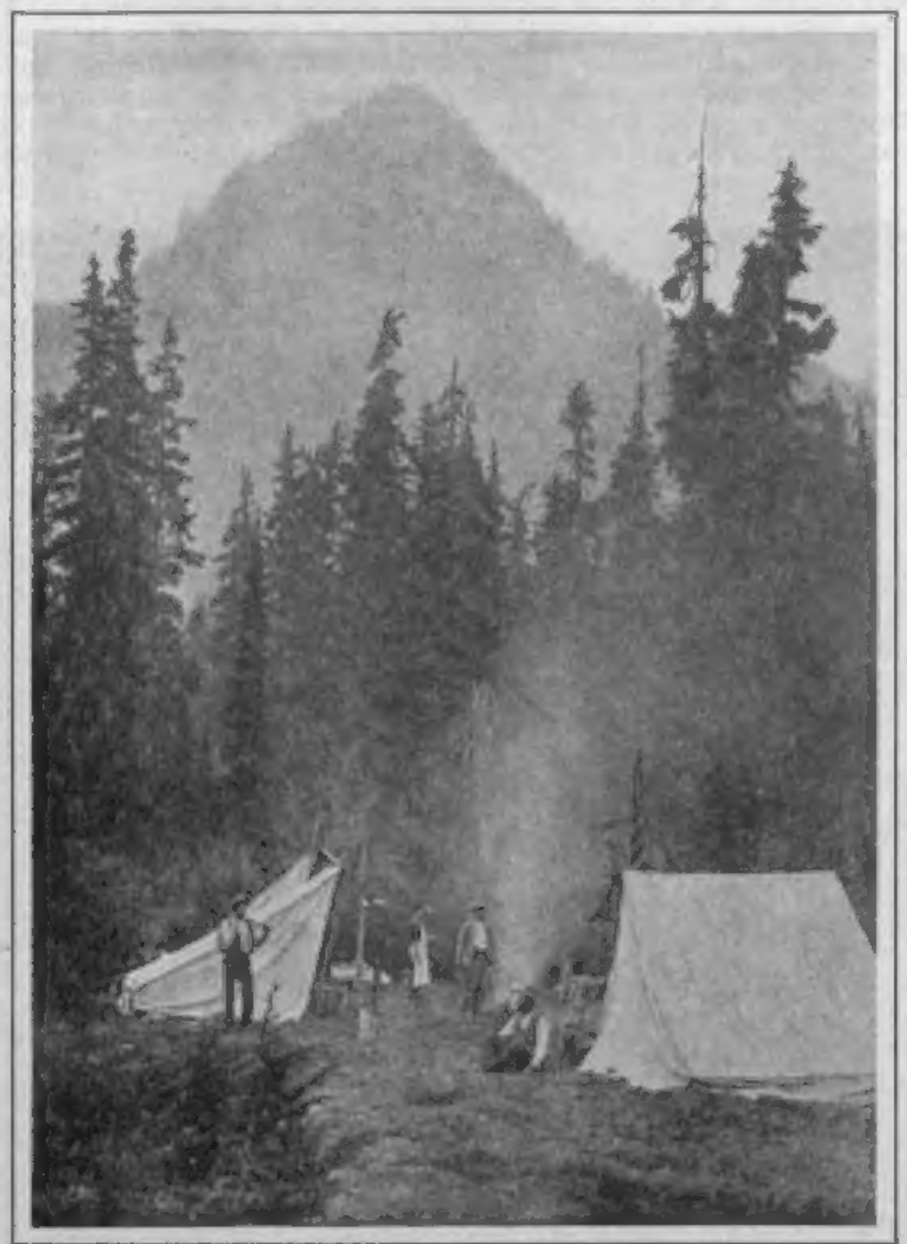
Can Father Find the Price?

TIME to think of camping—when, where and how! Will you go it alone or take the family along? And if you take the family along how will you finance the trip at no more cost than the ordinary living at home? And why not the family? If a man who spends from six to eight hours a day in an office needs an altogether away-from-the-roof life for a few weeks of each year how much more the need for a woman, who ordinarily spends from sixteen to twenty hours a day inside walls, who has more nerves than a man, and from the very nature of her constitution gives of her strength to the race! But if you take the family along how in the world are you going to finance it? Camping trips usually cost a whale of a price! Multiply a camping trip for one by a camping trip for four or five—will it leave you in a hole? Not if you know how to do it—not so expensive as going alone.

And suppose you have neither family nor friends, how can you take a camping trip alone? And where will you go? And is it possible to see the real West any more? Is there any more real West? Are there any more real wilds? This business of flying across the continent in a cheap tourist car, or even a Pullman—past stations that are imitations of the East—is not seeing the real West.

It is all very well for the writer, man or woman, to say how and where to go. The fact that you are a writer opens the doors—as a matter of fact it often shuts them! But how about the lone man or lone woman? What is to open the doors for them? Who will point them the way to the real thing? What will the outfit cost? And how about guides? And what will you need as to clothes and *food*? And won't you feel like a lame duck without a tail or a ship without a sail or something—I am quoting Shakspere; it is not slang—when you get out on the spot alone?

Not much you won't—not if Dame Nature knows her old tricks and wiles and ways of pumping ozone into lethargic, wheezy lungs, and red blood into flabby veins, and some kind of new elastic fluid into your old-plug-aching town muscles! The only way to answer these questions is to tell how the thing is being done every day in the week in all the great camping-grounds of the West—done at a cost of one-tenth what it costs you to live on grumbling because you cannot do it, my flabby-willed, sometime-down-in-the-mouth town man or town woman!



COURTESY OF BAILEY WILLIS, U. S. GEOL. SURVEY

Campers' Tepee and Lean-to

Before going on to tell how, I want to ring down emphasis on the town woman. We are told that modern woman is becoming neurotic—apt to have continuous sessions of nerve-jag; apt to be too subjective in her glooming, which in plain English means too much ego in her cosmos! Now I do not know whether this charge is true or not, for I do not know any generation of women except my own, and I find them the best ever; but the fact remains that, with the exception of a new type of outdoorsy woman, who has stepped into the shoes, as it were, of the old-type frontier-pioneer woman, we do not take the same amount of outdoor exercise in our generation in proportion to the increased drive and wear-and-tear of modern life.

Our great-grandmothers either lived the outdoor life of the backwoods and prairie or drove to town in stately style, which gave them four or five hours of fresh air each way. They may have jammed down the windows and plugged up the crevices to keep out the air when they reached home; but they got it in spite of themselves in the course of ordinary visiting. We take a motor or a car and do our outdoorsing on the tear.

The Three American Joy-Belts

TAKE the thousands, the hundreds of thousands, of modern women who today live in apartments twenty hours out of twenty-four. Is it surprising that these denizens of modern caves get nervous jumps? Their husbands and brothers take from a week to a month a year in the wilds to tone up. With the exception of the new outdoorsy type, how many of the women do? Therefore what I shall say about camping in the West will be as possible for a woman as a man, for a girl as a boy, both as to locality and hardships, endurance and conveniences; and I am not talking of anything that I have not done myself.

When you look over the West for stamping-grounds as to camping you become aware there are three big, broad, general belts utterly different from each other.

There is the desert land of the Southwest, say, from the boundary up into the middle of Utah and Colorado and Nevada, including New Mexico, Arizona and Southern California.

There is the big belt of the Middle West mountain country—from Colorado up into Canada, round Banff and Lake Louise and the sources of the Athabasca. This includes the mountains of Colorado; the cañons round Ogden and Provo and Salt Lake; the camps of the Sierras in California—Tahoe, and that kind of thing; the game and fish country of Wyoming, Idaho, Montana, Washington, Oregon, Alberta, British Columbia.

The third camping belt is the land of the belted birchbark and cedar canoe: the land of big rivers and big rapids and big swamps; of northern lights and hoarfrosts; of big game galore and wild-bird haunts, and trapper and trader and fur post. This, needless to say, includes from Saskatchewan to the Mackenzie River, from the Rocky Mountains to Hudson Bay.

In each of these belts you will find abundance of game life, abundance of fishing—if you know where and how to look for them. In each of these belts you can camp, and camp cheaply, whether you go as an individual or a family; whether you are a man or a woman. Desert life, mountain life, canoe life—that is about how it divides up; though do not think if you go into the desert that you cannot have any fishing; or if you go into the mountains you cannot have boating.

Some of the best trout fishing in America is right in the White Mountains of Arizona; and you can have quiet boating to your heart's fill on the Alpine lakes of Idaho and New Glacier Park and California's Sierras and British Columbia's peacock-blue bowls of icy water amid the upper peaks. But if you want big rapids and life literally above the live waters then you must go to the canoe land of the North, whether you do your traveling by canoe, raft or barge. Each of these belts will require a slightly different equipment; but for personal outfit you can use very much the same togs.

Now three-quarters of the joy of going camping in the West to some people is in the elaborate spending and planning beforehand for personal togs and camp kit. If you get more pleasure out of life fussing over the paraphernalia of living than from living itself—all right—go ahead! It's a perfectly harmless occupation; only do not do it if you are going West for the real thing! In the Forest Service they pretty nearly gauge a man's unfitness by the size of the camp kit he takes along. The Indian rule is: "Travel with a light blanket!" In other words take everything that is necessary, but not an ounce of weight that is not. You may feel proud enough to burst your buttons in a shiny new store outfit as you step off the train into the wilds; but, believe me, the nondescript hangers-on, who seem never to give you one look, will accurately gauge the tenderness of your feet by the newness of that store outfit!

What, then, is necessary? Nothing much different from what you would wear tramping out-of-doors on your native heath. A man does not want to wear trousers that will crinkle and harden with every rain; and a woman does not want to wear a skirt of a material that will sop up water and slop it down inside her wading boots, as tweeds and serges are apt to do. I have done that once or twice out of sheer carelessness and had to stop when trying to outrace gathering darkness to pour the water out of my boots.

COURTESY OF BAILEY WILLIS, U. S. GEOL. SURVEY

A Mining Camp, Snoqualmie, Washington

Personal Outfits for Camp and Trail

MANY women campers in the West now use a khaki skirt, which they can button up the front for ordinary purposes into the usual skirt, or button back into a divided skirt for riding and climbing. This costs from two to four dollars as against the fashionable riding habit for eighty or one hundred dollars. You can take two, and when you have torn one to tatters throw it away. If you have an eighty-dollar suit, and you tear it, you are not likely to have a second. Personally I find khaki too cold—and men tell me it cracks when it crinkles. I like a twill cloth or a corduroy. I have seen women go into the wilds in blue jean trousers. It is all right if you like them. I don't, and they are not necessary. The divided skirt can be tucked in your boots if you are climbing a trippy slope. There is another objection to the fashionable riding suit: the coat flaps and may cost you a runaway or a bucking.

Another point: either a three-dollar yellow slicker—oilskins you call them in the East—or a heavy motor coat is indispensable; and in that coat pocket religiously and always keep a bunch of matches. Why? Do you need to be told? I know one old campaigner of the West who would say: "Add to the matches a good, sharp jackknife." Why? Because if you succeed in losing yourself—which you often will if you go to the real wilds—or get benighted away from your camp—which is very easy in the mountains—you can signal your party and keep yourself warm until you get your bearings if you have matches and a jackknife. Do not think if you go into the desert that you will be able to fry eggs on the sand. You may at midday in certain portions of the desert, but most of the desert is from six thousand to ten thousand feet up; and after five o'clock in the afternoon you will have as much need for your coat as if you were on the Saskatchewan.

Still another point as to personal equipment is absolutely essential—you must have comfortable footwear and lots of it. Do not go into the wilds with only one pair of boots! For riding and climbing you must have a boot broad enough in the sole and high enough in the leg to protect you from jar of stirrup and rock, or rip of devil's club and cactus. For canoeing you cannot wear a heavy boot at all. It would injure the bottom of your canoe. A low elkskin shoe has suited me best for a canoe. It does not harden in the wet and lets the water out when you wet your feet. Carry also a pair of sleeping moccasins or slumber socks for night wear.

If you camp near mountain snows or above a swamp—as I have for a week at a time—cold feet may keep you awake unless you have warm nightwear. Cold and wet! Does not that sound like whooping cough and bronchial pneumonia, and death and destruction to the family? Not a bit of it! Disease germs flourish in town—not in the wilds. You keep moving and working and going! Neither cold nor wet will work you damage. The minute you stop going have the extra change handy in your camp kit. I have taken worse colds in a New York street car on a warm day than I ever did from being wet in the wilds.

A tiny medicine case, with something to keep your stomach in whack in case venison meat or flapjacks give you the sensation of ballast with brickbats—strychnine, aromatic spirits of ammonia, or something for a quick warm-up in case of accident or chill—will never come amiss on a trip to the wilds. I have never gone into the wilds without a little five-by-four-inch medicine chest of simple remedies. Our own camping party has never yet needed it; but I have always come out with the vials empty. In wilderness travel you are sure to meet some one in need of simple remedies.

Artillery Not a Necessity

ANOTHER point: keep a candle convenient to your hand at night in the tent—or, better still, one of the little electric lanterns that will not get out of gear just when you need it most. Do you need small firearms? Frankly, the only use I have ever had for a revolver on a camping trip was to scare off husky dogs and Indian curs from stealing bacon out of the tent at night. Now add up the cost of your personal equipment. Over and above what you usually wear it need not exceed ten dollars, need it? Camp equipment is another matter, though that need not be run up to the extravagant total thought necessary by many a camper.

If you go into the southern belt, or desert, you do not need a tent except in the two summer or rainy months of the year—July and August. If you go in as a family party and want a dressing-tent—that is another matter. Take it along! As a matter of fact there is no section of the southwestern desert where you cannot get quarters, when passing, in the houses of Indian traders, Indian schools and stock ranches. In some of these places you will have to stay purely as a non-paying guest—a custom that is a relic from the old baronial hospitality of the Spanish régime, when every comer was welcomed to the don's roof and table.

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A Portage in the Georgian Bay Country

Stanton Lake, in the Flathead National Forest, Montana

Trees That Were Standing Before the Days of Dante

PUSHING TO PROSPERITY

Some Move Along to Another New Country as Soon as Civilized Conditions Begin to Appear

By Forrest Crissey

ILLUSTRATED BY HY. S. WATSON

THE outcome of my hearse-and-hatchet episode, related in Confessions of a Colonizer, was not so serious as it promised to be while I waited in the justice shop with a six-shooter in my lap. In a short time the cowboys were in such a state of finished intoxication that the citizens were able to handle them and run them out of town. The rider who had caught the hatchet was generously damaged, but not permanently injured. The matter soon faded from local memory.

By this time we had brought hundreds of landlookers into Oklahoma and turned most of them into settlers. Then I caught a glimmer of new light on the land colonization business. Up to that time I had thought mainly about getting a tide of immigration moving our way and seeing the newcomers actually located on the land; but my imagination had not projected itself beyond that point.

As I watched the actual performance of that first crop of new settlers on the soil I got a fresh hunch on the colonization game. I saw that some of them showed the makings of good farmers; but others were slipshod and shiftless. A new country always attracts a large element of the latter sort. After a while they either go back to where they came from, with failure written on their faces, or they move along to another new country as soon as civilized conditions begin to appear. They become busy traveling knockers with only bad words for the country in which they have failed; and they work overtime and without pay.

Right there I saw a new side to my job. The railroad expected to be on the ground and doing business for a long time. If these slow and backward settlers could be pulled up to a new standard of prosperity, a big and permanent work would be done—a work that would help to pay dividends on the company's stock in years to come.

From that moment I saw my mission as a developer rather than as a colonizer. At that time, modern systematic development work was almost unknown. Apparently nobody outside the state agricultural colleges had thought much about educating the farmer, and the farmers I knew had not a suspicion that they needed educating. Anybody having the hardihood to tell them they did not know how to farm would have offered them an insult.

I saw that becoming a real developer was too big a job to be tackled offhand; but I set my stake to learn how to make a start at it. I studied the farmers, the poor ones as well as the good—studied their farms, their stock, their crops and their methods; I read the livest farm papers to learn what was the last word in advanced farming, and I never lost a chance to discuss this subject with railroad officials of our line or with any other men of large affairs.

Then, out of a clear sky, just as I was getting well warmed up to my new interest in development, I received another wire from the Old Man that jerked me hard up against still another stake I had set for myself a long while before. It instructed me to go to Atlanta and work up business for the road, reporting at headquarters on my way to the new field.

"We are going to give you," said the Old Man, "one year at the job that you staked out for yourself a few years ago. Take nine Southern states, to begin with. Use your own methods. If you get the business you stay and get a bigger territory and a larger salary. If you do not get results come back without waiting for further orders."

A new job always puts fresh ginger into a man—especially if it is one he has always wanted. Though I was fascinated with the colonization and development work, this change at once absorbed my entire energies.

If I had any title they did not tell me what it was. I was simply to represent the road in every way; and if I got the business I could pick just about any old title I pleased. The cards I had printed read:

P. D. Q. JOBBINS

HOPPI & SUNSET

The first business call I made after landing in Atlanta was an eye-opener.

"Hoppi? Hoppi & Sunset?" muttered the man as he stared at the card. "Must be new brands! Never smoked one of 'em, sir—never!"

When a self-respecting railroad is taken for a new brand of cigar you may put it down that its agent is plowing in virgin soil and no mistake! Nine cars of freight a week was our average tonnage out of my new territory when I reached it. How was I going to get business away from old lines and establish connections when live shippers mistook the Old Man's road for a new brand of cigar? It certainly looked like a tough nut to crack; but I had to figure out some way by which I could put the line on the shipping map down in those Southeastern states.

I studied that problem as I had never studied any other before. Finally I reasoned the situation out with myself in this way:

"Jobbins: You're sent down here to get business!—with no strings on you. All the Old Man asks for is results! The men you've got to get the business from do not know that your road is in existence.

"All the business you ever got, anyhow, was pulled on a personal basis. That was the way you got the pipe shipment for Beaumont; that was the whole basis of your success in the Oklahoma colonization game. The personal drag did it! You're in business for yourself, Jobbins!—just as much as if you were running a local cigar store. The men from whom the business must come will never see the road, and never want to—but they will see you! It'll be a case of Jobbins with them—and the road be hanged! Then play Jobbins with them and let the road look out for itself. That's the best way to get business for the road. If you can make every possible shipper know and like Jobbins you'll get the business all right. They won't be able to pronounce the name of your road rightly, but they can call Jobbins every time. Push Jobbins and the road'll take the money.

"You're in business for yourself!"

This looked like a nervy view to take of the situation; but my wife said that it did not matter so long as it was sound and got the business.

"Of course," she added, "if you fall down, every official of the line will have a fit, because you've been so personal, undignified and unconventional in pushing Jobbins instead of the road; but if you get the business they'll forgive you Do it first and tell about it afterward."

You're in business for yourself!

Do it first—tell about it afterward!

These lines ran in my mind until I think I must have repeated them in my sleep. I could not get away from them and they pitched the key for my whole campaign. One day a shipper I was calling on began to paw over the papers on his desk for a blotter. He could not find one. That gave me an idea. I went back to my desk and wrote the copy. It read something like this:

ARE YOU GOING TO SHIP? ARE YOU GOING WEST?

TALK IT OVER WITH JOBBINS!

This was the first advertising copy I had written and I was on the point of rushing to the printer's with it when the caution came to me:

"They'll never stand for it—not the freight department anyhow!"

Then I caught myself and said:

"What of it? You're in business for yourself—aren't you? Do it first—tell about it afterward."

I did it and put the bill for those two thousand blotters away in a little pigeonhole I labeled Private Investments. All the bills that went in there were paid for with my own personal check. I had saved a little money and I was willing to risk some of it in getting business—now that I was in business for myself.

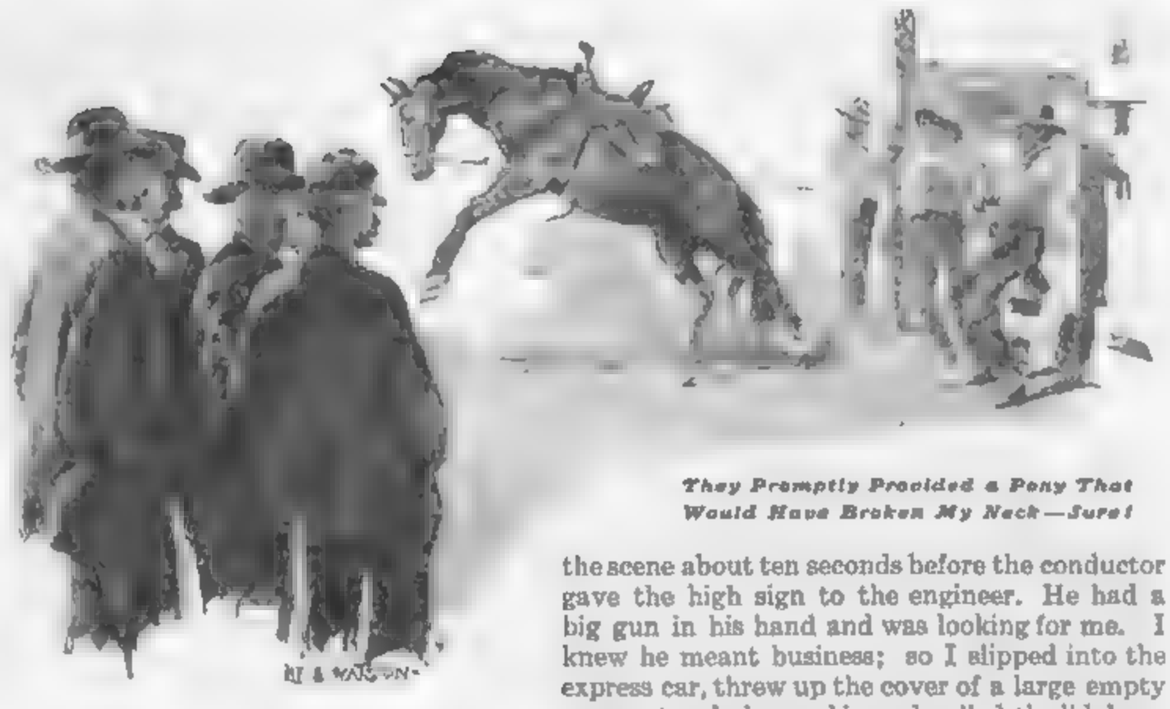
Those blotters made a hit. I always left a few wherever I called, and before long I had people asking for them. Then I launched out on a little wider advertising campaign, all keyed to the note of Talk It Over With Jobbins! The telegraph poles and the billboards were made to blossom with this sort of stuff.

Soon men began to call me up on the 'phone and say: "Will you come over? I guess I'd better talk it over with Jobbins." Of course I tried this out at first right in Atlanta; but as soon as I saw how it was catching on I spread it out as fast as I could over the entire nine states of my territory. It made a big hole in my savings, but my wife said not to mind that so long as it was getting the business. About five months after I had really cut loose in this advertising campaign I met a traveling man on a train and we fell into conversation. Finally I introduced myself.

"So you're Jobbins!" he exclaimed. "Well, Mr. Talk-It-Over, I'm glad to meet you. Do you know that you're the

best-known man in about seven states in the South today? Yes, sir; you are—bar none'"

Naturally that cheered me, but not half so much as the freight bills the road was collecting from my territory. Even then they were getting more freight out of those states than they ever dreamed could be corralled in five years. I had got the business—I had done it first; and now I concluded it was about time for me to go to headquarters, tell them about it—how it had been done—and cash in on the bundle of expense vouchers stowed away in my Private Investment pigeonhole.



They Promptly Provided a Pony That Would Have Broken My Neck—Sure!

The Old Man ordered my outlay refunded and suggested that hereafter I'd better get the advertising stuff direct through the company, because it could be had at a lower cost in that way. Right then and there, while I was at the central office, I put in a requisition for twenty thousand new blotters reading:

WHY DON'T YOU SMILE?

THERE ARE CLOUDS ENOUGH ALL THE WHILE!

TALK IT OVER WITH JOBBINS!

The copy and requisition had hardly left my hands when the head of the freight department sent for me and wanted to know what such nonsense meant, and whether I imagined the department was going to stand for anything so cheap and undignified as that! Then I told him the story of how I had multiplied the business from nine Southern states—and added that the Old Man himself had told me to go ahead and run the game in my own way.

This incident showed conclusively that my wife's advice was good: "Do it first—tell about it afterward." It never would have been done if I had told about it first. At the end of the year our road was taking two hundred and nine cars of freight a week out of my territory as against nine cars when I began. My salary was increased, but not in proportion to the increase of the business.

Incidentally I did a little colonization work from my territory for the West. In this we did not draw any color line. About all the real excitement I had in Atlanta was in moving negroes to the West. There was a strong demand for their kind of labor out there and wages were high. I first located a "boss man"—a real kingpin among the colored people—and secured a position for him on the police force in Los Angeles. He had a fairly good education and immediately wrote back—as I knew he would—to the men in the big foundry from which he had been taken, giving a glowing account of his own dignity and importance, the size of his paycheck, the wonders of the Coast country, and the demand out there for colored labor. He did not need any prompting on this score. His own natural pride impelled him to spread himself.

The result was that I booked seventy-five colored men for California from that one concern. The word was passed for them to keep quiet, but to appear at the railroad station at a certain hour at night ready to take the westbound train. Of course I was there to handle the crowd. So was the superintendent of the works from which I had enlisted the men! Some one had tipped the thing off to him and he appeared on the scene about ten seconds before the conductor gave the high sign to the engineer. He had a big gun in his hand and was looking for me. I knew he meant business; so I slipped into the express car, threw up the cover of a large empty express trunk, jumped in and pulled the lid down after me. And I did not crawl out until I was sure the superintendent had been left behind. Then I had a hard job on my hands, for about fifty more ambitious negroes had boarded the train than the specifications called for. We had to slow down and put the extra men off the train.

When I had come to think myself thoroughly settled in Atlanta the Old Man again sent for me. He said they had decided to make a big immigration drive in opening up the San Joaquin Valley, in California, and that he would have to draft me for colonization work there. After he explained to me the nature of the territory I told him I would have to do the work from a car instead of a wagon, as in Oklahoma. He answered that every private car on the road was in official service and none could be spared. Then I laughed and exclaimed:

"Oh, I don't mean that kind of car! If you'll furnish me with a new clean caboose the wife and I will fix it up so fine that you'll want to swap your own car for it."

He gave me full swing to outfit a brand-new caboose just as we liked. When the job was finished it looked as cozy and attractive as an artist's studio. The walls and floors were covered with Navajo blankets and the whole place was decorated with Indian trinkets—all except the workroom at the rear end, which was furnished with two typewriters, a table, and cupboards stocked with stationery. The other end of the car contained as neat and complete a little kitchen as the ordinary woman would wish to have. This was my wife's particular delight.

The one unsolved problem, as we were preparing for this trip, was how we were going to attract the people to our car. In passing a store window in Chicago the answer came to me—a phonograph! In those days phonographs were far less common than today; in fact, they were considered a great luxury and were not often found outside the larger cities, except in places of public amusement and the homes of the wealthy. I bought the best instrument I could find and a generous library of popular records.

After reaching California the first thing we did when we pulled into the town where we were to stop was to open the door of the caboose, point the horn of the phonograph toward the street and start playing the loudest record in the library. It never failed to draw a crowd. Then we invited everybody into our reception room, explained our mission, secured the names of neighboring farmers and sent out invitations to them to come and see us. We found the Californians more than willing to write letters to their relatives and friends back in the East; and in the course of our eight months' work in that car, in the San Joaquin Valley, we sent out forty thousand pieces of mail.

The following October the road put into effect a one-way rate to California and a notice of this excursion was sent to each name we had secured on our trip. The result was that in that month eight thousand persons bought homeseeker tickets and went to California over our road.

Ever since I had left Oklahoma the hunch I had received there in regard to the permanent importance of real development work had stuck by me, and I had continued to think and study along that line. Even the excitement of the California colonization campaign had failed to dull my interest in development, and I was eager for an opportunity to put my partially developed plans into operation. My chance came at the conclusion of the California work. The officials of the road were finally convinced that the largest results, in the long run, were to be gained by making the settlers already on the ground more successful.

We decided to start development work in Texas and I was sent there to spy out the land and decide along what line we should direct our initial effort. Only a little investigation was necessary to convince me that Texas was naturally a great hog country, but that the industry there was perhaps on a poorer basis than in any other state in the Union. Eastern Texas, the field of my first operations, was overrun with the old, long-nosed, half-wild razorbacks. There was hardly a good thoroughbred hog of the modern type in that whole section of country. In these days it does not require any argument to show the immense financial importance of supplanting razorbacks with standard hogs in a great territory like Texas; but it required a lot of argument and proof at that time.

We secured the coöperation of the state agricultural college and of the leaders of the movement for better animal husbandry in the Southwest, and organized the first educational hog train I ever heard of. Its appearance was always advertised in advance and it never failed to draw a big crowd of farmers from the surrounding country. We carried our proofs with us in the shape of splendid specimens of the standard breeds best adapted to that country. Professors from the state agricultural college made the talks to the farmers and had the animals right there with them to prove how much more profitable it would be to raise hogs of that type than the scrawny razorbacks.

"Why Don't You Kill One of Those Razorbacks? They've Always Been Good Enough for You Before"

At the first hog meeting we held, the remarks of the lecturer were suddenly interrupted by a series of sharp squeals—and a grinning native farmer handed up a ten-pound razorback, which he had brought all the way from home, with the remark: "Mister, one o' your pigs has got out!" Instantly the lecturer reached for the razorback and, holding it up against a four-hundred-pound standard-bred pig, turned the tables on the native by asking: "How long do you suppose it would take to grow this little fellow into a hog as big as the one I've been talking to you about? Would you undertake to do it if we'd give you ten years? Why not start with the right seed and grow something worth while? Hogs that tip forward when you hold 'em up by the ears will never make rich farmers!"

The first time this experience occurred we had no idea that it would ever be repeated; but it was repeated at practically every station at which we stopped. It seemed to be an unfailing freak of Texas humor to spring a baby razorback on the hog meeting. And it always gave the lecturer the best chance in the world to draw a sharp contrast between the wild pig and the standard-bred hog, and to show the farmers they were losing money by continuing to raise the kind of pork that had to be harvested with hounds and horses.

Down in that country, when a farmer was ready to ship a carload of hogs to Fort Worth all hands mounted their horses, whistled up the dogs and scoured the woods for miles until enough razorbacks were routed out to fill a car. Then the hogs were chased to the railroad shipping yard, with the hounds at their heels—running off the flesh that it had taken them perhaps weeks to put on.

Our hog train was a stronger attraction than a two-ringed circus; and, though the natives would stubbornly argue in favor of the familiar razorback, there was generally at least one man in the community with snap and ambition enough in his system to act on the convictions gathered at the meeting and send away for breeding stock with which to start a drove of tame hogs. There is no doubt the results of that first hog-train campaign have been worth hundreds of thousands of dollars to both the farmers of Texas and the railroad. Of course we kept close track of every farmer who bought new breeding stock, and in a systematic way gave him every possible assistance toward making a success of the venture. There were very few failures.

The next development stunt I undertook was a dry-farming special. It carried the greatest apostle of dry farming in America and an elaborate exhibit of grain and other crops grown by dry-farming methods. But this train was a great surprise to me—it did not have the drawing power of an itinerant street preacher. The only way in which we were able to drum up anything like a crowd was to send out a dozen boys armed with cowbells.

The largest crowd we ever had was when two white-headed old men got to fighting about their sons. When the encounter was over I took the one that had the best of it by the arm and conducted him to the dry show. The crowd followed. Perhaps there was something in the word "dry," in connection with our farming exhibit, that dulled the interest of those to whom we made our appeal.

This work was slow and rather discouraging. Old settlers from Georgia and other Southern states would sit and argue that their fathers and their grandfathers had never plowed deeper than three inches, and they had always been considered as "right smart farmers." But here, again, the salvation of our venture always came from the exceptional man in the community—and we generally found one or two of that sort. He was the yeast that in time would leaven the whole community lump!

The main part of my work was really to spot this exceptional man in every place where we stopped and focus my personal attention upon him, making definite arrangements with him for a fair and thorough trial of the methods taught by the dry-farming expert. That man in each community was never lost sight of so long as I stayed in the work. A careful record was kept of his methods and results, and they were closely compared with the methods and results of his neighbors' farming.

One man, for example, applied the car methods to a ten-acre cottonfield, with the result that he increased his yield a hundred per cent over the best crop that he had ever been able to obtain under old methods. And he was a city-bred man at that! That ten-acre field of cotton made further preaching of scientific dry-farming methods practically unnecessary in that community. By our follow-up system we found that the gain by the new methods over the old was seldom less than fifty per cent. Every report from the experimental field that had been conscientiously covered warmed the heart of the development missionary.

As a colonizer, it had become a matter of habit with me to keep a keen eye out for men belonging to any foreign race. Consequently, when riding on a train in Texas one day and seeing that a well-dressed Jap occupied a seat in the smoking car I had just entered, I instinctively dropped into the seat beside him. Later I asked him for a light. Then we fell into conversation, for he spoke excellent English. I soon learned that he was the son of a Japanese nobleman and was in this country for the purpose of finding a suitable location for a rice plantation, to which he wished to bring a company of Japanese boys his father had sent through an agricultural school in Japan.

In a short time I was able to convince him I could take him to the right location for his rice plantation, and that if he would locate there I would devote a month of my time, if he wished, to helping him equip and start the plantation and to instructing him and his men in the use of American tools.

After seeing the property he promptly accepted my proposition. He was a shrewd business man and prompt in action. The work of buying the equipment was started at once, and in a short time his men were on hand and we had the necessary mules and implements on the ground.

I had to hitch up the first pair of mules myself, for the Jap boy who was with me pointed at the harness and then at the mules, bowed politely and exclaimed: "Not understand!"

A moment later I discovered that he had no more knowledge of the destructive capacity of the business end of a mule than a baby. In his quick nervous way he suddenly stepped so close to the heels of the near mule that

(Continued on Page 73)

GUILTY AS CHARGED

By Irvin S. Cobb

DECORATION BY F. R. GRUGER

THE Jew, I take it, is essentially temperamental, whereas the Irishman is by nature sentimental; so that in the long run both of them may reach the same results by varying mental routes. This, however, has nothing to do with the story I am telling here, except inferentially.

It was trial day at headquarters. To be exact, it was the tail-end of trial day at headquarters. The mills of the police gods, which grind not so slowly but often exceeding fine, were about done with their grinding; and, as the last of the grist came through the hopper, the last of the afternoon sunlight came sifting in through the windows at the west, thin and pale as skim milk. One after another the culprits, patrolmen mainly, had been arraigned on charges preferred by a superior officer, who was usually a lieutenant or a captain—but once in a while an inspector, full-breasted and gold-banded, like a fat blue bumblebee. In due turn each offender had made his defense; those who were lying about it did their lying, as a rule, glibly and easily, and with a certain bogus frankness very pleasing to see. Contrary to a general opinion, the Father of Lies is often quite good to his children; but those who were telling the truth were frequently shamefaced and mumbling of speech, making poor impressions.

In due turn, also, each man had been convicted or had been acquitted; yet all—the proven innocent and the adjudged guilty alike—had undergone punishment, since they all had to sit and listen to lectures on police discipline and police manners from the trial deputy. It was perhaps as well for the peace and good order of the community that the public did not attend these séances. Those classes now that are the most thoroughly and most personally governed—the pushcart peddlers, with the permanent cringing droops in their alien backs; the sinful small boys, who play baseball in the streets against the statutes made and provided, the broken old wrecks, who ambush the prosperous passer-by in the shadows of dark corners, begging for money with which to keep body and soul together—it was just as well perhaps that none of them was admitted there to see these large, firm, stern men in uniform wriggling on the punishment chair, fumbling at their buttons, explaining, whining, even begging for mercy under the lashing flail of Third Deputy Commissioner Donohue's sleety judgments.

"The only time old Donny warms up is when he's got a grudge against you," a wit of headquarters—Larry Magee by name—had said once as he came forth from the ordeal, brushing imaginary hailstones off his shoulders. "It's always snowing hard in his soul!"

Unlike most icy-tempered men, though, Third Deputy Commissioner Donohue was addicted to speech. Dearly he loved to hear the sound of his own voice. Give to Donohue a congenial topic, such as some one's official or personal shortcomings, and a congenial audience, and he excelled mightily in saw-edged oratory, rolling his r's until the tortured consonants fairly lay on their backs and begged for mercy.

This, however, would have to be said for Deputy Commissioner Donohue—he was a hard one to fool. Himself a grayed ex-private of the force, who had climbed from the ranks step by step through slow and devious stages, he was coldly aware of every trick and device of the delinquent policeman. A new and particularly ingenious subterfuge, one that tasted of the fresh paint, might win his begrudged admiration—his gray flints of eyes would strike off sparks of grim appreciation; but then, nearly always, as though to discourage originality even in lying, he would plaster on the penalty—and the lecture—twice as thick. Wherefore, because of all these things, the newspaper men at headquarters viewed this elderly disciplinarian with mixed professional emotions. Presiding over a trial day, he made abundant copy for them, which was very good; but if the case were an important one he often prolonged it until they missed getting the result into their final editions, which, if you know anything about final editions, was very, very bad.

It was so on this particular afternoon. Here it was nearly dusk. The windows toward the east showed merely as opaque patches set against a wall of thickening gloom; and the third deputy commissioner had started in at two-thirty and was not done yet. Sparse and bony, he crouched forward on the edge of his chair, with his lean head drawn down between his leaner shoulders and his stiff stubble of hair erect on his scalp, and he looked, perching there, like a broody but vigilant old crested cormorant upon a barren rock.

Except for one lone figure of misery, the anxious bench below him was by now empty. Most of the witnesses were gone and most of the spectators, and all the newspaper men but two. He whetted a lean and crooked forefinger like a talon on the edge of the docket book, turned the page and called the last case, being the case of Patrolman James J. Rogan. Patrolman Rogan was a short horse and soon curried. For being on such and such a day, at such and such an hour, off his post, where he belonged, and in a saloon where he did not belong, sitting down, with his blouse unfastened and his belt unbuckled; and for having no better excuse, or no worse one, than the ancient tale of a sudden attack of faintness causing him to make his way into the nearest place where he might recover himself—that it happened to be a family liquor store was, he protested, a sheer accident—Patrolman Rogan was required to pay five days' pay and, moreover, to listen to divers remarks in which he heard himself likened to several things, none of them of a complimentary character.

Properly crushed and shrunken, the culprit departed thence with his uniform bagged and wrinkling upon his diminished form, and the third deputy commissioner, well pleased, on the whole, with his day's hunting, prepared to adjourn. The two lone reporters got up and made for the door, intending to telephone in to their two shops the grand total and final summary of old Donohue's bag of game.

They were at the door, in a little press of departing witnesses and late defendants, when behind them a word in Donohue's hard-rolled official accents made them halt and turn round. The veteran had picked up from his desk a sheet of paper and was squinting up his hedgy, thick eyebrows in an effort to read what was written there.

"Wan more case to be heard," he announced. "Keep order there, you men at the door! The case of Lieutenant Isidore Weil"—he grated the name out lingeringly—"charged with—with ——" He broke off, peering about him for some one to scold. "Couldn't you be makin' a light here, some of you! I can't see to make out these here charges and specifications."

Some one bestirred himself and many lights popped on, chasing the shadows back into the far corners. Outside in the hall a policeman doing duty as a bailiff called the name of Lieutenant Isidore Weil, thrice repeated.

"Gee! Have they landed that slick kike at last?" said La Farge, the older of the reporters, half to himself. "Say, you know, that tickles me! I've been looking this long time for something like this to be coming off." Like most old headquarters reporters, La Farge had his deep-seated prejudices. To judge by his present expression, this was a very deep-seated one, amounting, you might say, to a constitutional infirmity with La Farge.

"Who's Weil and what's he done?" inquired Rogers. Rogers was a young reporter.

"I don't know yet—the charge must be newly filed, I guess," said La Farge, answering the last question first. "But I hope they nail him! I don't like him—never did. He's too fresh. He's too smart—one of those self-educated East Side Yiddishers, you know. Used to be a court interpreter down at Essex Market—knows about steen languages. And he—here he comes now."

Weil passed them, going into the trial room—a short, squarely built man with oily black hair above a dark,

round face. Instantly you knew him for one of the effusive Semitic type; every angle and turn of his outward aspect testified frankly of his breed and his sort. And at sight of him entering you could almost see the gorge of Deputy Commissioner Donohue's race antagonism rising inside of him. His gray hackles stiffened and his thickset eyebrows bristled outward like bits of frosted privet. Again he began whetting his forefinger on the leather back of the closed docket book. It was generally a bad sign for somebody when Donohue whetted his forefinger like that, and La Farge would have delighted to note it. But La Farge's appraising eyes were upon the accused.

"Listen!" he said under his breath to Rogers. "I think they must have the goods on Mister Wiseheimer at last. Usually he's the cockiest person round this building. Now take a look at him."

Indeed, there was a visible air of self-abasement about Lieutenant Weil as he crossed the wide chamber. It was a thing hard to define in words; yet undeniably there was a diffidence and a reluctance manifest in him, as though a sense of guilt wrestled with the man's natural conceit and assurance.

"Rogers," said La Farge, "let's hustle out and 'phone in what we've got and then come back right away. If this fellow's going to get the harpoon stuck into him I want to be on hand when he starts bleeding."

Only a few of the dwindled crowd turned back to hear the beginning of the case, whatever it might be, against the Jew. The rest scattered through the corridors, heading mainly for the exits, so that the two newspaper men had company as they hurried toward the main door, making for their offices across the street. When they came back the long cross halls were almost deserted; it had taken them a little longer to finish the job of telephoning than they had figured. At the door of the trial room stood one bulky blue figure. It was the acting bailiff.

"How far along have they got?" asked La Farge as the policeman made way for them to pass in.

"Captain Meagher is the first witness," said the policeman. "He's the one that's makin' the charge."

"What is the charge?" put in Rogers.

"At this distance I couldn't make out—Cap Meagher, he mumbles so," confessed the doorkeeper. "Somethin' about misuse of police property, I take it to be."

"Aha!" gloated La Farge in his gratification. "Come on, Rogers—I don't want to miss any of this."

It was plain, however, that they had missed something; for, to judge by his attitude, Captain Meagher was quite through with his testimony. He still sat in the witness chair alongside the deputy commissioner's desk; but he was silent and he stared vacantly at vacancy. Captain Meagher was known in the department as a man incredibly honest and unbelievably dull. He had no more imagination than one of his own reports. He had a long, sad face, like a tired workhorse's, and heavy black eyebrows that curved high in the middle and arched downward at each end—circumflexes accenting the incurable stupidity of his expression. His black mustache drooped the same way, too, in the design of an inverted magnet. Larry Magee had coined one of his best whimsies on the subject of the shape of the captain's mustache.

"No wonder," he said, "old Meagher never has any luck—he wears his horseshoe upside down on his face!"

Just as the two reporters, reëntering, took their seats the trial deputy spoke.

"Is that all, Captain Meagher?" he asked sonorously.

"That's all," said Meagher.

"I note," went on Donohue, glancing about him, "that the accused does not appear to be ripresented by counsel."

A man on trial at headquarters has the right to hire a lawyer to defend him.

"No, sir," spoke up Weil briskly. "I've got no lawyer, commissioner." His speech was the elaborated and painfully emphasized English of the self-taught East Sider. It carried in it just the bare suggestion of the racial lisp, and it made an acute contrast to the menacing Hibernian purr of Donohue's heavier voice. "I kind of thought I'd conduct my own case myself."

Donohue merely grunted.

"Do you desire, Lieutenant Weil, for to ask Captain Meagher any questions?" he demanded.

Weil shook his oily head of hair.

"No, sir. I wouldn't wish to usk the captain anything."

"Are there any other witnesses?" inquired Donohue next.

There was no answer. Plainly there were no other witnesses.

"Lieutenant Weil, do you desire for to say something in your own behalf?" queried the deputy commissioner.

"I think I'd like to," answered Weil.

He stood to be sworn, took the chair Meagher vacated and sat facing the room, appearing—so La Farge thought—more shamefaced and abashed than ever.

"Now, then," commanded Donohue impressively, "what statement, if any, have you to make, Lieutenant Weil, touchin' on this here charge preferred by your superior officer?"

Weil cleared his throat. Rogers figured that this bespoke embarrassment; but, to the biased understanding of the hostile La Farge, there was something falsely theatrical even in the way Weil cleared his throat.

"Once a grandstander always a grandstander!" he muttered derisively.

"What did you say?" whispered Rogers.

"Nothing," replied La Farge—"just thinking out loud. Listen to what foxy Issy has to say for himself."

"Well, sir, commissioner," began the accused, "this here thing happens last Thursday, just as Captain Meagher is telling you." He had slipped already into the policeman's trick of detailing a past event in the present tense. "It's late in the afternoon—round five o'clock I guess—and I'm downstairs in the Detective Bureau alone."

"Alone, you say?" broke in Donohue, emphasizing the word as though the admission scored a point against the man on trial.

"Yes, sir, I'm alone. It happens that everybody else is out and I'm in temporary charge, as you might say. It's getting along toward dark when Patrolman Morgan, who's on duty out in the hall, comes in and says to me there's a woman outside who can't talk English and he can't make out what she wants. So I tells him to bring her in. She comes in. Right away I see she's a ginney—an Italian," he corrected himself hurriedly. "She's got a child with her—a little boy about two years old."

"Describe this here woman!" ordered Donohue, who loved to drag in details at a trial, not so much for the sake of the details themselves as to show his skill as a cross-examiner.

"Well, sir," complied Weil, "I should say she's about twenty-five years old. It's hard to tell about those Italian women, but I should say she's about twenty-five—or maybe twenty-six. She's got no figure at all and she's dressed poor. But she's got a pretty face—big brown eyes and ——"

"That will do," interrupted the deputy commissioner—"that will do for that. I take it you're not qualifyin' here for a beauty expert, Lieutenant Weil!" he added with elaborate sarcasm.

"You asked me about her looks, sir," parried Weil defensively, "and I'm just trying to tell you."

"Proceed! Proceed!" bade Donohue, rumbling his consonants.

"Yes, sir. Well, in regard to this woman: She's talking so fast I can't figure out at first what she's tryin' to tell me. It's Italian she's talking—or I should say the kind of Italian they talk in parts of Sicily. After a little I begin to see what she's driving at. It seems she's the wife of one Antonio Terranova and her name is Maria Terranova. And after I get her straightened out and going slow she tells me her story."

"Is this here story got a bearin' on the charges pending?"

"I think it has. Yes, sir; it helps to explain what happens. As near as I can make out she comes from some small town down round Messina somewhere; and, the way she tells it to me, her husband leaves there not long after they're married and comes over here to New York to get work, and when he gets enough money saved up ahead he's going to send back for her. That's near about three years ago. So she stays behind waiting for him; and in about four months after he leaves the baby is born—the same baby that she brings in here to headquarters with her last Thursday. She says neither one of them thinks it'll be long before he can save up money for her passage, but it seems like he has had bad luck. He's sick for a while after he lands; and then when he gets a job in a construction gang the padrone takes the most of what he makes. And just about the time he gets a little saved up, some other ginney—Italian—in the construction camp steals it off of him.

"So he's up against it; and after a while he gets desperate. So he joins in with a Black Hander gang—amateurs operating up in the Bronx—and the very first trick he helps turn he does well by it. His share is near about a hundred dollars, and he sends her the best part of it to bring her and the baby over. She don't know at the time, though, how he raises all this money—so she tells me. And I think, at that, she's telling the truth—she ain't got sense enough to lie, I think. Anyway it sounds truthful to me—the way she tells it to me here last Thursday night."

"Proceed!" prompted Donohue testily.

"So she takes this here money and buys herself a steerage ticket, and comes over here with the baby. That, as near as I can figure out, is about three months ago. She's not seen this husband of hers for going on three years—of course the baby's never seen him. And she figures he'll be at the dock to meet her. But he's not there. But his cousin is there—another Italian from the same town. He gets her through Ellis Island somehow, and he takes her up to where he's living—up in the Bronx—and tells her the reason her husband ain't there to meet her. The reason is, he's at Sing Sing, doing four years.

"It seems that after he's sent her this passage money the husband gets to thinking Black Handing is a pretty soft way to make a living, especially compared to day-laboring; and he tries to raise a stake single-handed. He writes a Black Hand letter to an Italian grocer he knows has got money laid by, only the grocer is foxy and goes to the Tremont Avenue Station and shows the letter. They rig up a plant and this here Antonio Terranova walks into it. He's caught with the marked bills on him. So just the week before she lands he takes a plea in General Sessions and the judge gives him four years. When she gets to where she's telling me that part of it she starts crying.

"Well, anyway, that's the situation—him up there at Sing Sing doing his four years, and her down here in New York with the kid on her hands. And she don't ever see him again, either, because in about three or four weeks—something like that—he's working with a gang in the rock quarry across the river, where they're building the new cellhouse, and a chunk of slate falls down and kills him and two others."

"Right here and now," interrupted the third deputy commissioner, "I want to know what's all this here stuff got to do with these here charges and specifications?"

"Just a minute, please. I'm coming to that right away, commissioner," protested the accused lieutenant with a sort of glib nervous agility; yet, for all of his promising, he paused for a little bit before he continued. And this

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The Act That Made Good at McGavin's

By HELEN GREEN VAN CAMPEN

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

Let Me Be Your Romeo!
You'll Find Me Everywhere You Go.
Lovey! Dovey! You're My Little Queen!

DOLLIE VON LINDEN looked coldly at a song plugger with sufficient temerity to tell Benny Von Linden's wife that Benny's orders were: "No visitors!"

"I guess he'll see me," said Dollie, climbing toward the top floor of the House of Sure-Fire Hits. She was met on the third floor by Alfie Lawler.

"This is luck!" he said heartily. "George and I have just finished our new waltz and I'm anxious to get your opinion of it. Got a minute? Then come into our office."

Lawler & Gordon were a team of contract writers, whose songs were featured by Von Linden & Nolan. Dollie was immediately gracious to Alfie, and she tarried, feeling that she was Benny's representative and should encourage his talented band. Izzy Harris, the song plugger who was trailing her, made a gesture that Alfie Lawler understood. Dollie went inside. Sammy Martin, chief plugger, was watching from an open piano room, where the Sisters Belvedere were rehearsing Let Me Be Your Romeo. He joined Izzy, saying with a scowl:

"Now why can't she stick to home?"

"Alfie's goin' to hold her as long as he kin," said Izzy. "It'd be murder to so much as touch Benny's door now!"

"Give the other boys the word!" commanded Sammy. "All ails her is she ain't got nothin' to do; so she comes botherin' him when he's gotta be left alone. But she's a swell little lady at that."

"Sure she is!" said Izzy.

In the room where Lawler & Gordon created their numbers Eddie Gordon greeted Dollie with the suavity he reserved for headliners. He said it was wonderfully good of her to let them bore her. Dollie declared that she felt just like hearing one of their delightful songs. Lawler & Gordon arranged themselves at the piano, Lawler playing the melody while his partner hummed the words of My Mother Waits Beside the Watermelon Vine.

"How's it strike you?"

"If I'd had stuff like that I'd be in vaudeville now," said Dollie. "It's such a catchy chorus."

Lawler repeated the vamp. Dollie, her dark eyes lighting, took the written words and sang the first verse, then the chorus.

"Try that over again, Alfie," she requested.

"It's too high for her. Play it in F," said Gordon. His voice joined hers in the chorus.

"What's the use of my singing it when I'm not working any more?" sighed Dollie.

"Make the boss put you out in a production. That's where the waltz belongs. A swell chorus and novel light effects. We ought to get it into a musical show before we give it to vaudeville acts, Alfie. Speak to Benny later," said Gordon.

Dollie softly sang the second verse, Lawler rendering a masterly accompaniment.

"Listen to that row!" he exclaimed as she finished. The blatant duet of the Belvedere Sisters met and battled the tremendous voice of Temple, the Tramp Comedian, rehearsing on the same floor.

"There's no light and shade to the work of people like that," said Gordon distastefully. "The Belvederes were in burlesque till this season. How they yell! But they get the money."

"Don't I wish I could drag down a big salary!" said Dollie, to Lawler's smile.

"Benny's got dough enough for you."

"But I'd rather have my own. I hate to ask him for every cent. He does so much and I do so little—just overseeing the apartment. I can't even fix his clothes because of his valet. Everybody ought to work—that's what I think. I hate being a drone."

She pouted alluringly. Lawler & Gordon regarded her in admiring silence. Her gray satin boots matched a gray satin corsetless gown—the sort that is not. A wide gray hat was lined with Benny's favorite pink and encircled with a flat wreath of pink roses. She was flushed with the heat of a September day; her dark hair was waved and curled; her eyes showed that her gloom was not real.

"She could hold up a spectacular act with the right support," said Lawler, who liked women to be satisfied.

"Benny said there couldn't be any more stage for me. Yet lots of married women go back."

"Lots? Hundreds!" agreed Lawler. "Ask him again. Not today—he's too busy."

"What's he doing that every one in the building tried to prevent my going up to his office?"

"I don't know. He didn't even have lunch today. Got an idea, I suppose."

"Well, I'm going to find out," said Dollie.

Lawler & Gordon could not dissuade her. Thinking her successfully halted, Izzy Harris had returned to assist in receiving performers desirous of trying over the firm's catalogue; so she reached the top floor swiftly, and gave a bold knock on the door, the sign of which warned: Keep out! B. Von Linden.

"It's only me, lovey!" called Dollie.

"Get away from that door!"

"Benny, are you aware that this is Dollie?" She waited, while chords were struck on Benny's piano, a voice raised in song—and sobs. Sobs! Was he—was Benny —— If he was in trouble it was not the time to observe formality. Could a grown man be crying? She walked in as Benny, oblivious to her entrance, said sternly:

"Now calm yourself, can't you, Charlie? 'Star' and 'saw' won't get by. That's too punk even for our public. ''Neath the shining evening star, it was my mother dear I saw'—bar, car, mar, far—I'll get a line with far, Charlie. Why! Really, Dollie, you're intruding, dear! He can't be excited until he's got this melody finished!"

Dollie, frightened and blushing redly, was already backing into the hall, for nothing was the matter with Benny. He stood beside his partner, stout Charlie Nolan, who was seated at the little organ at which he composed. As Charlie struck a chord he sobbingly sang a line of the story-ballad they were laboring over.

"A pathetic number always gets him going. Please don't stop, dear!" whispered Benny as Dollie faltered:

"I'm sorry! I s'posed you'd be glad to see me."

Sammy Martin awaited her. His wide face was tragic.

"Mr. Nolan didn't notice me! You needn't look like that!" she said pettishly.

Sammy relaxed, whispering:

"It's got to be our banner number an' head the fall songs. With every publisher in the business puttin' out two or three Southern numbers it ain't no cinch to frame up one that'll stand the pressure. Charlie was with me when he thought of the title—In the Gloamin' on That Dear Old Suwannee Shore; so the words are bein' wrote to fit."

Dollie returned to Lawler & Gordon, now entertaining the Belvedere Sisters and La Onionita, the Spanish dancer. The latter was an old acquaintance and she embraced Dollie before introducing her companions.

"No more four shows a day for the kiddo—eh?" jested La Onionita. "Can't you find me a rich young fella?"

"It's not so fine, with nothing to occupy a person except reading and buying things," said Dollie.

"If I had this firm to boost me I'd be out in a tabloid musical comedy," said Birdie Belvedere.

"My voice never was strong," said Dollie.

"You had some nice dancin' steps; feature the dancin'," advised La Onionita. "But I've got to chase over to the showshop. Come on with me, Doll. There's a whole bunch you know on the bill."

La Onionita concluded her turn at the Fifty-ninth Street Varieties and invited Dollie to dinner at some lively place; but the latter hurried to the magnificent apartment on Riverside Drive, which Benny had considered hardly fine enough for his little bride. Matsuda, the Japanese cook, had dinner under way, and Uchida, the houseboy, reported that the master would telephone at six. Dollie put on a pale pink dinner gown. She was certain that at six Benny would suggest dinner downtown, with a roof show to follow.

"He is calling," said Uchida gravely.

"Yes, dear, I hear you. Go ahead!" trilled Dollie, and was informed that Benny must take all his song pluggers to Coney Island, to offset opposition firms whose songs were being used on the same programs with Von Linden & Nolan's.

"I'll be jumping about—boosting, you know; and I want to cover the whole island. You got so tired the other time, and I'm going in the train with a whole mob ——"

"You were away last night too. It's terribly lonesome to stay here and mope, Benny."

"Can't neglect the business, pet. It's personal attention that makes it go. You what? Speak a little louder, Dollie, will you?"

"I said I want to go back to the profession, so I can have my work like you have yours. Will you let me?"

"I certainly won't! Isn't my work all for you? Well, I'll talk to you when I get home tonight. Are you dissatisfied, Dollie?"

"I'm just lonesome!" said Dollie, and she left a tear on the edge of the mouthpiece.

Uchida gave her the evening papers with dinner and she read the theatrical news. There was a half-column story about the Belvedere Sisters and the hit they had scored with that vocal oddity, Monkey Wedding Day. It was Benny's rag. Another paper proclaimed that La Onionita was about to join a musical comedy, in which she would sing a number written especially for her by Von Linden & Nolan, and interpolate her dances.

When her servitor disappeared Dollie practiced dance-steps on the rug to avoid disturbing the people below. At the piano, that had cost as much as all seven workday pianos in the House of Sure-Fire Hits, she tried to recollect Lawler & Gordon's waltz. The valet being absent, she went in and rumpled Benny's thousand scarfs, because replacing them in order would consume an hour. The scuff of feet from the pavement came up to her when she looked from the front windows. People were pacing slowly up and down, enjoying the evening's coolness.

Benny would not return until two or later. He had asked if, when left alone, she could not have some of her friends in to supper—let the Japanese boys stay and cook it, and ring up taxicabs to send the guests home in—no use keeping Jones yawning at the garage with the car until all hours; but there was no one to send to. Her friends were all in vaudeville, and they preferred gay restaurants to quiet suppers in the vicinity of Ninetieth Street.

She put on a stage dress and went through an extended dance before the big three-leaved mirrors in her dressing room.

"Lots of people would think I had a regular cinch; but they'd have another guess," she thought dismally. "If I was a man I could go down to Forty-second and Broadway and stand on the corner. I'd like to be out in a show and work two hours and a half without a break! When you've always worked you can't stop suddenly and get used to it. And Benny could make me a knockout success, with the pluggers and advertising. He made Maude Melrose a star and she was a dancing act; and I've forgotten more than she ever knew."

She peered into the night again. A clock chimed eight, and above the scattered lights of the New Jersey shore, across the river, a great luminous square abruptly glowed in the darkness. That was Brighton Park, dedicated to the amusement of the populace. One could reach it by ferry. Dollie's fingers beat on the windowsill. Why not go and see the shows? A girl who had played every tank in the country, and rushed into and out of towns in the middle of the night, could get to Brighton Park and back without help. She found a paper and located the advertisement of the place. In the same column was an announcement that Wednesday was amateur night in McGavin's Cabaret at Coney Island. She smiled. Amateur night is fun for the members of a theater's regular company.

If she had gone with Benny he might have left her there while attending to his boosting. Managers forget an act unless constantly reminded of it. She was losing her professional identity. She was only Mr. Von Linden's wife. It was not fair. He would have to agree that it was not. In a girl brought up to a domestic life a craving for the footlights would indicate the need of a few sound lectures; but to spend five years in the business, and almost the day she got a New York engagement to marry and retire! She might have been a knockout in the East!

"I shouldn't have quit. It looks as if I failed and simply had to take Benny. I hadn't really found myself. I'd like to see the amateurs work down there." She laughed. Poor amateurs, with a merciless audience hissing the incompotents or giving ironical plaudits when a striver was clever enough not to rouse thoughts of the dreaded hook! "I'm going to McGavin's Cabaret and do an act; and if it's a bloomer I'll never say stage again to Benny. It's my chance and he'll find I don't need influence to make good!"

Dollie left her jewelry in the safe and thrust some odd bills into a little purse. The dancing dress, a blond wig that she had provided when the manager of Krell's Dime Museum in Cincinnati said his performers must become blondes or depart, and her old tin makeup box that had lost its japanned finish long ago, flat-soled dancing shoes and pink silk stockings were shut into a light suitcase. She went in the Subway to the Brooklyn Bridge; then rushing up the steps, past ticket choppers, she walked impatiently up and down until a voice yelled:

"Coney Island only! This train stops at Sheepshead Bay."

For two months Benny had done her ticket-buying and the necessary arguing with those who refused a citizen his rights. He fearlessly hectored rapacious hatboys and indifferent waiters, defied occasional dissatisfied taxicab drivers, insisted on and received prompt service in shops where the employees had engrossing private affairs. He was a granite wall between his Dollie and the hustling world; yet it took much of the savor from daily life in New York—this being spared all the rough places. Tonight she argued with a ticket man who affirmed it was not fifty cents that she had tendered him. With superb dignity she bade him have a care, heard his harsh chuckle; but, being in haste, she left a quarter in his evil keeping. The conductor of the train seemed gruffer and more surly than was to be expected. And the men in the car were staring a little too frequently for her comfort.

"You Were Away Last Night Too. It's Terribly Lonesome to Stay Here and Mope, Benny"

Still—it was all exhilarating. Her dark eyes, shining and eager—because she was adventuring all by her little self—held the looks of the men. The women going steadily to the island with husband or friend looked also, and the most disapproving of those whose glance asked why Dollie lacked chaperon or escort could not have made the rest believe the color in her cheeks had come out of the old makeup box. The big, bright eyes beheld a splendid vision of the marvelous, overwhelming success of a mysterious blond amateur, of clamorous agents seeking her—and Benny, amazed, discovering the hit to be his wife.

It would be ruinous to encounter Benny or his song pluggers on a Coney Island street; so, to avoid this, she sought the rest room of the terminal, whence she presently issued, yellow-haired and composedly eating popcorn from a paper bag. It was more adventurous to find McGavin's Cabaret without aid; therefore she strolled with a cheerful throng through Surf Avenue, and turned into the Bowery, odorous of hot-dogs, fried crabs and fresh-pulled peppermint-flavored chewing candy, and riotous with the yelpings of conscientious ballyhoos urging custom to the Bowery shows.

"Ah there, beauty!" called an appreciative ballyhoo when she paused briefly.

"What do you mean, sir?" demanded Dollie, so fiercely that he said he had not meant anything—only she looked like a lady of his acquaintance; and he was very sorry, very sorry indeed!

She marched into an alley where a sign marked the stagedoor of McGavin's. There were aged and splintered steps before a door half unhinged, standing open and unguarded. Did she really want to go in? She deliberated, resting her suitcase in the doorway. Many good-class theaters had disreputable stage entrances. Sammy Martin had told her about McGavin's, where everybody went on amateur night.

"What ho! Lookin' for somebody?"

Dollie lifted her suitcase, replying to the small fat man in blackface and a minstrel makeup:

"I wish to go on in the amateur show."

"Oh! I'll call Mac. Hot, ain't it? Do you mind waitin' till I cool off a second or two? We close the regular show and there's another act before us yet. So you want to break into the game, do you?"

"I think I do," she said.

He was a genial comedian, and as he inhaled the night air and a cigarette he asked:

"Have one? Well, you'll get to smokin' if you ever oar into vodville. What's your act?"

"Singing and dancing."

"There's a million of you. Say, I'll give you a tip, girlie: If they start clappin' time while you're singin', tear for the street—'cause you're through! That's what they do here 'stead of hollerin' an' hissin'. Come on, now."

Four rowdy acrobats were on the stage, playing to an immense audience seated at tables. Louder than the orchestra's music sounded nasal cries of:

"Dreenks! Seegahs! Who wants the waiter?"

"Say, Mac, this little girl's goin' on tonight," said the blackface comedian, investigating a shadowy corner.

Dollie prepared herself to address a burly, perspiring, shirtsleeved manager; but the owner of McGavin's Cabaret was a tall and slender man, dressed fashionably and quietly. He was sallow-faced and dark-haired, with roving black eyes that appraised her swiftly.

"First time on the stage?" he asked gently, and she felt gratitude that he should speak kindly to a girl he assumed lacked experience.

"Oh, please let me try!" she exclaimed, and so avoided lying.

McGavin said the amateur show would not commence until ten-thirty.

"You may dress in number six—this way. The ladies who have it this week have gone."

He led her to one of the befouled dressing rooms that had been the habitat of a blowzy chorus and of rank comedians until progress demanded the cabaret and a refinement of methods. It was windowless and close, but brightly lighted.

"Now I can see what you look like," said he, and Dollie flushed, though his manner remained gentle and respectful.

She opened her suitcase, keeping the service-worn makeup box hidden.

"Pink, eh? That's not as good as blue for your type." He touched the folded chiffon costume lightly. "I like pretty clothes, but a man can't have 'em. What's your name? We announce them on cards."

"It's—It's May Allen."

"Well! I supposed you'd have made it Clarice de Montmorency—but you show horse-sense. A short name's easily remembered. Would you like a drink?"

"I never drink," said Dollie.

"You're a heap better off. Don't begin it if you get into the show business. Live with your people?"

"No—oh—yes. Yes—of course!"

"No—yes? And it's none of my business, as you're thinking. What do you do? And you have your music? You'll see the leader shortly, as he lets the first violin direct for the last act; so he'll be back."

"His eyes are dreadfully sharp," she thought when he left. "But he's nicer than they used to be when I was begging time from managers."

"No More Four Shows a Day for the Kiddo—Eh?" Jested La Ontenita. "Can't You Find Me a Rich Young Fella?"

McGavin said outside her door: "Miss Allen, I'll put you on fourth. It's the likeliest spot. Have you makeup, towels and coldcream?"

She turned a laugh into a cough. What questions for a manager to ask a performer! But managers are important, so she opened the door and replied demurely:

"Thank you so much—but a friend told me what to bring."

The acrobats received tremendous applause. They evidently dressed in the next room, as she heard them talking:

"Nobody but McGavin would have stopped us taking that last bow. He does all he kin to hurt an act."

"His father was different when he had the joint. This guy's cold-hearted as a fish."

"He was as kind as possible to me," she reflected.

"He's got no use for amachoor night. I've saw him drag 'em off. I 'member one gal, a dancer—I wouldn't 'a' spoke to an animal like he done to her."

"Knockers!" breathed Dollie.

She had the warmest, friendliest feeling toward the gentleman they were maligning, who doubtless made distinctions. Some dancers ought to be dragged off!

She was dressed when a stagehand rapped and told her she was to wait in McGavin's office. It would be cleaner.

"And bring all your stuff, he says. There won't be no one in there but you."

"I wish you'd tell him I appreciate his kindness."

She put half a dollar into the messenger's hand. It was prudence to have a well-wisher back on the stage, and it often prevented the noisy moving of scenery that ill-liked acts must contend against under careless stage managing.

McGavin's office was clean and had been lately aired. There was a mirror and a stationary washstand, two leather-covered chairs and a bookcase. She had traversed a long and dirty passage, the sounds from stage and audience becoming fainter, and she looked hard at the stagehand, who said, as if hurt:

"I ain't abducted you. That window opens on the alley an' the Bowery's only ten feet off. You can climb out if you wanter."

"I only wondered where we were."

"You're as safe as if you was in God's pocket. I got a gal of my own. What are you figgerin' on bein' a dancer for an' goin' to the hospital wit' a bum back before you're thirty? Did you know that? Why don't you marry some young feller?"

Dollie saw then that he was a gray-haired stagehand, with mournful eyes. Perhaps they had seen too much.

"A woman ought to be independent."

"She'll never be independenter than runnin' her own house. You colored your hair, didn't you? I'd dye it back. It's too yaller!"

"I didn't! I—if I tell you something will you promise you won't tell?"

"Honest an' true. You run away from home—eh?"

"No—oh, no! But—it's a wig!"

"I'm glad it is. An'—one word wit' you. If George McGavin gets too fr'en'ly you leave him know he can't do no callin' 'cept in your own folks' house—see? He's all right, Mac is; but he's took a shine to you, an' a gal makes mistakes. Don't you make none! An' here's your half back. Put it wit' your savin's. Goo'-by."

"He's an old darling!" she whispered after his departure. "It's good advice. I hope he tells all the girls to be careful. I'm going to find out his name and send him a lovely present for his daughter—that's what I'll do."

Instead of the buffeting she had assumed was an amateur's portion, it was all kindness and consideration, which was unusual in a Coney Island concert hall. Gaining in vigor with the minutes was the conviction that May Allen would win that boisterous audience. She was not going to be part of a Roman holiday! She felt a coming success and a present excitement. McGavin soon informed her that the musical director had her lead sheets. She inquired roguishly:

"Are you always so good to poor scared amateurs?"

"I've never regarded a performer as human—until tonight."

"Tonight?"

"Of course you haven't a notion what I mean, have you?" McGavin's black eyes fed on her slow blush. He said slowly, softly: "What made you come here tonight?"

"Oh, one must make a try somewhere, Mr. McGavin."

"I suppose so. Well, there's a couple of agents in front who drop in to look over my talent. If you can make good you might get an engagement, but I'll give you one if you can only do enough to barely hold a stage—a long engagement!"

"But my idea was only to—a try-out—not to ——"

"Don't fancy working in a dump like mine?"

"I didn't say it was a dump."

"But it is. I've got a chain of small theaters in the Middle West that appeal more to the family trade."

"I'll work just as hard as if I were on the Orpheum circuit," she promised.

"Of course you will. That's a beautiful gown—or did I say it before? Perhaps it may be the girl inside it."

"Indeed!" said Dollie, and she chilled him with silence. He opened the office door reluctantly.

"Don't you want to see the show? You can stand in the wings."

"Yes, I'd like to. And—And thank you for your kindness."

In the corridor he humbled himself to her. Was she angry because he could not help the fact that she was different? Dollie forgave him slowly, enjoying the process because it was not quite finished when they stepped in the wings, and a robust sister team belonging to the regular bill heard his supplications.

"But you mustn't say anything like that to me again!"

"I won't."

She preened her chiffons triumphantly. One manager quickly tamed!

"I s'pose he'll take her home in a tourin' car!" said the larger half of the sister team, with envy in her voice.

"Of Course You Will. That's a Beautiful Gown—or Did I Say It Before? Perhaps It May Be the Girl Inside It"

The other half glared poisonously at Dollie, who looked innocent and was inwardly amused. Would not those women be amazed if they knew that touring cars were only part of her daily life! She had formerly felt a recurring stage fright at every show, a heart-fluttering that only applause completely stilled. But, ready for McGavin's stage and his red-faced, sweating audience of sailors, workingmen and idlers, she was cool and somewhat scornful, with a surging sense of power. Not every one could have put down McGavin as easily as she had. She must be tolerant in this rough theater. Would not Benny be worried, at first, when she began to narrate her adventure! Her feet moved with the music. It would be good to dance for an audience again. There was a soiled boy with a bundle of papers standing behind her. He was to open the amateur show; and he went on, with his papers, and clogged and yodeled. The audience was non-committal.

"Come off! Come off! We don't want you out there all night!"

McGavin, his black eyes snapping, reached forth and pulled the boy from his pleasant occupation of pouching silver thrown by the audience. Dollie excused McGavin. The boy could not sing. He was silly! Round her a motley rabble gathered—the amateurs.

There was but one pretty girl, and she was awkward and too bold. She gave a song with a suggestive chorus; and Dollie, disgusted, expected the manager to terminate her turn abruptly. But she sang again, with a vulgar humor, and the sailors at the front tables threw dollars and pounded with glasses and feet. Dollie turned her back to the stage and one of the robust sisters sneered at such absurd prudishness. The other giggled:

"She'll be makin' Mac git a censor for his acts!"

"What is it? Did they say anything to you?" McGavin joined her. He had caught the sisters' speech.

"How can you let that creature sing such songs?" Dollie asked hotly. "Oh!—those other women? They're not worth notice. But I'm astonished! I didn't think you'd approve of such things—and clean acts are just as big a hit."

He left her. Half a minute afterward the bold girl was in the wings asking in bewilderment if it was treating a lady properly to yank her from the stage with her song half sung? The sailors resented it. They yelled frank comments and were not appeased by two juvenile comedians, who flayed each other with slapsticks, roaring home-made jests.

"Rotten! R-r-r-r-r-rotten!" was the verdict, shouted in unison.

The team slapsticked with greater animation. One ran up and down his partner's stomach, turning flipflaps between runs.

"R-r-r-r-r-rotten!" bellowed the house, and the pair were forced off.

McGavin was again beside Dollie.

"I'm putting this next lad on to get his friends out," he explained. "He's singing Howe & Hamlin songs. Some of their pluggers are in front and your songs are from a rival firm. You'll find how strongly the music publishers enter into vaudeville if you take it up seriously."

"Are there any other publishers' pluggers here?"

He had seen none. She was relieved. Howe & Hamlin had offices across from the Von Linden & Nolan Building in Twenty-eighth Street. When Benny wrote a waltz Ned Howe hurled one on the market next day. If Ned Howe composed a rag Benny sent a rag to the printers by afternoon. Benny had not considered it dignified to visit Coney Island in personal charge of his people. His songs must be plugged everywhere, anywhere. Howe & Hamlin's hirelings might lead the applause for their numbers, but she would charm the lowly listeners with Monkey Wedding Day and Romeo for Benny. That would be really helping him!

A fat tenor began with Baboon Baby Rag. She smiled. It was not so swingy as Monkey Wedding Day. There were no lyrics like Benny's. The tenor's voice cracked on the high notes and the sailors guffawed. Then he tried the chorus and from a rear table a quartet of trained male voices strengthened his endeavors. The sailors shouted; every one applauded. When the fat tenor attacked Say, I Can Stick Around, Juliet—Ned Howe's impertinent parody of Romeo—he had woven a thread of Romeo's chorus into it. She swore to have the crowd whistling Romeo as they went out!

McGavin showed her a card. May Allen, the Rose of Melody! Dollie read.

"I hope you can live up to the title I've handed you. They'll hoot me for a year round here if you don't!" he said.

"I can make good—without any quartet too!" she boasted confidently.

"You've made good with me already!" he said, close to her ear. She did not hear him, for her mind was on her entrance. No nervousness beset her—only a desire to have the stage cleared of an ineffectual juggler, who was dropping oranges and Indian clubs, forgetting his tricks utterly in a silence that ended with the bored cry:

"R-r-r-r-rotten!"

The unsteady juggler was glad to go. Dollie's card replaced his, and she was out there swaying gracefully to the vamp of Monkey Wedding Day. She sang the verse and the chorus—two of the sailors were humming with her, and she sent them a delicious coquettish glance—stage coquetry. She would not have looked at her own Benny like that, out of character. She yearned to get them all singing. That would prove her worth! Hers was a voice that in a star would have been graded as passable, and in a chorus girl too poor to draw a salary. A long course of variegated vaudeville had given her uncultivated voice habits that a vocal teacher would have wailed over; but she was young and distractingly pretty, with her blond curled wig and dark eyes. She followed the chorus with a toe-dance of such spirit and agility that McGavin cried:

"Fine! Fine! Go to it!"

"She ain't no amachoor!" said the blackface comedian, loitering about in street clothes.

"Girls livin' at home are learnin' them dances now," observed the elderly stagehand.

The sailors were ravished by her daintiness. Other sailors, seeing their mates clapping, clapped also; but it was scattered applause—not the tribute of a united house.

"Romeo'll get 'em!" she thought, and danced on. The leader had been half asleep during previous turns, but he

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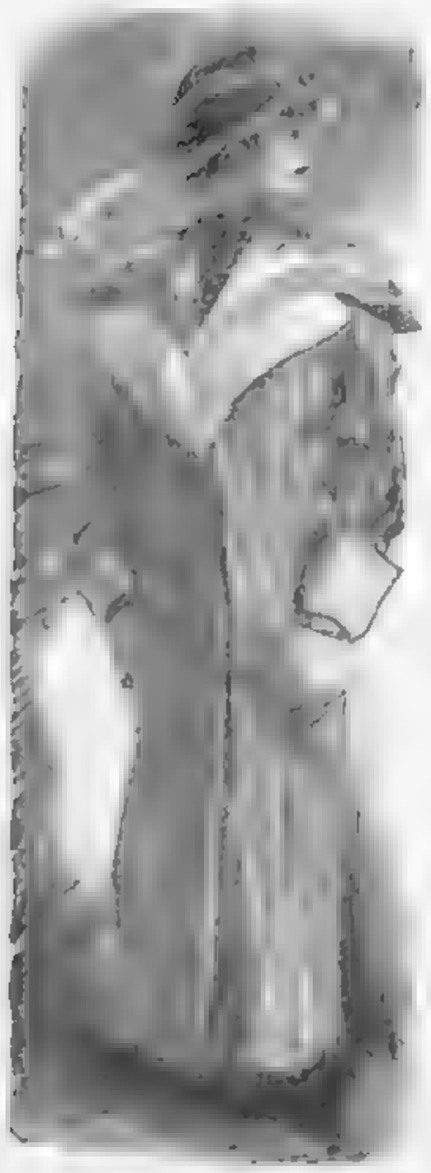
THE WHISTLING MAN

By MAXIMILIAN FOSTER

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH



A Statue Would Have Been Crushed by That Icy, Silent Stare of Contempt

VI

AT SEVEN o'clock on the morning of the second day out, Craig awoke to find the Amsterdam wallowing westward, head-on into the teeth of a heavy blow. A stiff sea was already running; and by the time he had breakfasted, then had gone on deck, the big liner had begun to pitch and quiver in the tumult. Hour by hour the storm grew; and at noon, as she thrust her way along, she was nosing into it with the water flying high. However, the ship was as able as she was big; and keenly interested, Craig, buttoned to his ears in a storm-coat, clung to the lee of the deckhouse forward while he watched her breast the seas aside, crashing onward with a steady, determined tread. Night fell then; but the wind, so far from dropping with the sun, hauled into the north and blew with added vigor. So passed the day. At dawn, the morning after, a whole gale had come cracking on; and for five days upon that, day after day, Craig and a few other hardy ones had the decks to themselves.

Then, far down on the American coast, the Amsterdam on her eighth day out ran clear of the slant of heavy weather. Calm succeeded, and that night Craig had his adventure.

It befell the night before they reached New York. Day by day regularly he had seen Hemingway and the Adairs. Hemingway, whenever he passed, preserved his air of bland unconsciousness; but Adair, on each occasion, still flung a scowl at him. Craig gave no heed. One morning, though—it was the fifth day out—he came face to face with the daughter. She was clinging to her father's arm, her eyes alight as she watched the huge seas that came tumbling down from windward, and seeing Craig she started. Then with a frank, pleasant smile she bowed; but Craig, having once burned his fingers, was in no mood to repeat the experience. He lifted his hat and passed on silently. At the same time, though, he wondered a little that the daughter could greet him civilly when her father had been at such pains to show his dislike. He was to learn why presently. Meanwhile, however, he was in no need of companionship to help him pass the time away.

In his favorite roost, the lee of the deckhouse forward, he met and hobnobbed with all sorts and varieties. Officers from the bridge above and the engine-hold below came there to talk with him; the crew, too, he grew to know; and he even scrubbed acquaintance with strays from the "glory hole"—coal-streaked, gritty stokers emerged from the inferno of the fireroom for a breath of air on deck. Aside from these, though, and in a way to show how straws deflect the current of chance, of events and happenings, Craig in his long vigil up on deck encountered still another phase of sea life—a feature he otherwise might have missed, and one, moreover, that altered the whole course and channel of his adventures. It was the appearance, in short, late at night and long after the rest of the ship's company had gone below, of those passengers, obscure and often furtive, that are seen at no other times. Every liner seems to bear aboard one or more of these perennial mysteries of the sea—and there were at least four aboard the Amsterdam, three men and a woman.

Of the men two were foreigners; the third, however, was an American, a thickset, middle-aged person who rarely showed himself before midnight. Once, as Craig came abruptly on him, the man shrank back, then dragging his hat down on his eyes he slouched away. It was the woman, though, that interested Craig the most, for there was about her something hazily familiar. Presently he identified her. She was the woman that Hemingway had stared at on the quay at Boulogne, the one whose bony-faced maid, as Craig had seen, had flashed at Hemingway a look of recognition. The lady, however, would have interested any one. She was in age perhaps thirty-eight, with every appearance both in her dress and manner of a person of birth and cultivation, and her face was engrossing. Craig thought it the saddest he had ever seen.

Then on the night in question—eleven o'clock, midnight nearly, of the eighth day out—an event occurred, the happening that changed the entire course of his affairs. Hemingway brought it about. Craig, kicking his heels in the shadow of the deckhouse, saw Hemingway come dawdling forward. Halfway to the bow he and the woman met.

Each with a start paused. Hemingway, his round face figured with astonishment, pulled off his hat; and awkwardly, almost abashed, he held out his hand to her.

"Why, 'pon my word!" he exclaimed. "Mrs. Belden!"

Craig gazed at the two in wonder.

For with her face and air unaltered, the woman gazed at Hemingway's proffered hand, and then she looked at Hemingway, her eyes traveling over him from head to foot and back to his face again. Afterward she raised her shoulders slightly, and with her lips parting in the shadow of a smile she turned and walked on, still gazing over her shoulder, still regarding him from under her half-closed lids. A moment later she passed out of view.

It was superb! A statue would have been crushed by that icy, silent stare of contempt, of withering disdain, and even Craig felt sorry for Hemingway.

He had turned white to the eyes, his hat in his hand, and he stood gaping after her, the picture of abashed dismay. Craig whistled under his breath, and himself uncomfortable, distressed at the mere sight of that affront, he was turning away when he heard his name spoken, or rather cried to him in an undertone.

"Mr. Craig, please!"

It was Miss Adair.

Unseen she had come along the deck, and now, half-hidden in the shadow, she was staring past his shoulder toward Hemingway. That she had seen it all was evident, for as Craig in astonishment turned to look down at her he heard her draw her breath.

"No, no, please!" she whispered. "Don't move!"

Silently Craig stepped back into the shadow again.

Hemingway was still there. Suddenly, though, a tide of color flamed upon his face, and flashing a look round him, a glance as swift as it was conscious, he jammed his hat upon his head and stalked swiftly toward the smoking room.

He Had Turned White to the Eyes

Craig heard Miss Adair draw in her breath again.

"Thank you!" she murmured; and he was lifting his hat to her, at the same time going, when she stopped him. "Just a moment, Mr. Craig! If you don't mind I have something to say to you!"

"To me?" exclaimed Craig, and she nodded, smiling.

"Yes, Mr. Craig. After the way father treated you the other night I don't wonder you think it queer. I was sorry then and I'm still sorry, Mr. Craig, though that isn't what I wish to say to you." Pausing, she looked up at him, the smile fading from her lips and eyes, and in its place a sudden air of appeal, of concern. "Tell me the truth, won't you?" she abruptly asked. "Mr. Craig, why are you going to New York?"

He started in astonishment. It was not the mere inquiry that made him wonder, it was the tone in which it was asked. She could not by any means more openly have expressed doubt, not to say an out-and-out disbelief. However, he had nothing to conceal.

"You know, don't you?" he returned quietly. "You heard me tell your father?"

"Yes," she answered; "but that isn't what I mean! You said you were going to New York to find out about your father. Do you mean that?"

"Naturally, Miss Adair!"

"Then you know nothing about him really?"

"No, Miss Adair, you heard me say I didn't!"

For some reason, however, his answer failed to satisfy her. She still persisted with her questions. "Then you're not going there to work—to find employment?" she inquired.

"I didn't say that," he replied, and then he smiled. "I think you heard what your father asked me and what I told him—that I had no money, you know! Of course I mean to work!" he said. And at the answer she again darted at him a quick and curious glance.

Craig wondered why! Why, indeed, had she looked at him like that? It was as if his frank statement of the fact aroused in her, not doubt but downright suspicion!

"Guard What You Know From That Fellow Hemingway"

"Tell me," she asked, her eyes still on his, "if a place, a position, were offered you would you take it?"

"Take it?" he exclaimed, and a little laugh escaped him. "Miss Adair, I don't think you quite understand! It's not a question of choice! If I—I —— Well, there's no need of mincing matters!" he growled abruptly, his face grim. "If I don't get something in a week, probably I'll find myself sleeping in some park!" Then he shrugged. "But I don't need to bother you with that. I'm sure it doesn't interest you!"

"But it does!" she protested quickly. "It interests me more than you can know! I'll say this to you, Mr. Craig: If it's only a place you want, a chance to get ahead, you can have it for the asking! Don't you know that?"

Craig glanced at her, puzzled.

"For the asking?" he repeated. Then he smiled. "Yes, but whom am I to ask? Who's going to give it to me?"

"I will!" answered Mary Adair.

"You?" he exclaimed.

She smiled at him quietly.

"Yes, Mr. Craig! Perhaps all this isn't a thing a girl usually talks about, but as it happens I'm in a position to give you a place if you want it. I have a little property of my own, you see, an interest in one or two business concerns, investments I've made with the money my mother left me when she died. One is a copper mine, a going business, and the other is a prospering suburban road, a trolley line. I'll be quite clear with you," she added steadily. "I'm not doing a favor in offering this; instead you will do me a favor by accepting it." Hedged in between wonder and embarrassment, Craig could only stare at her half incredulously. Miss Adair, however, was serious: "Well?"

Then Craig found his tongue. "Thank you," he said quietly. "By any chance does your father know of this?"

She shook her head. "What has that to do with it, Mr. Craig? Do you mean you won't accept a position from me?"

"I'm sorry—yes!" he answered, and a shadow gathered in her eyes.

"If father offered it would you accept?" she asked, and Craig smiled at her gently.

"Don't think me rude, please," he begged; "but after the other night I can't take anything from your father, Miss Adair! You know that, don't you?"

She did not answer directly. For an instant her eyes hardened a little, then her face twitched as if with a nervous effort.

"Not even money?" she asked, her tone queer—and Craig stared.

"Money?" he exclaimed.

"Yes," she answered, "money from my father!"

There was a note, a tone, in what she said, in that as well as her manner, that somehow jarred him to the core. Vaguely he began to realize now what she had been leading up to by her blunt, persistent questioning, and he was astonished. He had still, however, to understand the full force of what all her question conveyed. "Just what do you mean, Miss Adair?" he asked stiffly. "I ask money from your father?"

Then she told him.

"Yes, Mr. Craig!" And ruthlessly: "We've been warned that that's why you're on your way to New York!"

He turned white to his lips. Warned against him? Warned that he would try to get money out of her father? For a moment he could hardly believe his own ears! Then the full significance of what she'd said burst upon him, and with a gasp he let fall a harsh and bitter exclamation. "Is that what you think of me?" cried Craig. "Is it?" And dismayed, angry and shamed, too, he was turning away when she checked him.

His emotion somehow seemed to have convinced her. "No, no, Mr. Craig!" she cried impetuously; "wait, you can't go now!" Suddenly she threw out her hand to him. "Don't you see? Don't you understand?" she protested breathlessly. "I don't believe that of you! I never have! Forgive me for saying it, won't you? I wanted to find out! I said it just to make sure."

Craig, still pale and startled, looked at her regretfully. "Tell me," he asked, "was this why your father threatened me the other night? Did he think I'd try to bleed him, make him give me money?"

"Yes," she nodded painfully.

"Was he afraid of me?"

"No, Mr. Craig; father is afraid of no one!"

Craig could well believe that.

"Miss Adair," he abruptly asked, "is there some one else that has tried to get money from your father?"

His tone was blunt, almost brusk. Frankly he had begun to guess now some significance of what she and her father knew, and what they knew he was determined to learn. Presently she looked up at him, her face quite pale.

"Don't you know?" she murmured, her tone again curious.

Craig looked at her fixedly.

His Father Had Stooped to a Crime of Violence!

"I know nothing," he answered; "I am trying to find out! Answer me, please! Has any one else ever tried to make your father give him money?"

"Yes," she said, and Craig drew in his breath deeply, filled with satisfaction.

"I thought so!" he exclaimed.

For in his eye, his mind, there arose before him swiftly the pictured image of another time and place—the night years ago when he and Mary Adair had come up from the beach together just as her father burst from the inn's lighted doorway, darting out into the dark. Out there a shadow, the figure of a man, lurked beside the hedge, and at Adair's coming he had fled, his shrill signal abruptly ending as he took to his heels in flight.

"Miss Adair," asked Craig, "who is Freest?"

At the question she looked up swiftly, her brow wrinkled in the same wonder he had seen on her father's face.

"Freest?" she repeated, and then she seemed to realize. "Why!" she exclaimed, "that's the same man you spoke about before!"

"Yes," said Craig; "do you know him?"

She shook her head, the puzzled frown deepening on her brow. "No, I pledge you my word, neither I nor my father knows him!"

"Well," said Craig, and he grimly shrugged, "you may not, but Hemingway does!" At that a low but startled exclamation burst from Mary Adair.

"Hemingway!"

"Why, yes!" said Craig, himself startled at her manner; and he told her then of his experience, the one when he had accosted Hemingway on deck.

She listened closely, intent on every word. Slowly as she listened the color left her face, and when he had finished she wet her lips. When she spoke, though, she did not return to Hemingway. It was Freest she asked about. "Mr. Craig," she said slowly, "I can't tell you all this means to me! Tell me, won't you, all you know about that man, that fellow? I want to know—to hear—everything!"

So Craig told her, omitting nothing. It involved not only Freest, but the fear Craig's father had felt for him. She was startled to hear it. When Craig, however, told of Freest's first coming, the night he had appeared out of the fog at Lowestoft, she nodded, remembering, and then sharply drew in her breath. "Go on! I wish to hear it all!" she murmured as he paused, gazing at her. "You say the man came again?" Craig slowly nodded. Freest indeed had come again. Then when Craig, bit by bit, gave her all the details of that last tragic night and day—Freest whistling in the square outside, old Craig's terror, then his death the next day out there in the dunes—when Craig told her this, Mary Adair shrank back, her face white to the eyes.

"Listen, Mr. Craig!" she said swiftly, her eyes intent. "If any one speaks to you of this, asks you about it, give me your word, your promise, won't you, that you will say nothing? My reasons are vital! I can't tell them, Mr. Craig; but I assure you they are as important to you as to me! You must say nothing to any one, much less to Mr. Hemingway!"

Craig heard her in astonishment.

"Yes; but why, Miss Adair?" he exclaimed. "I thought Hemingway was a friend of yours—of you and your family, that is. Isn't he?" he asked, and Mary Adair looked at him almost in hauteur.

"I may marry Mr. Hemingway—sometime," she said, and at the steam crusher of this announcement Craig's mouth fell with amazement.

She marry Hemingway! A girl like her marry a man like him? It seemed incredible. "What?" he cried. "That fellow!" and in train with the exclamation Miss Adair regarded him fixedly, a hint of mockery on her lips.

"I'm afraid you're not very polite, are you?" she murmured; and instantly Craig uttered an apology. A moment later, however, she managed to take the sting out of her rebuke. "If we're to be friends, Mr. Craig," she announced, "you must be kind to me about my other—friends." Then, after a cheerful smile, she instantly became grave. "Now you'll promise me, won't you; give me your word to say nothing?"

Craig knew hardly how to reply. A promise like that might inexorably tie his hands, and he evaded answering. "Miss Adair," he asked, "before I promise, tell me who warned you I was heading for New York?"

There was a pause. Mary Adair looked at him steadily, then she slowly shook her head.

"I can't, Mr. Craig!"

"Do you mean you can't or won't?" he inquired, and she laughed.

"You are very determined, aren't you?" Then as before she instantly grew serious. "I'm sorry, Mr. Craig! I'd like to tell you what you wish to know, but I can't!" Then she drew in her breath deeply, a little sigh. "It's just this, Mr. Craig: It will do you no good to learn what you don't know, and it may—might, you understand—do others a great deal of harm!"

"You mean your father, don't you?" he remarked, his tone a little bitter now. "Isn't that it?"

"Yes, I mean my father!" she echoed wearily. "That is it."

Craig pricked up his ears.

"Miss Adair," he asked swiftly, "by any chance is your father in peril, in danger of any kind?"

"Danger?" she exclaimed, and glanced at him astonished. "Why, you know he is, don't you?" she continued. Craig for a moment didn't answer, and her eyes widened, lighting as if in quick alarm. "You don't mean you didn't know?"

"No, I only guessed. Is it Freest he fears?"

"Freest? Freest?" she repeated, her tone sharp. "I tell you I do not know him!"

"Then is it Gawtry?" Craig demanded. "Is Gawtry the one he fears?"

She caught her breath. Then, as Craig looked at her intently, her face revealed in the light of a near-by deck-lamp, he could see her lips quiver sensitively, her breast, too, heaving with emotion.

"Mr. Craig," she asked, her air again tense and queer, "tell me the truth! Has Mr. Gawtry ever said anything to you?"

"No, Miss Adair; you heard me tell your father I'd never seen him!"

"Pelton, then; have you ever seen him?"

"Pelton?" exclaimed Craig. "Why, who's he?"

"Or Gaines, Mr. Craig; have you never seen Gaines?" she demanded. And Craig looked at her bewildered.

"Why, no!" he exclaimed. "I pledge you my word, Miss Adair, I've seen none of them! Who are they, won't you tell me?"

But she had not finished questioning him yet.

"Mr. Craig," she said, her tone impressive, "you have in your bag, haven't you, the papers, the statement your father drew up before he died? You've brought them with you, haven't you?" she asked; and at this Craig's wonder ran away with him. He gaped at her open-mouthed. In the days since his father's death, in the events that had followed swiftly, he had almost forgotten them. He knew, of course, what papers she meant, but in his amazement he gasped awkwardly: "Papers—what papers?" Miss Adair quietly told him.

"Just as I've said, Mr. Craig: the papers your father finished drafting the night before he died! They are the ones marked at the top 'My I. T. N. Y. Affairs!'" Looking at him fixedly for an instant she touched him on the arm. "Be guided by me, Mr. Craig! If I were you I'd be careful to whom I showed those papers!"

Craig's heart gave a sudden bound, a leap of excitement! Here was light, perhaps, on the source of that mysterious message, the wireless he had received that first evening aboard the Amsterdam! "Ah!" he cried, his emotion evident; "so it was you then—you or your father—that warned me before?"

"Before?" she repeated, her tone baffled. "How do you mean?" He told her, and at the explanation he saw her start. "You had a message, a warning by wireless, Mr. Craig?"

she said abruptly. "I tell you again—be careful! Be on your guard! Show what you have to nobody!"

"Why?" asked Craig, and she told him:

"Because if you are not careful you will be in peril of your life!"

A pause followed. During it he looked at her fixedly, wondering what she knew, what she meant; trying to guess from her expression whether a warning lay behind her words or whether her father had sent her to him with this as a menace, a threat! All this, though, gave way presently to still another wonder. How had they known of these papers?

He asked her.

"Why," she smiled, her air listless, "we heard of them before we came aboard!" Saying this she moved restlessly and with another sigh looked up at him, her face appealing. "Mr. Craig, I see you know nothing and I wish in my heart I could help you. I can't though! I don't dare!"

"Do you mean you can't even tell me who Gawtry is?" he asked, and at the question she shook her head, smiling wearily.

"I haven't said that, Mr. Craig. What I meant was that I could tell you nothing that affected my father."

"You know Gawtry, don't you?" he questioned, and after a pause she nodded.

"Yes, I know Mr. Gawtry; I know him well. Why?"

Craig for a moment smiled at her appealingly.

"Don't you see, Miss Adair? I'll land in New York alone, utterly unknown. If Gawtry is likely to be my friend I want to know it. If instead he turns out to be an enemy I want to be on my guard. That's why I'd like to know," he said; and raising her eyes, Mary Adair studied him reflectively.

"Well, Mr. Craig," she murmured, "if you really must know I'll tell you. Mr. Gawtry is Mr. Hemingway's uncle." And at this announcement Craig in wonder gaped unaffectedly. Gawtry—he Hemingway's uncle? It was another coil, another tendril added to the tangle! Mary Adair evidently saw something of his astonishment, for she smiled, her eyes lowered reflectively. "It's clear, Mr. Craig, that you know nothing of all that's revolving round you at the moment. If you did you would be less eager, I think, to plunge into it so boldly." Her eyes grew grave. "Be warned, won't you? Do not stay in New York. I cannot tell you all the peril you will run. If you need help, a place, aid of any kind whatever, I will get it for you. But please, please do not stay there in the city!"

"Yes, but why?" he smiled. "You know you give me no reason!"

Her hand fell limply at her side and she stared at him with an air of tired helplessness. Then her lips parted in another weary little smile. "You're obstinate, aren't you?" she murmured; "obstinate like every other boy! Mr. Craig," she said quietly, her tone impressively serious, "in New York you'll not only find many hands turned against you, but much of its money too! Let me be plain. Your father's death has created a situation such as you could hardly dream. There are millions of dollars involved in what you are trying to unearth, and the men with these millions—I can't make it too strong—these men will stop at nothing to get you out of the way. What can you do against them—a boy, penniless and alone! Won't you believe me?" she appealed, her face tense. And Craig leaned back with a little whistle of amazement, reflecting swiftly on her revelation.

It was these men, then, these fellows with their millions, that had pursued his father to his end! And why? Craig asked the question, and for a moment she did not answer. Then with the look of trouble deepening in her eyes she spoke:

"Is there no other way I can stop you, keep you from going to New York?"

"No, Miss Adair. I mean to learn about my father."

"You will be sorry!" she warned, but Craig only smiled.

"Never mind!" he answered stoutly. "Now what did my father do?"

She told him then.

"It was murder he was charged with, Mr. Craig! Your father fled from New York for his life."

And giving him a last look, with her own eyes and face as miserable as his, Mary Adair turned and went swiftly along the deck. A moment after, she was gone.

A little stir ten or fifteen minutes later awoke Craig out of the depths of his stupefaction. From the smoking room half a dozen belated travelers emerged and hurried toward the bow. The cabins, too, gave up a squad of their usual midnight gossips and bridge fiends, and all were filled with the same small excitement. "What's up?" asked Craig of a passing steward, and the man jerked his thumb toward the bow:

"New York, sir! We've just raised Scotland Light!"

Craig had come home again!

VII

THE haze of a stifling August morning hung above the harbor as the Amsterdam, passing out of quarantine, came slowly up the river to her berth on the Jersey side. She would dock at nine, and with his bag packed and there beside him on deck Craig stood at the rail, gazing reflectively at the aspiring peaks and pinnacles of New York. Home at last! In a few minutes now he would again set foot upon his native heath; but even so, it's a question whether the prospect thrilled him wildly. A MacGregor alone in Jerusalem could not have judged himself more astray.

But this was the least of it. Night brings counsel, or so it says in the copybooks; but what the night and its revelations had brought in Craig's case was anything but counsel—that or comfort either. The fact is, if there was one thing he had never armed himself to face it was that his father had stooped to a crime of violence, least of all to murder; and the more he mulled it over the more effectually it staggered him.

However, there seemed no reason to doubt it. Adair knew, and it was he who had told his daughter. At the same time, though, what she had revealed to Craig was by no means all, and the rest he was determined to learn.

For example, if his father had indeed stained his hands with murder, who was it he had slain? Then again these men, his father's enemies, if they had known of this, as evidently they had, why had they not made use of their knowledge? Or admitting that they had, why had they used it only to hunt their victim from pillar to post? The law, had they appealed to it, surely would have given them a swifter, more summary revenge; and why had they never appealed to the law? Was it because his father had not alone been guilty—that others, too, were implicated? For why, but in the fear of hurting others, would they have refrained from invoking the law? Craig grimly smiled. He could answer that—or he thought he could—for once more imaged in his mind he saw the picture of a distant time and place, a glimpse of stormy foreland, the sea and a wide stretch of sandy shoals dank with the receding tide and backed by a drifting fogbank. It was the day—the afternoon rather—years before when his father and Adair had confronted each other in his presence, one scornful and scoffing, the other angry and afraid.

"If you'd face it as I do!" Adair had said.

Face what? Adair's daughter had divulged all that. At any rate, if Adair, too, were not guilty why then did he live in peril of his life?

But after all, if all this were true—and there seemed no reason to doubt it—what good was the knowledge to Craig? It could not clear his father's name. The contrary rather. Nor could it help Craig himself to make his way in the world. Of course, if worst came to worst he might use the knowledge to club out of Adair what he knew; but on the other hand, was Adair the sort to let himself be clubbed? Craig had his doubts. By and large he had already begun to feel for his father's one-time crony a solid, wholesome respect. Consequently, if he were ever to get at the truth it was evident he would have to look for it elsewhere. But where was he to look? In all he knew of but three other sources, not one of which in the least impressed him.

For instance there was the disdainful Mr. Hemingway, one of the three; and already he had drawn blank. Then again there was Madame, source number two; and she had disappeared. As for source number three, it was Mr. Gawtry, he the author of that laconic cablegram, uncle as well of Mr. Hemingway! Craig not only had never seen the gentleman, but was not at all sure that he would receive him with open arms. However, it was a case of do or die now. With little hope that Gawtry would tell him anything, he was at least determined to see what sort of a person he had to deal with. He was also determined to find out whether Gawtry was hunting trouble or would be glad to let well enough alone. The next thing was to find the man. Question—How?

Mary Adair, to all intents and purposes, had evaded answering it. To be sure Gawtry lived in New York, and he was also Willie Hemingway's uncle. But admitting this, how was it to help? New York is a large place and Gawtry is not an uncommon name. Of course in time Craig might succeed in running down his man, only time was valuable now. If he hoped to get anything from Gawtry he must find him before he was warned, and that he would be warned was obvious. The moment the Adairs or, say, Hemingway got ashore ——

Hemingway! The name was an inspiration. The man himself would, of course, not help Craig in any way, but at the same time there was some one else aboard that might! A moment later, armed with his sudden resolution, Craig hailed a passing steward, and handing him his bag he made his way swiftly below, then to the purser's office.

"If you please," he asked the clerk, "what is the number of Mrs. Belden's stateroom?" In other words, he had figured that if Mrs. Belden knew Hemingway she might also know his uncle.

The lady's stateroom was No. 61; and hurrying swiftly, for the ship was already nearing the dock, Craig rapped upon her door. It was opened by the lady herself, and at the sight of his shy, embarrassed face she started, her eyes widening curiously.

Craig stammered an apology. "I beg pardon, Mrs. Belden, I hope I don't intrude; but could you spare me a moment? I'd like to ask you something."

Mrs. Belden frowned. "To whom am I talking?" she inquired frigidly, and when Craig gave his name she raised her brows. "Craig, you say?" she repeated, adding bluntly: "And who sent you to me, Mr. Craig?"

"Why, it's just this, Mrs. Belden. Last night up on deck I saw Mr. Hemingway speak to you, and ——"

He got no farther. Starting abruptly Mrs. Belden threw back her head, her face like steel. "Are you a reporter?" she demanded.

"A reporter!" echoed Craig. "I?"

"Yes!" she retorted. "Did that man Hemingway send you here?"

Craig, with what calmness his astonishment would let him assume, bluntly assured her that Hemingway had nothing

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"Your Father Fled From New York for His Life"

The Wrong Side of the Counter

By Maude Radford Warren

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

THE soundest thing life has taught me is that every one, to be happy or content or philosophical, or whatever adjective you like to use to describe an enviable state of existence—every one should have some object in life; and an object, mind you, that is more or less obtainable. A shopgirl ought not to make up her mind to marry a capitalist, and a dull, plain woman—always saying the wrong thing—should not decide that she'll be a charmer. It is better to get an object in which people are not very much concerned, for other human beings are likely to upset your calculations. Now my object to live cheaply and save money was pretty well attainable. Poor little Nettie's object was to be happy; for as the months wore on she got over the awful grief she had felt at all her losses and she got back her desire for joy. I never saw any one so anxious to be happy as Nettie. She was one bunch of eagerness. She was like a grape ready to burst out of its skin, or like a canary bird trying hard to sing and not being able to. Her pretty eyes were so beseeching; her body had a little tilt forward as if it wanted to run out and meet you; her lips were always a little parted. She was so anxious to please, to make you like her; and the fact that she had been jilted made her all the more eager to please. She had really lost her self-confidence and her self-respect; and she was so anxious to prove it was his fault, not hers. In short, Nettie was looking for a man, too, and a home of her own. She was not religious and she had no material object, as I had, or any real resources, inner or outer. She was just one intense search for happiness.

The gentle reader may be wondering about those hours in which I should have been deeply interested, from eight to five-thirty—maybe one should say from six to eight; for, after all, getting up in the morning and having supper at night are just a preparing for and a recuperation from work. Oh, we didn't neglect our work or we'd not have held our jobs! There's a great deal of talk these days about the joy of work or the duty of work, depending upon the point of view of the speaker or writer. Business men complain that we girls are just marking time on a job until we get married; and that just so soon as they break us in we do get married, and that they'd rather have men—and they wish we were not in the business world.

Well, they could get men if they paid enough; and if they did pay enough those men could support their womenkind and wouldn't have to send them out into the world to work. Of course we girls are thinking of getting married, for that is our main job; and goodness knows we pursue it under difficulties if we are in the business world! I have no doubt there are some kinds of work in which a woman can make good only if she puts men out of her head; but it is not shopgirls' work. The average shopgirl hardly ever gets very far. One in ten thousand does, and she has sense enough to drop men when she sees she is really succeeding. The other thousands, on wages, just rub along.

Nettie Becomes a Problem

NETTIE and I, then, did our work quite well enough. In our store they recognized good material. There weren't many girls who had a high-school education—and that means a certain amount of brains. Before long we were getting ten dollars a week and were in right with the manager. Our store manners sat on us well and pretty soon we each had a clientèle of our own, for that helps in the big cities too. The managers like to have you make big sales; but they like you to be ready to show goods to people who don't mean to buy, for that implies sales in the future. I've listened to lots of customers who just came in to tell me their troubles. Our special customers brought us other customers. Women I have taken trouble for have sometimes made me little presents. One of them, a Mrs. Morrison, a professor's wife, had me spend my vacation in her house looking after her little girl while she went off on a visit. I wasn't paid, but I got my board and my nice surroundings and a change of scene. My other vacations I spent with Mrs. Jackson, down in our old home town, with Billy to sit on the porch with me. Nettie spent hers at some summer resort, coming back without a cent and with no real pleasure in what she'd done.

Poor Nettie! She didn't care much for the other shopgirls, for there were few who had had her nice bringing-up. We heard lots of stories from girls of what grand homes they used to have, but they didn't ring true. She met some of the shopmen; and after a while she used to go out with them to the five-cent theaters. She began to go to the dance-halls. Oh, those dance-halls! Five-minute dances and twenty-minute intervals, which you could spend in

In a Few Minutes I Knew What it Seems Every One Round Me Had Known for Some Time

drinking if you wanted to! Perfect strangers came up and asked you to dance. I used to go with Nettie to chaperon her; and nearly always I cried myself to sleep when we came home. It seemed so pitiful! There were lots of rough men and girls, and lots of nice ones, too, just longing for a little fun—and maybe thinking they didn't have to mix with the lower element. Sooner or later, though, you do get affected by it. You get used to things going on round you that you once shuddered at. When I said all this to Nettie one night, when we were sitting in our cold little room, she flashed out at me:

"I don't care—I can look out for myself! We've been here four years; I'm twenty-nine, and I've never been to a real dance like those we used to have at home, or to a real party. If I can't have the real thing I'll have the make-believe. I can't stay in this hideous room night after night watching you sew. Time enough when I am old. I want to have fun while I've some youth left!"

There wasn't anything to say. It wasn't any use to tell her that she was no worse off than plenty of other girls just as pretty as she was, who had the same kind of humdrum life. Her answer would be that they were born with more patience than she had, or else they didn't want so hard to be happy; and I guess what she said was true. All I could do was go with her as much as she'd let me; but often she'd slip away and tell me afterward that she had done it because she didn't want my death's head at the feast.

It was a hard time to take her through. I've seen lots of girls get a wild spell like that for a few weeks at a time—a feeling that life has got to change, that they can't stand it as it is; but pretty soon they settle down and find compensation until the next uprising. There were times when I had it myself as I measured off yards and yards of trimming. I felt caged, and putting my mind on my little sum in the bank didn't keep me from knowing that I was doing uncongenial work, and that it stretched before me in long, barren years. I wanted happiness too; and maybe there was a man in the back of my mind, though I didn't really believe in him any more. He was only a dream.

One night I was nearly run over, and a man who introduced himself as Mr. Saunders pulled me from in front of the automobile. I would not ride home, and so he insisted on walking with Nettie and me—and when he had been the means of saving my life I could hardly shake him off. He was a quiet person about forty, with a very nice face. I could see within two blocks that Nettie was his reason for escorting us. At the door he asked to see Mrs. Moore and pulled out a bunch of letters to prove who he was, and asked her if he couldn't call on us. It was very funny—the queer, awkward way he did it; and that alone would have convinced us he was all right, even if his letters hadn't. He came quite often to take Nettie to places. She seemed to like to be with him; and as she saw more and more of him she gradually dropped the dance-halls.

I don't think I'll ever forget the last night we three spent together in Chicago. It was the sixth anniversary of our arrival. Marian celebrated it by expressing her discouragement. She said that in six years she had saved almost nothing—naturally, since she had spent most of it for clothes; and she didn't see that her clothes had got her anywhere! So far as she could judge, nobody but herself lived up to them or appreciated them. The only men who took her out were men with no intention of marrying. The only man who had proposed to her she couldn't endure.

Our Joyless Anniversary

SHE was worn out with the strain of stenography and really needed a rest. We had noticed that her spring clothes were very plain. She meant gradually to discard fine feathers. I said a few words on the disadvantage of being on the wrong side of the counter; and then Nettie, who had been listening with her head bent, spoke almost solemnly:

"It's the wrong side of the counter for me too, girls, and I can't stand it any longer. My health is going and I've not got much money saved, for I've spent it on vacations and on good food now and then in a nice restaurant, and on clothes—not so grand as Marian's, but just as useless, I guess."

"Let's all cheer up!" I suggested.

"No; but listen, Esther," she went on. "You think I'm heedless about the future, but I'm not. I worry about it quite a lot. You've got a good head for management; and yet how much money have you in the world and where would it be if you got sick? I'm worse off than you." That was true. She was thirty-one and she looked thirty-five. The eagerness was there, but some of the sweetness and charm had gone. "It's too hard on me to stand up so much," she said; "and so I'm going to leave. Mr. Saunders ——"

We threw our arms round her with cries of delight, but she pushed us away.

"What is it?" said Marian. "Don't you love him? Are you marrying him for a home?"

"No, I don't love him," said Nettie with downcast eyes; "but I'm very fond of him. We are going to have a home in the suburbs. I am to have a good allowance for housekeeping money and whatever I save out of it is to be mine. I can save every week more than Marian gets now."

"Good enough," I said—"only it's queer to measure your good luck first in terms of housekeeping money. The man's devotion surely should count, for he adores you."

"Yes, he does," she agreed; "but"—and here she hesitated—"he has a wife already—only she is in a lunatic asylum. When she dies we'll marry."

Neither of us could speak.

"I'm tired of trying to think what's right and what's wrong!" said Nettie passionately. "I'll be a more human creature after ten years with him than I would be after ten years in the shop. No one knows him here and it will look all right."

If I had trusted her words and not her face I should not have struggled for her; but I took courage because I saw that the very fact she had voiced her plan in spoken words before two girls who had always respected her had frightened her. It's often that way—you think you can do a thing because it's to be secret, but, once you have the opinion of your friends and the world to consider, you back down.

I began by talking about her father and her mother and Billy; and that didn't move her much. I didn't say any fussy things at first about right and wrong; I just tried to show her that what she did would forever separate her from her old friends, and that she'd have to pay—and pay alone. It was just when I was about to give up, and had said that, whatever she did, I wouldn't desert her, that

she spoke of right and wrong herself—or maybe not of right and wrong, but just of fighting; for she said:

"Oh, well; maybe I haven't tried hard enough. Maybe I've just let myself be battered back and forth. I don't know that it's the time to begin to fight when one never has, and when one is down and out; but I'll try it for a little while."

All the time I had been talking an idea had been working in my mind. I felt that this night marked the end of the old life, and I had an inspiration for the new.

"Girls," I said, "it's been the wrong side of the counter for all of us; we've all failed in a way. Will you begin over at something else and somewhere else with me?"

Nettie didn't answer, but Marian said:

"Yes, I will. What I proposed for us has not come to much. You be the doctor this time. I'll go where you like and do as you say."

That decision was our first step toward real happiness and real success.

The day after my decision to leave my old life I entered the store with the first sense of freedom I had had since I became a wage-earner. I looked up and down the aisles at the girls dusting the shelves and getting the stock into shape. Plenty of them were contented, more were resigned. Many like myself were discontented, feeling as if they were trapped and yet not seeing any way of getting out of an uncongenial situation. Most women lack initiative, and Heaven knows I had qualms of cowardice myself; but then if I didn't succeed at my new job I could come back to the old. People get about what they are worth—not always, but usually. You can go back of that and say it is unjust for some of us to be born not worth much. That's true; but if you decide to go on living you've just got to accept the injustice and improve your general value.

A Paying Deal in Mahogany

ANYHOW, I felt I was done with the wrong side of the counter, and I wanted to get somewhere. I decided to try farming. What put it into my head was this: Professor Morrison and his wife, in whose house I once stayed two weeks, had gone to a college town in Missouri. I had spent another vacation down there while Mrs. Morrison was sick. I had to do all the housework and so I had learned something about the town. The people, as human beings, were nice, with that touch of Southern languor that is all right until it interferes with progress—and it certainly did there. From the business side those people made me see red. You'd call up an expressman to come at a certain hour, and maybe he'd be three hours late—and maybe he wouldn't come at all! The trains were never on time, so it didn't seem to the expressman to matter about the delivery of trunks. The town of twelve thousand people half supported about twenty-two little groceries and meat markets, and you couldn't depend on any of them! Housekeepers kept changing from one to the other and something was always wrong. They'd deliver things to the wrong house or not deliver at all, or send you more than you'd asked for, or else what you hadn't asked for. No firm seemed to fear competition from any other. I guess they counted on that touch of languor. Prices for almost everything were much higher than in Chicago. On every side I saw chances for prosperity thrown away. Though the farming land was good, the grocers actually had to send to St. Louis for fruit and vegetables, and at that they came in only twice a week. If I am any judge they were usually about three days old when they arrived.

When I was with the Morrisons that state of things annoyed me, but at the time I didn't see in it any opportunity for myself. That night, however, when I had my inspiration to take Marian and Nettie and leave Chicago, I remembered in a flash a drive I had with Professor Morrison past some river hill land which he told me was for sale—and cheap. In that same flash came my determination to go over to that languid college city and buy or rent some of that river hill land and start a market garden.

Nettie, curiously enough, said she would stay in Chicago for a while, to keep up the fight in the place where she had almost lost it. It would have been funny, if it had not been pathetic, to see that though when she was about to yield to temptation she had talked of it in terms of hard common-sense, now that she was fighting it she met it not only on ethical and on conventional grounds but with ethical and conventional terms of speech. Marian was eager to go with me. She knew nothing of farming, but she was strong, biddable and as anxious as I was for a chance. I myself didn't know much about farming, but I had always helped father make our vegetable garden, and during the last few years I was at home I had made it and cared for it entirely; so I thought I had a start as a market gardener. Besides, since my twelfth year, until my mother died, I had raised chickens; and I meant to do that in Missouri. What made me certain I could succeed was the character of the town I was going to. It supplied a definite market; and, besides, there were so many gaps there, for people were always needing a good sewing woman whom they couldn't get, or colored servants were always needed on the eve of a dinner party. I could sew and cook, and I had perseverance. I knew there would be plenty of opportunities for me besides farming if I went out and looked for them; but the main point was that I was right by a market for my garden truck and would therefore have no freight charges to pay.

The month when we made our decision was October. I did not leave my work at once, for I read a lot of books on market gardening and farming, and especially books about the soil in Missouri, and pamphlets written by the scientific men who had been experimenting with the land round this college town. All this I did in the evenings after I came back from the store. Then, again, I wanted to raise a little more capital, for I knew that the more money you have back of every acre in your land the more certain you are of succeeding. By great economy I had saved six hundred dollars. You ladies on the right side of the counter will never realize how much self-sacrifice that money meant; how many times I have looked into the windows of a restaurant where wealthy people were eating and longed for a thick beefsteak with mushrooms—and went home and cooked two eggs instead, which I told myself had the same amount of nourishment as the steak. How often I have passed by a bookshop and wished I could own a good, clean popular novel—the pages clean, I mean—instead of having to get them, after long waiting, soiled from the public library! Well, I was glad now of all the cheeseparing, for I had money ahead. Maybe I'd lose it; but, after all, I was only thirty-one and that is young enough to take risks if a person has good health.

However, I wanted more money. I still had my mother's furniture stored away in Mrs. Jackson's barn. There were some good old pieces of mahogany among it, and I had letters and copies of old wills that could prove their genuineness. There were two large round tables, a desk, a dresser and two armchairs that I meant to part with; later, if necessary, I could let other things go. I made the acquaintance of a man in the furniture department of the store and wormed out of him the addresses of some wealthy women who were interested in antique furniture. I wrote to these, and two or three of them asked me to call on them. One of them was kindness itself. She let me send the things to her house—Billy Burrows sent them up for me—bought one of them and disposed of the others to her friends. She saw that I had just as much as if the things were sold in a Michigan Avenue shop. I could hardly realize that I was six hundred dollars to the good on the deal! Then I went to an agricultural college for the short winter course.

I wrote to Professor Morrison, telling him what I wanted to do. It was the kind of letter that anticipated all his objections, and showed him that what I wanted him to do was hustle for me and not try to dissuade me from attempting a man's work just because I was a woman. I wasn't doing a woman's real job in the store anyhow. I asked him to take along one of the farming experts from the university where he taught and pick me out the best river hill acres he could. I told him I did not want to put in more than eight hundred dollars, keeping four hundred dollars for expenses, and would, of course, take a mortgage; and, other things being equal, I preferred land with some kind of house on it. I knew I could trust him, for he liked me, and he had a good business head.

In a few weeks it was all settled. He and the farming expert had picked me out twenty good acres, at forty-five dollars an acre, five miles from town. I had to buy that much, for the owner wanted to get rid of all he had. They arranged to pay five hundred dollars down, giving a mortgage of four hundred dollars. The expert said I would need more money than I supposed for initial expenses. He also said I could put in orchard as much of the land as I couldn't work myself. There were two good wells and a little three-room shack on the place, which would need repairing; but it was the only building on any of the land for sale and the owner was practically throwing it in for nothing. I was getting an unusual bargain.

A Hut With Possibilities

IN MARCH we were ready to leave. Marian had warned her employer some time before that she was going to take a much-needed vacation. She asked for leave of absence so she could go back to the city if she didn't like country life. She said if she ever did go back she meant to live with the poorhouse in mind. Immediately after our decision she had sold her jewelry and her nice furs to various friends and had given up her Sunday-school class. With her fine feathers shorn Marian felt like getting into a corner.

So Marian and I said goodby to our old life and to Nettie. Her new resolution had intensified her pretty eagerness; she was asking life, in her old coaxing way, to be good to her, because she was trying so hard to be good herself. We were saddened when we took the train.

The Morrisons met us and took us out to their home for noon dinner, which was cheering. Then they drove us to our own home. Professor Morrison said the furniture which Billy had forwarded to me was already there. I had had Billy send only what I thought I'd need, with a little extra in case I was able to build. It would seem strange to see the dear old things in these new surroundings.

The way from town was over a road pretty bad in places—a Missouri road; but it led past very nice bits of landscape. It gave me an exhilarated feeling to think I actually owned a bit of the earth; for, after all, it is the earth and its produce which make great stores and great business possible. And I had been content to work in a store when I might have possessed a bit of the real earth!

Professor Morrison stopped the carriage at a rickety fence. We climbed out and I looked at my home. It was just reddish soil, rather in need of plowing and rolling a little. The wee house was situated on the highest ground; and, weather-beaten and rickety as it looked, I saw its possibilities. It was long and low, with an L at the side. With a porch round it and an addition at the back it would have a pretty

I Did Not Know Any Pleasanter Exercise Than to Walk With Mr. Williams Over My Acres and Have Him Estimate What I'd Make

bungalow effect. Paint and climbing roses—I saw it all! There were some fine trees about it and room in front for a good bit of lawn and for flower beds. There were some outhouses at a little distance from the house, and I saw them in my mind's eye concealed from view by a high trellis fence. Behind them should be my chicken run and perhaps my strawberry bed. It was surprising the number of plans I made while we were walking from the front gate to my little dingy house. I was the only one who was gay. Marian was trying hard not to show her disappointment, while Professor Morrison and his wife were trying to ignore the contrast between my home and their own comfortable place.

I threw open the front door and then tears came into my eyes. Those kind Morrisons had unpacked all the furniture and set it up.

How Many Times I Have Longed for a Thick Beefsteak

I could not say a word while they explained that they knew I would want to change things, but they couldn't bear to have me greeted with packing cases and rolled-up mattresses. They had supplied my pantry with food to last three or four days. It was a good homecoming! Moreover, I had a kind neighbor on my right. On my left there was a farm belonging to one of the professors of the university who intended always to work it and never did. My right-hand neighbor was a Mr. Williams, a bachelor—and he stayed a bachelor—who was, in a way, a protection from prowlers, though I had bought and could use a pistol. Mr. Williams took great interest in what I was doing and gave me much good counsel. Every new farmer should get advice from practical neighbors, for a theoretical course in agriculture is not enough. No woman with her first baby ever depends on books alone. She meets a problem the books don't treat of and then she rushes to the nearest experienced mother. Mr. Williams got me some hens, which cost fifteen dollars. He warned me that I could scarcely make them pay on such a small scale and with so little foodstuff of my own. I see now that he was right. It really doesn't pay to raise chickens unless you can do things on a big scale with incubators and brooders, and I hadn't the time. Also, later on, he got me, for a dollar and a half each, two nice little pigs, eight weeks old, which Marian seemed to regard as playthings. She liked to take them by their hindlegs and stand them on their round snouts.

Getting Ready to be a Real Farmer

FROM now on began my real life. It might seem a humdrum affair to any one looking on from the outside, but for me it meant freedom and a chance to try myself. When you are not your own boss you have no chance really to try yourself. If you fail, for all you know it may be some one else's fault, for there are too many facts and circumstances over which you have no control when you are working for wages; but when you are handling the soil you have to stand or fall largely by your own judgment. Of course the weather and the market have to be considered, but even then it is by your own judgment that you handle these facts so that they make or mar you. I was willing to stand by my own judgment. If I failed, then all right; I wasn't fit to survive as a free woman—and I could go back to the wages. I was willing to submit to my birthright as soon as I found out what it was.

My land had been under cultivation only four years. The man from whom I bought it had set out one acre in strawberries and one in small fruits. Most of the rest he had put in grain, and he had kept two cows in pasture. My plan was to fertilize the fruit land heavily and as many more acres as I had money for; and I intended to put in lettuce, tomatoes, potatoes, and so on. My very first expense seemed appalling to Marian—five hundred dollars for manure! I put as much as thirty wagonloads each on some of the acres; but I knew what I was doing.

I should have liked to plow my own land that first year, but I didn't know how. Professor Morrison got me a man, and I have learned since what a miracle it was that he could get one. I have plowed my own land since that first year precisely because I could not count on help. This is one reason why no two women could undertake farming unless they are good, strong specimens. Of course a woman can plow on her nerve, but she should not. She ought to have the physique; if she hasn't she had better cook the meals for a man with physique. I got another man to harrow with Mr. Williams' machinery and my first man also did a little harrowing. The plowing, at three dollars a day, cost forty-two dollars and the harrowing about eighteen dollars—not counting my own labor. I helped with the manuring, which cost perhaps ten dollars.

When my plowman took his mules and went home I watched him go almost with terror, for now I had to plant my crops and take care of them myself. I don't know what I should have done without Mr. Williams, for, after all, I had not allowed enough margin for initial expenses. In the course of time I bought a plow for fifteen dollars, a subsoiler for eight, three different types of harrow for fifty, three cultivators for twenty-five, a roller for twenty, and a disk harrow for twenty-five. However, in the beginning I couldn't spare so much and I should have failed if my neighbor had not lent me his machinery. The biggest mistake a new farmer can make is to start off without enough capital. Kind friends carried me through, but you cannot always count on the sheer luck of having kind friends. They need their own tools and they can't be expected to do as my bachelor neighbor did—incommode themselves and put off their own work for the sake of a greenhorn.

I did buy some small tools, such as a seeder, wheelhoe, wheelbarrow, and so on, for twenty-five dollars; a second-hand buggy, which I got for twenty-five dollars; and a spring-wagon for market, which cost twenty-five dollars. I also got a horse, which came indirectly from an express firm in Chicago. They have a way in the big cities of working their horses practically to death. Some firms won't let a driver keep the same horses more than two weeks for fear he'll grow fond of them and try to spare them. The owners consider it cheaper to wear them out. So, through the friend of a friend who was a judge of horses, I got hold of a sorry-looking, footsore creature for fifty dollars, warranted to recuperate on a farm. In spite of his appearance we called him Jim Dandy, and I knew that with good care he would be ready for marketing purposes when my crops were. The next year I bought two mules and harness for three hundred and fifty dollars and a farm wagon for sixty dollars. To be safe, a person trying to handle twenty acres should spend in the beginning close to seven hundred dollars for machinery and animals; and that does not include the luxury of a cow. Of course the plow horses and mules can be cut out, but that's not safe unless you are sure of being able to hire a man and his mules to do the plowing.

Another thing I hadn't counted on was the cost of living—not only for ourselves but for the chickens and pigs. The new farmer might just as well count on everything going out the first year and nothing coming in. If he is skillful and lucky he is on his feet by the second year. Even with bad luck he should be safe by the third; and after that he can put money in the bank. I realize now that I had especial luck, not only in my neighbors but in my land, the weather and the market. My case was above the average; but, if I do say so myself, it might have been below the average if I had not loved my work, worked hard, and yet never tired myself out so much that I couldn't see an opportunity for enlarging my market.

To go back to my blunder however. I didn't have enough waste to feed my chickens and pigs. Likewise Jim Dandy had to eat. Mr. Williams helped me out here, but he had pigs and chickens of his own and I couldn't accept too much from him. The use of his tools I did take, but I had every intention of repaying him through the years in various neighborly ways. Besides, at that time I did not realize there were days when I had the tools he could have been using them himself. I drew the line at letting him feed my livestock. I went to see the wife of a farmer about half a mile away who had plenty of land and therefore plenty of feed, and made arrangements with her to do a certain amount of sewing, in return for which I got plenty of buttermilk and waste for the pigs, food for the hens and Jim Dandy, and milk for ourselves. Of course it took time from my farm work, but when that grew heavy I pressed Marian into service with the sewing and managed to handle both of my contracts. That did not reduce the cost of our household expenses however. We had to drive to town for supplies, which meant that we ate a great deal of canned food. Outside of the chickens, which came later in the summer, we could be sure of hot meat only once a week. However we did very well on cold meat and bacon. I don't wonder that farmers cling to bacon. It's about the only meat you can eat often without getting tired of it. But the prices! If anything, meat was dearer than in Chicago. We had to pay thirty-five cents a peck for potatoes, and other commodities were in keeping. Try as we would, we could not keep our living expenses below four dollars a week each. We cooked on a gasoline stove, and when it was cold we had a fire in the living-room stove from wood we had picked up on the place.

I have wandered some distance from my crops; but in summarizing my farming exploits it is hard to tell which thing to take up first. As I said, there was an acre of strawberries, planted fortunately on rich loam, well drained, with a southern exposure. A mulch of straw and leaves had been placed over it; and, fortunately for cultivating, it had been planted in long rows, well apart. The hen-run was next the strawberry bed, and I meant to put it in strawberries the next year. Likewise there was the acre in small fruits—red and black raspberries and blackberries. I set aside four acres to be planted with apple trees. I selected three-year-old trees, though I have thought since I might have taken two-year-olds with almost as much advantage—or even one-year-olds. There were two hundred and seventy trees and they cost me about thirty-eight dollars. Before the season was over I saw that it would have been wisdom to have set out more orchard and more berries; for, with only Marian to help me, I could not take proper care of so much truck land, and casual labor could not be depended on certainly.

This accounts for six acres; another acre went to house, buildings, lawn, and so on. Of the thirteen remaining I put half an acre in radishes, an acre in head lettuce, an acre in green onions, half an acre in peas, half an acre in sweet corn, half an acre in lima beans, one acre in summer squash, one acre in cucumbers, three and a half acres in tomatoes, half an acre in muskmelons and three acres in potatoes.

How the Work Piled Up

MR. WILLIAMS advised me to start the seeds in plates with wet brown paper, and the plants in plates, shallow boxes of earth or in window boxes. I went to the expense of starting some of the head lettuce, and later the tomatoes, under glass. I made two temporary affairs, six feet by twelve, with planks and broken stones, and bought second-hand glass sashes for them, which cost me about fifteen dollars. Mats and shutters were three dollars more. It was lucky I did, for otherwise I might have glutted my market with lettuce and tomatoes. Of course there was more I wanted to do. I had visions of more hotbeds of celery and asparagus and cauliflower; but, whatever my dreams, I kept my mind on the business in hand, and made use of all I had learned in the agricultural school and of all my neighbors could tell me.

Oh, but it was hard work! My bones ached at first as they never had when I was standing hour after hour cutting off trimmings; and I used to wonder how farmers ever managed before the days of the wheelhoe. As it was, with the necessary transplanting there was sufficient stooping. The plain fact was that, even with Marian's help and what casual help I could get, I had undertaken too much in my market gardening. I had supposed, with my arrangement of crops—the radishes and lettuce and green onions in May; the onions and peas in June and July, the onions extending into August; the corn in July and August; the summer squash in August; the lima beans in August and October;

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"I Can't Stay in This Hideous Room Night After Night"

JOHN BARLEYCORN

By JACK LONDON

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

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PART of the process of recovering from my long sickness was to find delight in little things, in things unconnected with books and problems, in play, in games of tag in the swimming pool, in flying kites, in fooling with horses, in working out mechanical puzzles. As a result I grew tired of the city. On the ranch in the Valley of the Moon I found my paradise. I gave up living in cities. All the cities held for me was music, the theater and Turkish baths.

And all went well with me. I worked hard, played hard and was very happy. I read more fiction and less fact. I did not study a tithe as much as I had studied in the past. I still took an interest in the fundamental problems of existence; but it was a very cautious interest, for I had burned my fingers that time I clutched at the veils of Truth and wrested them from her. There was a bit of lie in this attitude of mine, a bit of hypocrisy; but the lie and the hypocrisy were those of a man desiring to live. I deliberately blinded myself to what I took to be the savage interpretation of biological fact. After all, I was merely forswearing a bad habit, foregoing a bad frame of mind. I repeat, I was very happy. And I add that in all my days, measuring them with cold, considerate judgment, this was far and away beyond all other periods the happiest period of my life.

However the time was at hand, rhymeless and reasonless so far as I can see, when I was to begin to pay for my score of years of dallying with John Barleycorn. Occasionally guests journeyed to the ranch and remained a few days. Some did not drink; but to those who did drink the absence of all alcohol on the ranch was a hardship. I could not violate my sense of hospitality by compelling them to endure this hardship. I ordered in a stock—for my guests.

I was never interested enough in cocktails to know how they were made. So I got a barkeeper in Oakland to make them in bulk and ship them to me. When I had no guests I did not drink. But I began to notice, when I finished my morning's work, that I was glad if there were a guest to drink a cocktail with.

I Had the Craving at Last—and It Was Mastering Me

Now I was so clean of alcohol that even a single cocktail was provocative of pitch. A single cocktail would glow the mind and tickle a laugh for the few minutes prior to sitting down to table and starting the delightful process of eating. On the other hand, such was the strength of my stomach, of my alcoholic resistance, that the single cocktail was only the glimmer of a glow, the faintest tickle of a laugh. One day a friend frankly and shamelessly suggested a second cocktail. I drank the second one with him. The glow was appreciably longer and warmer, the laughter deeper and more resonant. One does not forget such experiences. Sometimes I almost think it was because I was so very happy that I started on my real drinking.

I remember one day Charmian and I took a long ride over the mountains on our horses. The servants had been dismissed for the day and we returned late at night to a jolly chafing-dish supper. Oh, it was good to be alive that night while the supper was preparing—the two of us alone in the kitchen. I personally was at the top of life. Such things as the books and ultimate truth did not exist. My body was gloriously healthy and healthily tired from the long ride. It had been a splendid day. The night was splendid. I was with the woman who was my mate, picnicking in gleeful abandon. I had no troubles. The bills were all paid and a surplus of money was rolling in on me. The future ever widened before me. And right there in the kitchen delicious things bubbled in the chafing dish, our laughter bubbled, and my stomach was keen with a most delicious edge of appetite.

I felt so good that somehow, somewhere, in me arose an insatiable greed to feel better. I was so happy that I wanted to pitch my happiness even higher. And I knew the way. Ten thousand contacts with John Barleycorn had taught me. Several times I wandered out of the kitchen to the cocktail bottle, and each time I left it diminished by one man's-size cocktail. The result was splendid. I was not jingled—I was not lighted up; but I was warmed, I glowed, my happiness was pyramided. Munificent as life was to me, I added to that munificence. It was a great hour—one of my greatest. But I paid for it long afterward, as you will see. One does not forget such experiences and in human stupidity cannot be brought to realize that there is no immutable law which decrees that same things shall produce same results. For they do not, else would the thousandth pipe of opium be provocative of similar delights to the first—else would one cocktail, instead of several, produce an equivalent glow after a year of cocktails.

One day, just before I ate a midday dinner, after my morning's writing was done, when I had no guest, I took a cocktail by myself. Thereafter, when there were no guests, I took this before-dinner cocktail. And right there John Barleycorn had me. I was beginning to drink regularly. I was beginning to drink alone. And I was beginning to drink not for hospitality's sake, not for the sake of the taste, but for the effect of the drink.

I wanted that before-dinner cocktail, and it never crossed my mind that there was any reason I should not have it. I paid for it. I could pay for a thousand cocktails each day if I wanted. And what was a cocktail—one cocktail—to me who on so many occasions for so many years had drunk quantities of stiffer stuff and been unharmed?

The program of my ranchlife was as follows: Each morning at eight-thirty, having been reading or correcting proofs in bed since four or five, I went to my desk. Odds and ends of correspondence and notes occupied me till nine; and at nine sharp invariably I began my writing. By eleven, sometimes a few minutes earlier or later, my thousand words were finished. Another half-hour at cleaning up my desk and my day's work was done; so that at eleven-thirty I got into a hammock under the trees with my mailbag and the morning newspaper. At twelve-thirty I ate dinner and in the afternoon I swam and rode.

One morning at eleven-thirty, before I got into the hammock, I took a cocktail. I repeated this on subsequent mornings, of course taking another cocktail just before I ate at twelve-thirty. Soon I found myself, seated at my desk in the midst of my thousand words, looking forward to that eleven-thirty cocktail.

At last, now I was thoroughly conscious that I desired alcohol. But what of it? I was not afraid of John Barleycorn. I had associated with him too long. I was wise in the matter of drink. I was discreet. Never again should I drink to excess. I knew the dangers and the pitfalls of John Barleycorn, the various ways by which he had tried to kill me in the past. But all that was past—long past.

Never again should I drink myself to stupefaction. Never again should I get drunk. All I wanted and all I would take was just enough to glow and warm me, to kick geniality alive in me, and put laughter in my throat and stir imagination slightly in my brain. Oh, I was thoroughly master of myself and of John Barleycorn!

XXXI

THE same stimulus to the human organism will not continue to produce the same response. By-and-by I discovered there was no kick at all in one cocktail. One cocktail left me dead. There was no glow, no laughter tickle. Two or three cocktails were required to produce the original effect of one, and I wanted that effect. I drank my first cocktail at eleven-thirty when I took the morning's mail into the hammock, and I drank my second cocktail an hour later, just before I ate. I got into the habit of crawling out of the hammock ten minutes earlier so as to find time and decency for two more cocktails ere I ate. This became the schedule—three cocktails in the hour that intervened between my desk and dinner. And these were two of the deadliest drinking habits—regular drinking and solitary drinking.

I was always willing to drink when any one was with me. I drank by myself when no one was about. Then I took another step. When I had for guest a man of limited drinking caliber I took two drinks to his one—one drink with him, the other drink without him and of which he did not know. I stole that other drink; and, worse than that, I began the habit of drinking alone when there was a guest, a man, a comrade, with whom I could have drunk. But John Barleycorn furnished the extenuation. It was a wrong thing to trip a guest up with excess of hospitality and get him drunk. If I persuaded him, with his limited caliber, into drinking up with me I should surely get him drunk. What could I do? I had to steal that every second drink or else deny myself the kick equivalent to what he got out of half the number.

Please remember, as I recite this development of my drinking, that I am no fool, no weakling. As the world measures such things, I am a success—I dare to say a success more conspicuous than the success of the average successful man, and a success that required a pretty fair amount of brains and will power. My body is a strong body. It has survived where weaklings died like flies. And yet these things I am relating happened to my body and to me. I am a fact. My drinking is a fact. My drinking is a thing that has happened, and is no theory or speculation; and, as I see it, it but lays the emphasis on the power of John Barleycorn—a savagery that we still permit to exist; a deadly institution that lingers and that takes its heavy toll of youth and strength and high spirits and of very much of all of the best we breed.

To return. After a boisterous afternoon in the swimming pool, followed by a glorious ride on horseback over the mountains or up or down the Valley of the Moon, I found myself so keyed and splendid that I desired to be more highly keyed, to feel more splendid. I knew the way. A cocktail before supper was not the way. Two or three at the very least were what was needed. I took them. Why not? It was living. I had always dearly loved to live. This also became part of the daily schedule.

Then, too, I was perpetually finding excuses for extra cocktails. It might be the assembling of a particularly

jolly crowd; a touch of anger against my architect or against a thieving stonemason working on my barn; the death of my favorite horse in a barbed-wire fence; or news of good fortune in the morning mail from my dealings with editors and publishers. It was immaterial what the excuse might be, once the desire had germinated in me. The thing was: I wanted alcohol. At last, after a score and more of years of dallying and of not wanting, now I wanted it. And my strength was my weakness. I required two, three or four drinks to get an effect commensurate with the effect the average man got out of one drink.

One rule I observed. I never took a drink until my day's work of writing a thousand words was done. And when done the cocktails reared a wall of inhibition in my brain between the day's work done and the rest of the day of fun to come. My work ceased from my consciousness. No thought of it flickered in my brain until the next morning at nine o'clock, when I sat at my desk and began my next thousand words. This was a desirable condition of mind to achieve. I conserved my energy by means of this alcoholic inhibition. John Barleycorn was not so black as he was painted. He did a fellow many a good turn and this was one of them.

And I turned out work that was healthful and wholesome and sincere. It was never pessimistic. The way to life I had learned in my long sickness. I knew the illusions were right and I exalted the illusions. Oh, I still turn out the same sort of work—stuff that is clean, alive, optimistic, and that makes toward life. And I am always assured by the critics of my superabundant and abounding vitality, and of how thoroughly I am deluded by these very illusions I exploit.

While on this digression, let me repeat the question I have repeated to myself ten thousand times: Why did I drink? What need was there for it? I was happy. Was it because I was too happy? I was strong. Was it because I was too strong? Did I possess too much vitality? I don't know why I drank, though I can voice the suspicion that ever grows in me. I had been in too familiar contact with John Barleycorn through too many years. A lefthanded man by long practice can become a righthanded man. Had I, a non-alcoholic, by long practice become an alcoholic?

I was so happy. I had won through my long sickness to the satisfying love of woman. I earned more money with less endeavor. I glowed with health. I slept like a babe. I continued to write successful books, and in sociological controversy I saw my opponents confuted by the facts of the times that daily reared new buttresses to my intellectual position. From day's end to day's end I never knew sorrow, disappointment or regret. I was happy all the time. Life was one unending song. I begrudged the very hours of blessed sleep because by that much was I robbed of the joy that would have been mine had I remained awake. And yet I drank. And John Barleycorn, all unguessed by me, was setting the stage for a sickness all his own.

The more I drank, the more I was required to drink to get an equivalent effect. When I left the Valley of the Moon and went to the city, and dined out, a cocktail served at table was a wan and worthless thing. There was no dinner kick in it. On my way to dinner I was compelled to accumulate the kick—two cocktails, three; and if I met some fellows, four or five or six—it did not matter within several. Once I was in a rush. I had no time decently to accumulate the several drinks. A brilliant idea came to me: I told the barkeeper to mix me a double cocktail. Thereafter, whenever I was in a hurry, I ordered double cocktails. It saved time.

One result of this regular heavy drinking was to jade me. My mind grew so accustomed to spring and liven by artificial means that without artificial means it refused to spring and liven. Alcohol became more and more imperative in order to meet people, in order to become sociably fit. I had to get the kick and the hit of the stuff, the genial brain-glow, the laughter tickle, the touch of devilishness and sting, the smile over the face of things, ere I could join my fellows and make one with them.

Another result was that John Barleycorn was beginning to trip me up. He was thrusting my long sickness back upon me, inveigling me into again pursuing Truth and snatching her veils away from her; tricking me into looking reality stark in the face. But this came on gradually. My thoughts were growing harsh again.

Sometimes warnings crossed my mind. Where was this steady drinking leading? But trust John Barleycorn to silence such questions. "Come on and have a drink, and I'll tell you all about it," is his way. And it works. For instance, the following is a case in point, and one of which John Barleycorn never wearied of reminding me:

I had suffered an accident that required a ticklish operation. One morning, a week after I had come off the table, I lay on my hospital bed, weak and weary. The sunburn of my face, what little of it could be seen through a scraggly growth of beard, had faded to a sickly yellow. My doctor stood at my bedside on the verge of departure. He glared disapprovingly at the cigarette I was smoking.

"That's what you ought to quit," he lectured. "It will get you in the end. Look at me!"

I looked. He was about my own age, broad-shouldered, deep-chested, eyes sparkling, and ruddy-cheeked with health. A finer specimen of manhood one could not ask.

"I used to smoke," he went on. "Cigars. But I gave even them up. And look at me!"

The man was arrogant—and rightly arrogant—with conscious well-being. And within a month he was dead. It was no accident. Half a dozen different bugs with long, scientific names had attacked and destroyed him. The complications were astonishing and painful, and for days before he died the screams of agony of that splendid manhood could be heard a block round. He died screaming.

"You see?" said John Barleycorn. "He took care of himself. He even stopped smoking cigars. And that's what he got for it. Pretty rotten—eh? But the bugs will jump. There's no forfending them. Your magnificent doctor took every precaution—yet they got him. When the bug jumps you can't tell where it will land. It may be on you. Look what he missed. Will you miss all I can give you, only to have a bug jump on you and drag you down? There is no equity in life. It's all a lottery. But I put the lying smile on the face of life and laugh at the facts. Smile with me and laugh. You'll get yours in the end, but meantime laugh. It's a pretty dark world. I illuminate it for you. It's a rotten world when things can happen such as happened to your doctor. There's only one thing to do; take another drink and forget it."

And of course I took another drink for the inhibition that accompanied it. I took another drink every time John Barleycorn reminded me of what had happened. Yet I drank rationally, intelligently. I saw to it that the quality of the stuff was of the best. I sought the kick and the inhibition, and avoided the penalties of poor quality and of drunkenness. It is to be remarked, in passing, that when a man begins to drink rationally and systematically he betrays a grave symptom of how far along the road he has traveled.

However I continued to observe my rule of never taking my first drink of the day until the last word of my thousand words was written. On occasion, however, I took a day's vacation from my writing. At such times, since it was no violation of my rule, I did not mind how early in the day I took that first drink. And persons who have never been through the drinking game wonder how the drinking habit grows.

Oh, It Was Good to Be Alive

XXXII

WHEN the Snark sailed on her long cruise from San Francisco there was nothing to drink on board—or, rather, we were all of us unaware that there was anything to drink; nor did we discover it for many a month. This sailing with a dry boat was malice aforethought on my part. I had played John Barleycorn a trick. And it showed that I was listening ever so slightly to the faint warnings that were beginning to arise in my consciousness.

Of course I veiled the situation to myself and excused myself to John Barleycorn. And I was very scientific about it. I said that I should drink only while in ports. During the dry sea-stretches my system would be cleansed of the alcohol that soaked it, so that when I reached a port I should be in shape to enjoy John Barleycorn more thoroughly. His bite would be sharper, his kick keener and more delicious.

We were twenty-seven days on the traverse between San Francisco and Honolulu. After the first day out the thought of a drink never troubled me. This I take to show how intrinsically I am not an alcoholic. Sometimes, during the traverse, looking ahead and anticipating the delightful Lanai luncheons and dinners of Hawaii—I had been there a couple of times before—I thought naturally of the drinks that would precede those meals. I did not think of those drinks with any yearning—with any irk at the length of the voyage. I merely thought they would be nice and jolly—part of the atmosphere of a proper meal.

Thus once again I proved to my complete satisfaction that I was John Barleycorn's master. I could drink when I wanted—refrain when I wanted. Therefore I should continue to drink when I wanted.

Some five months were spent in the various islands of the Hawaiian group. Being ashore, I drank. I even drank a bit more than I had been accustomed to drink in California prior to the voyage. The people in Hawaii seemed to drink a bit more, on the average, than the people in more temperate latitudes. I do not intend the pun, and can awkwardly revise the statement to "latitudes more remote from the equator." Yet Hawaii is only subtropical. The deeper I got into the tropics, the deeper I found men drank—the deeper I myself drank.

From Hawaii we sailed for the Marquesas Islands. The traverse occupied sixty days. For sixty days we never raised land, a sail or a steamer's smoke; but early in those sixty days the cook, giving an overhauling to the galley, made a find. Down in the bottom of a deep locker he found a dozen bottles of angelica and muscatel. These had come down from the kitchen cellar of the ranch along with the home-preserved fruits and jellies. Six months in the galley's heat had effected some sort of a change in the thick sweet wine—brandied it, I imagine.

I took a taste. Delicious! And thereafter, once each day, at twelve o'clock, after our observations were worked up and the Snark's position charted, I drank half a tumbler of the stuff. It had a rare kick to it. It warmed the cockles of my geniality and put a fairer face on the truly fair face of the sea. Each morning below, sweating out my thousand words, I found myself looking forward to that twelve-o'clock event of the day.

The trouble was I had to share the stuff and the length of the traverse was doubtful. I regretted that there was not more than a dozen bottles. And when they were gone I even regretted that I had shared any of it. I was thirsty for alcohol and eager to arrive in the Marquesas.

So it was that I reached the Marquesas the possessor of a real man's-size thirst. And in the Marquesas were several white men, a lot of sickly natives, much magnificent scenery, plenty of trade rum, an immense quantity of absinthe, but neither whisky nor gin. The trade rum scorched the skin off one's mouth. I know, because I tried it. But I had ever been plastic, and I accepted the absinthe. The trouble with the stuff was that I had to take such inordinate quantities in order to feel the slightest effect.

From the Marquesas I sailed with sufficient absinthe in ballast to last me to Tahiti, where I outfitted with Scotch and American whisky; and thereafter there were no dry stretches between ports. But please do not misunderstand. There was no drunkenness, as drunkenness is ordinarily understood—no staggering and rolling round; no befuddlement of the senses. The skilled and seasoned drinker, with a strong constitution, never descends to anything like that. He drinks to feel good, to get a pleasant jingle—and no more than that. The things he carefully avoids are the nausea of overdrinking, the after-effect of overdrinking, the helplessness and loss of pride of overdrinking.

What the skilled and seasoned drinker achieves is a discreet and canny semi-intoxication. And he does it by the twelvemonth round without any apparent penalty. There are hundreds of thousands of men of this sort in the United States today, in clubs, hotels, and in their own homes—men who are never drunk, and who, though most of them will indignantly deny it, are rarely sober. And all of them fondly believe, as I fondly believed, that they are beating the game.

On the sea-stretches I was fairly abstemious; but ashore I drank more. I seemed to need more, anyway, in the tropics. This is a common experience, for the excessive consumption of alcohol in the tropics by white men is a notorious fact. The tropics is no place for white-skinned men. Their skin-pigment does not protect them against

the excessive white light of the sun. The ultraviolet rays, and other high-velocity and invisible rays from the upper end of the spectrum, rip and tear through their tissues, just as the X-rays ripped and tore through the tissues of so many experimenters before they learned the danger.

White men in the tropics undergo radical changes of nature. They become savage, merciless. They commit monstrous acts of cruelty that they would never dream of committing in their original temperate climate. They become nervous, irritable and less moral; and they drink as they never drank before. Drinking is one of the many forms of degeneration that set in when white men are exposed too long to too much white light. The increase of alcoholic consumption is automatic. The tropics is no place for a long sojourn. White men seem doomed to die anyway, and the heavy drinking expedites the process. They don't reason about it. They just do it.

The sun-sickness got me, despite the fact that I had been in the tropics only a couple of years. I drank heavily during this time; but right here I wish to forestall misunderstanding. The drinking was not the cause of the sickness or of the abandonment of the voyage. I was strong as a bull, and for many months I fought the sun-sickness that was ripping and tearing my surface and nervous tissues to pieces. All through the New Hebrides and the Solomons, and up among the atolls on the Line, during this period under a tropic sun, rotten with malaria, and suffering from a few minor afflictions, I did the work of five men.

To navigate a vessel through the reefs and shoals and passages and unlighted coasts of the coral seas is a man's work in itself. I was the only navigator on board. There was no one to check me up on the working out of my observations—no one with whom I could advise in the ticklish darkness among uncharted reefs and shoals. And I stood all watches. There was no seaman on board whom I could trust to stand a mate's watch. I was mate as well as captain. Twenty-four hours a day were the watches I stood at sea, catching catnaps when I might. Third, I was doctor. And let me say right here that the doctor's job on the Snark at that time was a man's job. All on board suffered from malaria—the real, tropical malaria that can kill in three months. All on board suffered from perforating ulcers and from the maddening itch of *ngari-ngari*. A Japanese cook went insane from his too numerous afflictions. One of my Polynesian sailors lay at death's door with blackwater fever. Oh, yes, it was a full man's job! I dosed and doctored, and pulled teeth, and dragged my patients through mild little things like ptomaine poisoning and centipede bite.

Fourth, I was a writer. I sweated out my thousand words a day every day, except when the shock of fever smote me or a couple of nasty squalls smote the Snark in the morning. Fifth, I was a traveler and a writer, eager to see things and to gather material into my notebooks. And, sixth, I was master and owner of the craft that was visiting strange places, where visitors are rare and where visitors are made much of. So here I had to hold up the social end—entertain on board; be entertained ashore by planters, traders, governors, captains of war vessels, kinky-headed cannibal kings, and prime ministers sometimes fortunate enough to be clad in cotton shifts.

Of course I drank. I drank with my guests and hosts. Also, I drank by myself. Doing the work of five men, I thought, entitled me to drink. Alcohol was good for a man who overworked. I noted its effect on my small crew when, breaking their backs and hearts at heaving up anchor in forty fathoms, they knocked off gasping and trembling at the end of half an hour and had new life put into them by stiff jolts of rum. They caught their breaths, wiped their mouths, and went to it again with a will. And when we careened the Snark and had to work in the water to our necks between shocks of fever I noted how raw trade rum helped the work along.

And here again we come to another side of many-sided John Barleycorn. On the face of it, he gives something for nothing. Where no strength remains he finds new strength. The wearied one rises to greater effort. For the time being there is an actual accession of strength. I remember passing coal on an ocean steamer through eight days and nights of hell, during which time we coalpassers were kept on the job by being fed whisky. We toiled half-drunk all the time—and without the whisky we could not have passed the coal.

This strength that John Barleycorn gives is not fictitious strength—it is real strength; but it is manufactured out of the sources of strength and it must ultimately be paid for—and with interest. But what weary human will look so far ahead? He takes this apparently miraculous accession of strength at its face value. And many an overworked business and professional man, as well as harried common laborer, has traveled John Barleycorn's death-road because of this mistake.

XXXIII

I WENT to Australia to go into a hospital and get tinkered up, after which I planned to go on with the voyage. During the long weeks I lay in the hospital, from the first day, I never missed alcohol. I never thought about it. I knew I should have it again when I was on my feet; but when I regained my feet I was not cured of my major afflictions. The mysterious sunsickness, which the experts of Australia could not fathom, still ripped and tore my tissues. Malaria still festered in me and put me on my back in shivering delirium at the most unexpected moments, compelling me to cancel a double lecture tour that had been arranged.

So I abandoned the Snark voyage and sought a cooler climate. The day I came out of the hospital I took up drinking again as a matter of course. I drank wine at meals. I drank cocktails before meals. I drank Scotch highballs when anybody I chanced to be with was drinking them. I was so thoroughly the master of John Barleycorn I could take up with him or let go of him whenever I pleased—just as I had done all my life.

After a time, for cooler climate, I went down to southernmost Tasmania, in latitude forty-three south—and I found myself in a place where there was nothing to drink. It did not mean anything. I did not drink. It was no hardship. I soaked in the cool air, rode horseback, and did my thousand words a day save when the fever shock came in the morning.

And for fear the idea may still lurk in some minds that my preceding years of drinking were the cause of my disabilities I here point out that my Japanese cabin boy, Nakata, still with me, was rotten with fever—as was Charmian, who in addition was in the slough of a tropical neurasthenia that required several years of temperate climate to cure; and neither she nor Nakata drank—or ever had.

When I returned to Hobart Town, where drink was obtainable, I drank as of old. The same when I arrived back in Australia. On the contrary, when I sailed from Australia on a tramp steamer commanded by an abstemious captain, I took no drink along, and had no drink for the forty-three days' passage. Arrived in Ecuador, squarely under the equatorial sun, where the humans were dying of yellow fever, smallpox and the plague, I promptly drank again—every drink of every sort that had a kick in it. I caught none of those diseases. Neither did Charmian nor Nakata, who did not drink.

Enamored of the tropics, despite the damage done me, I stopped in various places and was a long while getting back to the splendid, temperate climate of California. I did my thousand words a day, traveling or stopping over; suffered my last faint fever shock; saw my suntorn tissues healthily knit again—and drank as a broad-shouldered, chesty man may drink.

XXXIV

BACK on the ranch in the Valley of the Moon I resumed my steady drinking. My program was: No drink in the morning; first drinktime came with the completion of my thousand words. Then between that and the midday meal drinks were numerous enough to develop a pleasant jingle. Again in the hour preceding the evening meal I developed another pleasant jingle. Nobody ever saw me drunk—for the simple reason that I never was drunk. But I did get a jingle twice each day; and the amount of alcohol I consumed every day, if loosed in the system of one unaccustomed to drink, would have put such a one on his back and out.

It was the old proposition. The more I drank, the more I was compelled to drink in order to get an effect. The time came when cocktails were inadequate. I had neither the time in which to drink them nor the space to accommodate them. Whisky had a more powerful jolt. It gave quicker action with less quantity. Bourbon or rye, or cunningly aged blends, constituted the forenoon drinking. In the late afternoon it was Scotch and soda.

My sleep, always excellent, now became not quite so excellent. I had been accustomed to read myself back asleep when I chanced to awake, but now this began to fail me. When I had read two or three of the small hours away and was as wide awake as ever I found that a drink furnished the soporific effect. Sometimes two or three drinks were required.

So short a period of sleep then intervened before early morning rising that my system did not have time to work off the alcohol. As a result I woke with mouth parched and dry, with a slight heaviness of head, and with a mild nervous palpitation in the stomach; in fact I did not feel good. I was suffering from the morning sickness of the steady, heavy drinker. What I needed was a pick-me-up—a bracer. Trust John Barleycorn, once he has broken down a man's defenses. So it was a drink before breakfast to put me right for breakfast—the old poison of the snake that has bitten one. Another custom, begun at this time, was that of the pitcher of water by the bedside to furnish relief to my scorched and sizzling membranes.

I achieved a condition in which my body was never free from alcohol. Nor did I permit myself to be away from alcohol. If I traveled to out-of-the-way places I declined to run the risk of finding them dry. I took a quart or several quarts along in my grip. In the past I had been amazed by other men guilty of this practice. Now I did it myself unblushingly. And when I got out with the fellows I cast all rules by the board. I drank when they drank, what they drank, and in the same way they drank.

I was carrying a beautiful alcoholic conflagration round with me. The thing fed on its own heat and flamed the fiercer. There was no time in all my waking hours that I did not want a drink. I began to anticipate the completion of my daily thousand words by taking a drink when only five hundred words were written. It was not long before I prefaced the beginning of the thousand words with a drink.

The gravity of this I realized too well. I made new rules. Resolutely I would refrain from drinking until my work was done. But a new and most diabolical complication arose. The work refused to be done without drinking. It just could not be done. I had to drink in order to do it. I was beginning to fight now. I had the craving at last—and it was mastering me. I would sit at my desk and daily with pad and pen, but words refused to flow. My brain could not think the proper thoughts because continually it was obsessed with the one thought that across the room in the liquor cabinet stood John Barleycorn. When in despair I took my drink, at once my brain loosened up and began to roll off the thousand words.

At my town house in Oakland I finished the stock of liquor and wilfully refused to purchase more. It was no use, because unfortunately there remained in the bottom of the liquor cabinet a case of beer. In vain I tried to write. Now beer is a poor substitute for strong waters; besides, I did not like beer. Yet all that I could think of was that beer, so singularly accessible in the bottom of the cabinet. Not until I drank a pint of it did the words begin to reel off, and the thousand words were reeled off to the tune of numerous pints. The worst of it was the beer caused me severe heartburn; but I soon finished the case.

(Continued on Page 42)

When the Snark Sailed on Her Long Cruise There Was Nothing to Drink on Board

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What Mr. Morgan Did

PEOPLE are differing and will continue to differ about the net effect of Morgan's personality upon American business; but the chief facts in the case seem reasonably clear.

It is doubtful whether the history of the world affords a parallel to his position in Wall Street. Not only was his personal power far greater than that of any other American financier, but probably never before were interests so important as those of Wall Street so strongly influenced by an individual. Yet without him Wall Street would have been in every essential just what it is, and his death will cause not even an eddy in its main current. Probably without him we would not have had the Steel Trust in exactly its present form; but concentration in that industry had gone far before he intervened, and in some form would have gone still farther without his intervention.

Mr. Morgan personally may have created the Bankers' Trust Company, but consolidation of banking power proceeded apace in fields far beyond his reach and would have been substantially the same in Wall Street had he never lived. He gained his position precisely because he went with the tide. Only a man who incarnated the dominant tendencies of his time could possibly have done what he did; but he had no more to do with making the tide and the tendencies than any other individual.

He was unique and will have no successor. Two or three new names will appear in directorates where only one appeared before. But on all big questions the directorates will vote substantially as they would have voted had he been present. One chief reason why he will have no successor is that no other man will inspire such well-nigh universal confidence in his own sagacity and integrity.

Spending a Great Fortune

MORGAN'S name will live as long as the history of this time survives; but probably the future will know him from the way in which he spent his fortune rather than from the way he acquired it or from his merely having possessed it. By the sheer power of money he effected a greater shift in art treasures than has ever been known in modern times—with the possible exception of Napoleon's loot of Italy. A man cannot move great works of art wholesale unless he has a lever under the world's center of gravity. Morgan's achievements in that line will make him immortal—as mundane immortality goes.

It is fitting that he died in Rome, for he was a relative of the Cæsars. He is said to have expended a hundred million dollars for objects of beauty and artistic interest. Only members of the imperial house spend on that scale for that purpose.

Mr. Morgan's whole life showed that he was an aristocrat. A huge fortune is in itself the gist of aristocracy—arising from an application of the fundamental aristocratic principle that the most powerful have a right of eminent domain to the goods of this earth. Encouragement and preservation of the fine arts has long been recognized as the only solid justification of aristocracy; and in spending magnificently for that purpose Mr. Morgan showed a consistency that is generally lacking in our modern possessors of huge fortunes, who try to play an aristocratic rôle with a plebeian imagination. The great financier was a true prince on both sides of his ledger. His veins bore the blood of the Cæsars.

Wisconsin and New Jersey

THE laws that New Jersey passed last winter at the instance of President—then Governor—Wilson embody one view of the trust question. A very different view is expressed in a message and bill that Governor McGovern recently submitted to the Wisconsin legislature.

With the same potatoes selling at thirty cents a bushel in Waupaca County and at eighty-five cents in Milwaukee, the freight cost being six and a half cents; with farmers at River Falls getting three dollars a ton for cabbages that sell in Chicago at thirty dollars a ton, the freight cost being three dollars; with innumerable like instances of huge disparity between the farmer's price and the consumer's price, there is evidently—says Governor McGovern—need of coöperation for the benefit of producer and consumer alike. But all coöperation necessarily involves combination and some restraint upon competition. So coöperation "brings us face to face with the question of trusts. . . . What is needed is a broad, consistent policy in harmony with economic conditions as they now exist. The line must be drawn that separates monopoly from legitimate coöperation; that distinguishes unreasonable restraints of trade from mutual helpfulness; that will secure the advantages of competition without exposing industry to unregulated warfare."

The bill the governor submits with this message would create a commission of three members, armed with power to investigate and prosecute unreasonable, harmful restraints of trade; but also especially charged with the duty of assisting and promoting all reasonable, beneficial cooperations. It shall "give instruction through bulletins, addresses, personal counsel, and otherwise, as to coöperative production, marketing, buying and distribution." It shall "provide persons to assist in establishing, organizing and maintaining such coöperations." Moreover the commission is required to prosecute not only unreasonable restraints of competition but also unreasonable and unfair acts of competition, such as bribing a rival's employees, or underselling in one locality, in order to drive out a rival, while holding up prices elsewhere.

The bill, in short, aims at "a broad and consistent policy in harmony with existing conditions," which is far more difficult than merely going after every combination in sight with an ax—but on the whole, we think, more helpful.

The Prohibition Argument

SO FAR as we have been able to observe, statewide prohibition is enforced in Kansas rather better than in any other commonwealth. A recent cursory investigation discloses the fact that whisky is still sold and drunk to excess in the state. Even in the capital city, the bootlegger and speak-easy are said to be discoverable. Drunken men are seen. Evidently statewide prohibition has not stopped the use and abuse of alcohol. Yet, in the opinion of experienced observers, a movement to repeal prohibition would be decisively defeated. A fine, ruddy-faced, upstanding, deep-chested farmer, who appeared to be of Teutonic descent, and consequently could hardly have inherited a bigoted view of the subject, put it this way:

"Yes; a man can get whisky and get drunk in Kansas if he's bound to. It may be true that some men who are bound to will drink more out of a bottle than they would over a bar. But, you see, when a man reaches the stage where he is bound to have whisky or bust, you can't do much for him anyway. And if you ask that man he'll probably tell you that he got his whisky habit from visiting saloons for sociability. It's the boys we are thinking of. We believe a normal boy isn't very apt to get a whisky habit out of a bootlegger's bottle. Nine times out of ten, if he gets the habit at all it will be by dropping into a saloon with his friends for a social glass. So far as the hardened soak is concerned, maybe our law is a failure; but the hardened soak is a failure too. We don't want to bring up a fresh crop. Out in my locality resubmission would be defeated two to one."

How Progress Eats Itself

IF YOU will stand off a bit, so to speak, and glance at the methods of production and distribution that obtained a hundred years ago, then at those obtaining now, you will be surprised that want is left in the world. A boy, for example, can now make more boots and hats in a day than a man—or several men—could make in a week before the age of machinery. Why has not everybody boots and hats to spare?

For one reason, look at England's navy estimate for the new fiscal year—forty-six million-and-odd pounds! Without having accurate figures, we presume that forty-six million pounds a hundred years ago would have built and manned ships enough to tow the whole island across the Channel. It is modern science as applied to warfare that imposes upon Germany the duty of raising two hundred and fifty million dollars for extraordinary military needs—besides the excessively burdensome ordinary needs.

French farmers enjoy quick and cheap transportation by rail; and because the same invention enables a foe to strike quickly, the government is raising their term of service with the colors from two years to three—and with the reserves from twenty-three years to twenty-five.

Progress multiplies the possibilities of spending as well as of making; and the headlong military competition in Europe exhibits progress in the act of hurriedly devouring itself. There is no way to stop it, it seems. Winston Churchill's recent proposal that England and Germany agree to suspend naval construction for a year was coldly received in Germany. Nobody seriously tries to stop it, with the humble exception of the Socialists.

Why Do We Fail Here?

PER-CAPITA consumption of spirits and malt liquors has declined very notably in England during the last ten years, while in the United States it has increased. These are among our most disagreeable figures.

Formerly there was supposed to be an intimate relationship between the amount of drink consumed and the state of the labor market—the more wages the more drink. British statistics prior to 1875 tended to bear this out; but since then real wages—that is, wages measured by their purchasing power—have risen though drink has decreased. A chart before us shows the two lines—wages upward or stationary; beer and whisky downward. Since 1900 the divergence is especially notable. One can hardly look at that chart without wishing to see the two lines shoot off at right angles in opposite directions.

The last two annual reports of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, however, contain the statement that production of spirits in the United States has broken all previous records. From 1901 to 1911 the consumption of spirits for each person rose by fifteen-hundredths of a gallon, and of beer by nearly five gallons!

A Warcloud's Bright Side

REVIEWING the position of Wall Street, the London Economist observes: "At the beginning of last autumn a very promising boom, encouraged by good trade conditions, was under way. The bankers had arranged to import gold from London in order to enlarge credits and stimulate speculation; but these plans were utterly upset by the outbreak of war in the Balkans and fear of complications in Europe." Indeed, immediately war was declared, some fifty or more millions of dollars of American securities held in Europe were thrown upon the New York market, effectually flattening any boom intentions that may have been nourished there; and in less than three months of this year we exported about fifty millions of gold to Europe, which also would have precluded any boom here.

We do not know how accurately our British contemporary may be informed as to "the bankers'" plans; but if they included a boom, then the warcloud had its silver lining. Leading railroad stocks are now selling anywhere from twenty to seventy dollars a share lower than they were in the forepart of 1907, which in our opinion is a sign that the country is decidedly healthier than it was then.

Formerly we felt bound to believe what learned economists said about the value of speculation. We have not entirely escaped from that obligation yet; but we never review the aftermath of a speculative boom without suspecting that our hour of deliverance may be near.

A Play for Fathers

THE frantic father in Brieux's play, Damaged Goods, proposes to take the law into his own hands, since "the law provides no arms against the man who marries an innocent, confiding young girl in sound health and befouls her with the heritage of his debauchery." He cries: "When I think of that man and his infamous conduct I cannot control myself! My daughter! A girl of twenty-two!"

But the doctor replies: "Are you sure you have the right to be so inflexible? Was it not within your power to spare your daughter this misery? When the marriage was proposed you made inquiries concerning your future son-in-law's income—you satisfied yourself as to his standing; but you omitted the most important point of all—you made no inquiry concerning his health! Your daughter might well ask you—who are a man and a father and ought to know these things—why you did not take as much trouble about her health as about her fortune."

We wish every father with marriageable daughters would read the play. Of course they are already acquainted with its subject-matter, as every one else is—a subject which one is loath to speak of or even to think about as having any possible relation to his own hearth. But the playwright's art brings it home. As it is there vitalized, a father can scarcely ignore it. The best weapon of reform, after all, is a story. The Greatest of Teachers spoke in parables.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

A Busy and Serious Little Cup of Tea

The Golden Rule

ALL will admit it is a very desirable and noteworthy thing to be known as a benefactor. Arthur Raymond Brown has recently written a treatise on this subject that is illuminating, inasmuch as it tells of the great advantages of becoming a benefactor, but cites only a few methods by which that celebrity and happiness may be obtained.

The commonest manner, of course, is to subscribe fifty thousand dollars to some charity conducted by men very much richer than you are, which entitles you to mention in the annual report as benefactor, along with those rows of convincing figures that show how necessary it is to spend fifteen dollars for administrative purposes for each fifty cents given to the poor; but all that is required is the fifty thousand dollars—a mere bagatelle in these days of swollen fortunes and fortunate swells!

A real benefactor is one who confers some boon on suffering humanity—not one who buys his title to beneficence. Therefore I now purpose to qualify; for, as a large proportion of our people are at present acutely pained over the throbbing question, How can we get an office? I take it that a man who can tell them how will be not only a benefactor but a benevolent, benignant, bounteous and blessed person. And let me modestly set forth that I am such a person. I hold in my possession the information that is so eagerly sought. I possess the goods, and I herewith unfold the system to all the world—and especially as a *douceur* for distressed Democrats, of whom there are thousands, both aspiring and aspirate.

This is it—this is the guaranteed method by which to obtain office: Be a gold Democrat in Tennessee! It is infallible. In proof I refer you to these brilliant examples of the exact and effective working of the system:

1—Luke Wright, of Tennessee.
2—Jacob McGavock Dickinson, of Tennessee.
3—James Clark McReynolds, of Tennessee.

No further demonstration is needed. Luke Wright was a gold Democrat of Tennessee, and President Roosevelt made him secretary of war; Jacob M. Dickinson was a gold Democrat of Tennessee, and President Taft made him secretary of war; and James C. McReynolds is a gold Democrat of Tennessee, and President Wilson has just made him attorney-general.

It works under any and all conditions, as will be noticed by running over the names of the high appointing powers; for where, I ask you, can be found three more dissimilar presidents than Theodore Roosevelt, William H. Taft and Woodrow Wilson? Therefore, as all want office, it only remains for all to become gold Democrats in Tennessee and the tricks will be turned and every ambition gratified.

We have the words of his friends for it that the new attorney-general is a serious man who takes a grave and gloomy view of life. It seems unkind to rattle the skeleton just when a man has hit his highest place, but such a statement as this must be traced to its beginnings; and investigation shows that McReynolds, hitherto happy and carefree, became thus dour and reserved away back yonder in 1896, when he was defeated for Congress down in Tennessee by John Wesley Gaines.

Learning to be a Trust-Buster

THERE is merit in the contention that it is enough to make a man think sadly of the world and the people in it to be defeated for Congress by John Wesley Gaines; but McReynolds should consider what happened. Had he defeated John Wesley, a great poem would have remained unwritten, a great song unsung. Had he kept John Wesley at home the nation never would have thrilled to the cadences of

John Wesley Gaines! John Wesley Gaines!
Thou monumental pile of brains!

A truce to reminiscences, however—e'en those of the halycon days, as Ike Hill used to say. Suffice it now to observe that James Clark McReynolds is a serious man—a notably grave and serious man, taking not only his fellows but himself full seriously. Never the abode of much merriment, the patched-up, moldy, brick residence that serves this rich and powerful nation as a Temple of Justice will, from this time on, be ever graver than has been its wont; for where McReynolds is, the sedate and sober and staid must ever be. He is attorney-general of the United States of America! Do you get that? Well, then, let naught but momentous solemnity be discovered in those musty halls.

Not that McReynolds cannot laugh, but that he never does while on duty—and especially not since he became a trust-buster. Trust-busting dries up the fountains of levity in every human who essays it. Also it causes little mirth on the part of those who are busted, except the pleased grins that have been noticed on the glabrous countenance of Uncle John Rockefeller since the Standard Oil was separated into its various parts. And, as a trust-buster, let it be known that McReynolds is some buster.

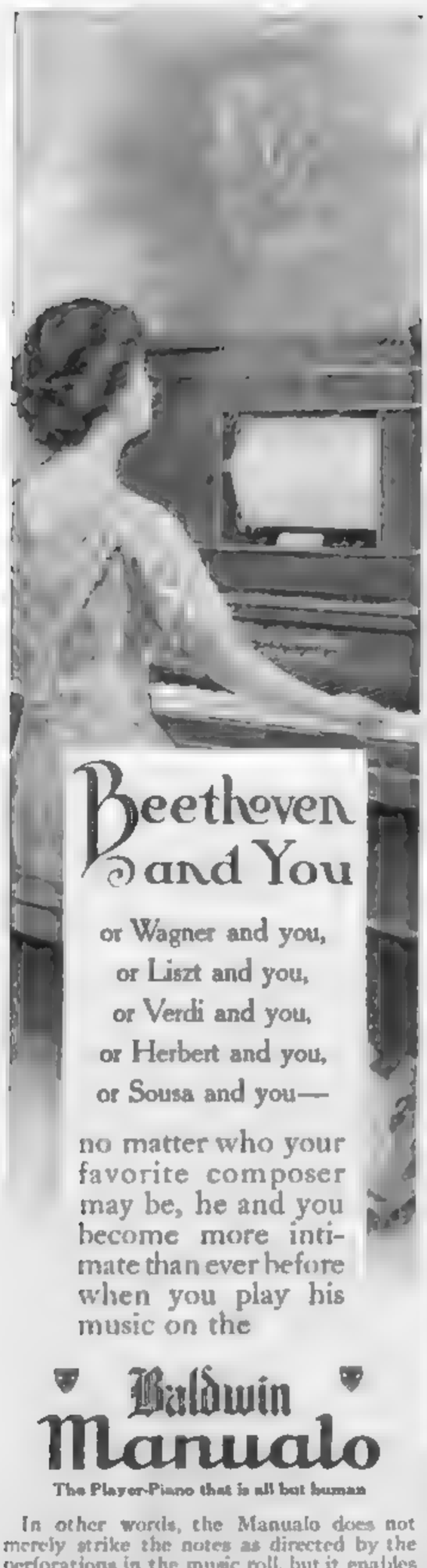
A calm and dispassionate man, who has lived to be fifty-two and has never married, he early attained six feet of stature and the reputation of being a grind. When he was at school at Vanderbilt University he secured the founder's medal, which is the apex of achievement for a student there. He graduated in 1882, and took his degree in law two years later, settling in Nashville. He made a reputation as a good business man before he began to fix himself in the minds of the people as a lawyer; but presently law superseded business with him and he engaged in the practice of it until 1900, when he took a professorship in the law school of Vanderbilt University.

He resigned his professorship in 1903 and went to the Department of Justice in Washington as an assistant attorney-general. He had four years of that and quit to practice law in New York. He was engaged to prosecute the Anthracite Coal Trust cases, and it was there he made his first big reputation. He was active in the tobacco cases also, as a special assistant attorney-general representing the United States. The Tobacco Trust case was the first case in which the courts were compelled to work out the plan for dissolution. McReynolds stood firmly for a real dissolution and his is not the responsibility for the kind of dissolution that was obtained.

About the only objection that was made to the appointment of McReynolds was political. It was urged against him that he isn't much of a Democrat now and never has been very active in that faith, except in opposition to the regular end of it. His candidacy as a gold Democrat was alleged against him, and it was said he voted for various Republican candidates for president, especially when Mr. Bryan was running. That part of it didn't seem to make much of a hit with President Wilson. He was principally concerned in discovering whether McReynolds is a good lawyer, and he found that even McReynolds' political detractors admit that he is a good one. Some further research showed that McReynolds had advanced ideas on the trust question, and the ability to carry them out; he was asked to be attorney-general and accepted.

They say of him that he is not only a profound student of law but an aggressive and able practitioner of it. He is a big, husky man, with a big, well-shaped head; and he is a hard worker. That last phase of his character certainly befits him and is reasonably essential in his new job. If there is any place on the face of this earth where there is opportunity for more hard work than in the Department of Justice it has escaped the notice of both classes of our population—the men who like to work and the men who do not like to work. So far as that goes, McReynolds has every opportunity the most earnest worker could desire to be a busy and serious little cup of tea.

Queen of the May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THE LAME DUCK

Views of an Innocent Bystander

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR JIM: Reports from the outlying "deestricts" are to the broad, general effect that the people have taken very kindly to the new Wilson Administration; that they think the outfit that came into power on March fourth has done very well so far; and that they wish it well. That's a great thing about our people, Jim. It makes no difference how many of them lose out on an election, nor does it cut any figure how partisan the losers are; when the winners get into power the whole country gives them the glad hand and tells them to go to it—and good luck! And the knocking does not begin, except in the case of a few editorial dodoes who are still writing from the inflamed and narrow viewpoint that was universal in the days when they broke into the game, until there is something that should be knocked—and often not then.

There was the case of Mr. Taft. Personally they all liked him, and they all do yet; but, as I was saying, the people gave Taft the fairest kind of a show. They suspended judgment on him. It's quite true that Mr. Wilson and his advisers have been proceeding cautiously, not to say pedetentously, as Jim Ham Lewis will observe when he gets into the Senate; but that's another reason why the people are pleased. We aren't such all-fired whoop-'er-ups as you may have been led to believe. We want action, of course; but there is a great percentage of the folks living in these United States who prefer their action after due consideration, rather than action and then the process of casting up.

These few extraneous remarks refer, my dear Jim, to all that part, portion, section and contingent of our population that resides without the confines of the six square miles or the six miles square—whichever it is—known as the District of Columbia, and containing the city of Washington, which, I observe with some interest, the gentlemen from Chicago and New York and other places, unable to reform their own habitats, are now planning to descend upon and reform—a situation often seen in movements of this kind. As John Purroy Mitchell, who is president of the board of aldermen, or something, truly said, Washington should be the model city of the country; and John Purroy and young Mr. O'Hara, of Chicago, are going to see to it that Washington is just that, not desiring to make themselves unpopular at home by starting anything in the way of making Chicago or New York model cities.

Those Scrambled Thoughts

These remarks, I say, refer to the 99,650,000 people residing apart from our political midst, who use the American flag as an advertising device, or think of it as such. Within our borders, Jim, this new Administration has got every professional Democrat—which means all Democrats—so far up in the air they are bobbing round like a lot of toy balloons about as high in the imponderable ether as the platinum—no, not platinum, aluminum—tip of the lofty structure we raised, after some forty years of effort, in memory of that revered person, G. Washington.

These esteemed Democrats, in the first flush of their return to power—the first four-flush, I should say—are not thinking kindly of the new Administration; nor are they thinking unkindly of it. The fact is, they don't know what to think of it. Every time a sturdy, oldline Democrat starts out to think about this Wilson aggregation his thoughts become as scrambled in his hat as an omelet made by an amateur prestidigitator in a similar vehicle for parlor magic, and he relapses into a highly nervous condition, starting apprehensively at the mere sound of the word radical. And every time a Progressive Democrat picks out the same aggregation as a subject for his mature cogitations he lapses into a set of conjectures so unformed and inchoate that they resemble the average sophomore's conception of his first lecture on psychology. They have lost the power of connected thought. They do not know where they are, how they got there, where they are going or when they will start.

The oldline chaps see in some manifestation at the White House a chance for congratulating themselves that all is not lost and that the Jeffersonian boys will get what is coming to them; and just as they are preparing to chirk up and give three hearty cheers something drops out of the White House box that is so radical they retire, in dazed conditions, to the subcellar of the Capitol and cool their fevered brows against the ancient but scrupulously whitewashed foundations—whitewashed, you know, by patriots who came here to be ministers to Belgium and such, but who consented to serve their country for their country's good—and what they could get out of it—in the subbasement of the Capitol; the ultimate good to any country coming, as you understand, only from the permanent position on the payroll—be it never so humble—of those who hold her interests—the country's—close at heart.

The Pallid Messenger's News

Conversely when the radicals, the Progressive lads, the boys who look forward and not backward, are gathering in a committee room and shaking hands because the true cause of the uplift has been uplifted a few miles by some sturdy, heroic and patriotic act on the part of W. Wilson, their President—than whom there is none more uplifting—a pallid messenger, gasping for breath, breaks into the joyous assembly and whispers hoarsely:

"What do you suppose has come off now?"

"But what?"

"He's just given the reactionaries—the old crowd—a good place, a corking place!" And the uplift proceeds to throw a series of fancy fits, while hoarse chuckles of unholy glee are heard issuing from the opposition camp, headed—the camp, not the chuckle—by the way, by those eminent friends of progress, reform, and so on—and then some—Thomas Martin, of Virginia, and Colonel Furnifold Simmons, of No'th Ca'lina, by heck!

The point of it is, Jim, that President Wilson appears to be trying to be president of the whole country, and to represent the entire Democratic party instead of any faction thereof; and neither faction can understand how this possibly can be true—or, if true, how it can work else than to the destruction of the entire works, the demolition of the whole boiling, as the English novelists always make the boys of Eton say—what a boon Eton is to English literature! If the hero couldn't go to Eton there could be no English novels, and that might help some. However ——

Naturally the subject of patronage was uppermost when the Administration first weighed in. Naturally, again, the subject of patronage will be uppermost when the Administration is knocked out; but, for all that, regardless of the fact that the tariff will be loping along by the time you get this, patronage was the first serious subject for consideration—just as it will be the last and practically all the intermediate subjects for consideration.

The poignant, pungent, piercing point is here: The original Wilson men—the men who went out when all that the bulk of the people knew of Wilson was that he taught school, and fought his fight and won for him, nominating him, and generously letting all others then climb on the bandwagon—think they are entitled to the biggest share of the plums. They think gratitude, as exemplified by the proper distribution of offices, is the highest human attribute, and what they think of ingratitude isn't fit to print. On the hungry other hand the men who opposed Wilson—the men who were for various other eminent statesmen in the anteëlection period when Billy McCombs was digging down into his personal jeans to get money to give to Tom Pence to buy stamps with, so the virtues of W. Wilson might be spread broadcast—say they, too, are Democrats, and that a spirit of magnanimity should dictate the appointments; for, inasmuch as they are Democrats, they are, as Democrats, entitled to their full share of the spoils, and considerably more.

Hence comes the tug of war. Every time the President appoints a man who wasn't an original Wilson man the original Wilsonites

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gather together and ask gloomily: "What's the use?" And every time the President appoints an original Wilson man to something the just-Democrats convene and dismally exclaim: "Now, what do you think of that? He's going to be narrow and partisan and un-Democratic."

Honors are about even as this is written. The just-Democrats, including the Clark cohorts, the Underwood unconcerned—not!—and the rest, have each put over a few on the President; and the President has put over a few himself. To hear the Wilsonites—the originals—tell it, however, you'd think that no Wilson men at all have been given anything; though, if you have a look at the Cabinet, you can tot up a few as a starter. And in this connection they are telling a story—they, I said, for I'm not telling it—that refers to some persiflage A. Mitchell Palmer is alleged to have repeated to President Wilson when recommending a man for recognition.

A. Mitchell, you remember, is the man with whom President Wilson sought to show he knows something—a few details—of the gentle art of politics as she is played. A. Mitchell wanted to be attorney-general in his Cabinet. The President wanted A. Mitchell to stay in the House, where he is a good deal of a chap. And the President was under heavy obligations to A. Mitchell. Casually hearing, one day, that A. Mitchell is descended from a long line of Quakers, who despise war, he didn't offer A. Mitchell the Department of Justice, but he offered to make him secretary of war, thereby fulfilling his obligation and putting the kibosh on Palmer's Cabinet aspirations. Palmer couldn't take the war portfolio because of his religion; and he will remain in the House of Representatives.

Well, to get to the nubbin of it: They say that when Palmer presented his man to the President, he said: "Mr. President, this man has but one thing against him as a candidate for office at your hands. In every other respect he is the best man in the country for the place."

"What is that one thing?" asked the President genially, expecting A. Mitchell to pull some sort of a joyous wheeze.

"He is an original Wilson man; was for Wilson from the very first; stood fast through all the fight; was on the job in the dark days; and is still a Wilson man!"

Eh—what? Mind you, Jim, I'm not guaranteeing this; I'm only relating it as the Wilson men tell it. Maybe Palmer didn't say it—only thought of it after he left. But it is a sweet, pensive thought, isn't it?—no matter when it was enunciated.

The Arm Chair Fleet

I observe that the Honorable Josephus Daniels, secretary of the navy, is running true to precedent. So far as his first great reform is concerned, the Honorable Josephus is as conventional as a four-minute egg. Like every other new secretary of the navy, when he first took over the job he observed a large number of gay and grizzled old dogs of the sea, who fitted so tight in their upholstered chairs in the various bureaus of the Navy Department that you'd have to take a crowbar to pry them out—gay and grizzled old mariners who haven't been to sea or on a battleship since they put the salt in the ocean, and whose knowledge of the actual workings of a man-of-war is largely comprehended in the certainty that the ships are hollow.

Like every other new secretary of the navy, Josephus inquired: "Why is this?" And he resolved highly to send these navigators out to navigate, discovering that most of them have been ashore so long they can't tell the difference between a barnacle and a binnacle.

He ordered a lot of them to sea. But will they go to sea? They will not. They will get out of it in some way, these sly-jack, swivel-chair tars—mark that, Jim! They have been ordered to sea regularly by every new secretary of the navy, and still they are on dry land; and there they will remain, though they themselves are rarely dry.

However, it all shows that Josephus is wise to the traditions of his job. The only way to get those chaps to sea is to order them to stay on land. Then they'd go to sea just to show the new secretary he isn't the entire works, which, of a verity, recalling the system perfected by the Association of Rear Admirals Who Dislike Ocean Travel, he is not—he is not.

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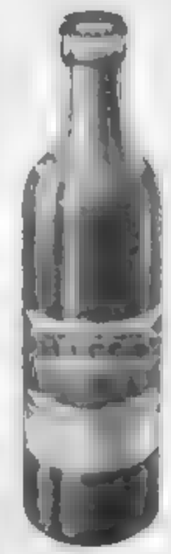

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Signs and Signals of the Railroad Man

By F. Lee Allen

BELOW, from where we stand on the bridge that crosses the railroad, the tracks spread out into the spidery lines of a terminal yard. With strident exhausts heavy switch-engines labor back and forth; long freights roll in and out of the yard; passenger trains clatter by with a roar on the main-line tracks; the scene throbs with life and movement.

Stand on this same spot at night, when all that greets the eye from this black void below is the flashes of the red and green signal and switch lights, the glare of an arc-lamp made bluish by the mass of steam and smoke that in ghostlike shapes flits across the gleam, the long searching finger of a headlight, or the flare of red on the sky and the gnomelike fireman working before the open furnace door of an engine.

From the yard comes the yellow eye of a switch-engine, behind which move swaying shadows; atop small dots of light mysteriously advance. With sharp staccato exhausts the engine bustles forward. Suddenly one of these dots of light swings back and forth, the coughing efforts of the switcher cease and, with the clatter of trucks and drawbars, the cars come to a stand.

The dot of light farthest away revolves in a tiny circle, this action to be repeated by each light on those moving shadows. With a series of quick, rancorous coughs the engine springs into life, drawheads clang and the long black shadow begins to move. Then the dots of light that ride the black shadow swing back and forth and the exhausts cease; and one dot of light goes riding away against the background of sky like the light of a moving airship.

Time after time the engine's throaty voice barks forth to cease its clamor at the command of the swinging dots of light, while a twinkling gleam darts away to the farther end of the yard. So all night long the engine obeys these moving lights, each of which conveys some message to the engineer at the throttle as clearly as though it were in spoken words.

When a Train Breaks

The brakeman raises and lowers his lantern vertically. "Go ahead!" it says to the engineer. The lantern swings back and forth. "Stop!" is the message it sends out. It swings vertically in a circle when the train is standing. "Back up!"—fast or slow, as the lantern is swung. When the light rotates swiftly in a short circle it says: "Kick a car!" This signal is used in switching.

A train will pull up to a switchlight; the glare changes from green to red; and a switchman waves his lantern in half-circles. "All right—all clear! Go ahead!" the signal reads to the engineer.

The conductor on the passenger station platform glances at his watch—leaving time! He swings his lantern in half-circles; from ahead the engine speaks and the train moves from the station. "All right, start!" the lantern said to the engineer.

Rumbling through the night, a heavy freight train with lurching and swaying cars goes by with jangling trucks and screeching wheels. Suddenly are heard the sharp hiss of air, the snap of brakeshoes to wheels and the grind of steel and jarring brakebeams.

Somewhere among those lurching forms a drawbar has pulled from its socket and, as the forward section forges ahead for a second, the airhose parts at the connection and the air sets automatically on every car.

From the caboose that trails behind brakemen, with lanterns in hand, rush for the ladder, climb it and run along the top, swinging their lanterns in circles at arm's length as they run. Ahead in the engine cab the engineer has felt the sudden application of air. He knows too well what it means. Quickly he releases the air on the section of which he had control and pulls out his throttle another notch. Have the cars broken apart? He sees the swinging lanterns of the brakemen then and those lanterns send the answer to his question: "We've broken apart; we've broken apart." Then he centers his attention on his engine, urges it forward so the rear section that still

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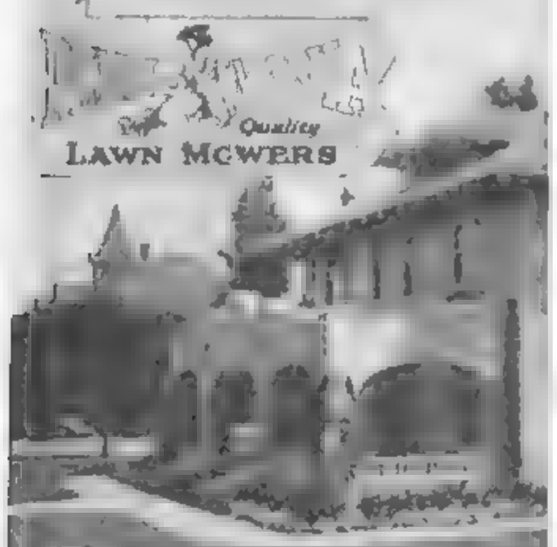

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moves from its momentum will not overtake that of which he has control, until the grip of the set brakes brings it to a halt.

A passenger train stands at a terminal station; lighted coaches are filling with passengers. The engine backs down from the roundhouse and couples, with a slight jar upon the coaches. A brakeman crawls between engine and forward coach and couples the airhose; then stands away and swings his lantern in a circle. "Try your air; apply airbrakes!" the signal commands the engineer. Then, as the engineer moves the airvalve at his side, the brakes snap to the wheels. The brakeman raises his lantern to arm's length above his head. "All right; release brakes!" the message comes to the engineer.

In the daytime all these signals are made by the arms and hands; and besides these standard signals many more are used which, though not listed in the book of rules, are in everyday use. Some cover local switching conditions; some are in use on all railroads; some cover train movements—but all convey a message.

It would be an impossibility to list all these signals in an article of this length. Indeed, if it were possible to secure the information, a book could easily be filled with the subject. The following signals are those most in use and those with which the writer has seen railroad men converse. They should be sufficient to prove that even the Indians could learn something from the railroad man of today in the way of sign language.

An engineer leans from his cab window and catches the eye of his conductor, who is "pulling pins" ten or twelve carlengths away. Then the engineer locks his two hands together in an arch and raises one hand afterward to his lips, as though drinking. The conductor flings his two hands upward in a quick gesture, turns toward a near-by brakeman, taps his head and pulls an imaginary something from one hand with the other. The brakeman runs forward, steps between the head car and the engine, and a second after the engine has pulled away down the yard.

Complicated Sign-Language

Not a word has been spoken, yet these messages have been conveyed: "I have got to go to the roundhouse or waterplug for water—the tank is low." "All right," the conductor replied. Then to the brakeman: "Pull the headpin!" or "Uncouple the engine!"

The switchman of a yardcrew is far down in the yard, where the tracks branch off the main lead. The conductor signals to him by raising both hands, with fingers outstretched, twice in rapid succession; then one hand is raised with closed fist.

"Let this car I am going to 'kick' off in on track 21," is the message flashed to the switchman.

From the switcher comes a short snappy toot. "Brakes!" it cries—"Danger!" A brakeman dashes toward the cars that have broken away and are tearing madly, without control, down the track. Swinging on the moving cars with easy grace, he climbs the ladder and tugs at the brake-wheel until the cars come to a halting stop.

In the main passenger tracks the yardmaster is talking with a conductor. From round the bend in the distance a train thrusts its nose. It is downgrade; the engineer has shut off the throttle and the train moves silently, except for the clicking of wheels against rail-joints and the rushing roar of air.

The engineer sees that the two men on the track have not heard the train's silent-toned note of warning. He reaches for the whistle lever. A succession of short, sharp blasts causes the two men on the track to jump hurriedly to one side; and, as the train rushes by, the engineer mocks them for their lack of caution by the long screech and short blast of the whistle. He has made his whistle say: "Look out! Look out! Well, you are a nice pair of railroad men you are—to go to sleep on a main track."

By his whistle the engineer says many things. He tells the flagman to go back and protect his train—five short blasts of the whistle accomplishes that. He calls the flagman in from the west or south by four whistles of a second's duration; if from the east or north he adds one short whistle to the four. By three long blasts he signals to the crew that the train has parted. He answers a signal from the conductor by two short blasts. He acknowledges a flag or some other signal ahead of his train by two

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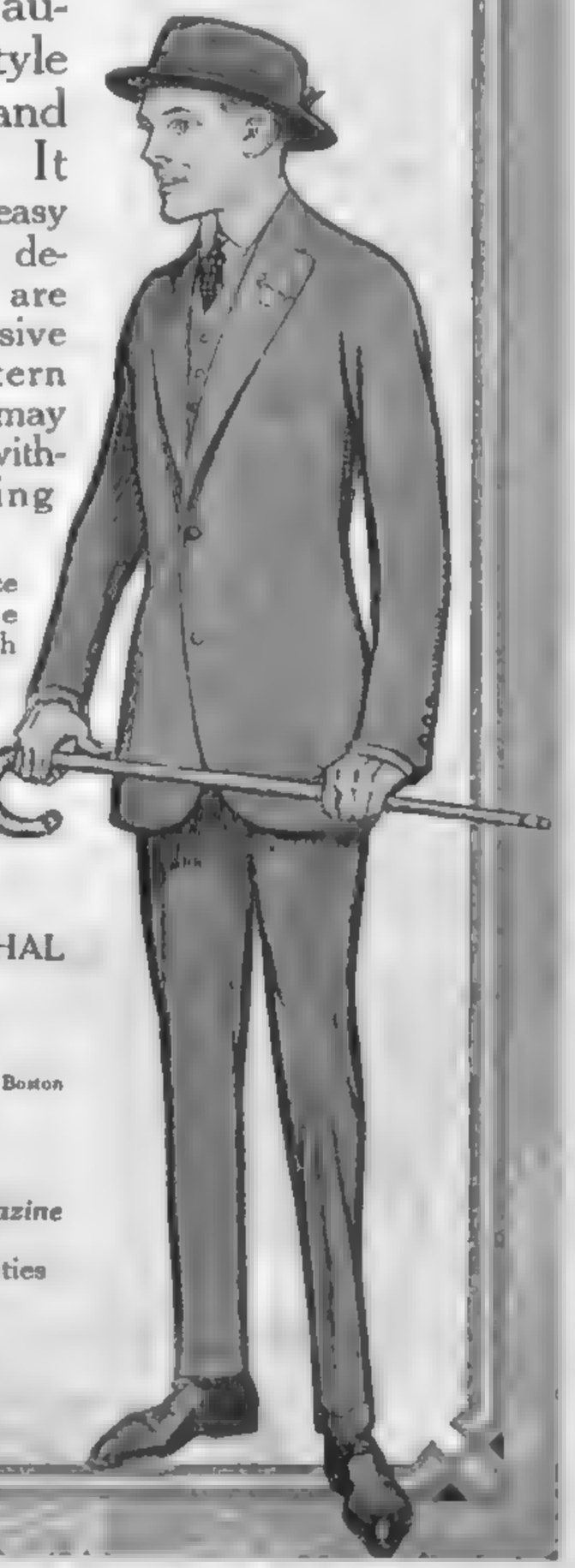

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short blasts followed by a long one. By three short whistles he notifies the train-crew that he will back up his train. He warns the towerman that he is standing at some signal, and waiting for the arm to drop so he may go ahead, by four short toots. Sometimes these are very impatient, especially if he is obliged to wait longer than he considers necessary.

A train comes tearing down the track, two green flags waving rigidly outstretched on the pilot. The operator at the country station hears the click of rails and comes to the door. From the oncoming engine a puff of steam rises out of the whistle; and the operator hears the one long, two short of the blare. His eyes drop to the green flags on the pilot and, as the train goes by in a whirl of dust, he seats himself at his key and flashes to the dispatcher at the end of the line: "First section 457 passed."

The whistles have called his attention to the green flags, which indicate a following section of a train.

The farmer, going to market, stops at the country railroad grade crossing as he hears the two long, two short whistles of the approaching engine, or, at the one long blast in the distance, hurries toward the station to watch the train come in.

A string of cars stands upon a yardtrack; from one a tiny light flares out, gradually increasing in volume until a reddish glare dances upon cars on neighboring tracks. Larger both the flame and reflection grow; there is the crackle of wood and sparks toss upward. Then from somewhere in the yard an engine whistle speaks out blatantly: "Fi-i-ire! Fire! Fire! Fire!" Again and again it echoes against the surrounding hills; and from all parts of the yard men respond on the run to where the flames flare now against the sky.

Pet Names for Tracks

In some of the yards the tracks still retain their old names, though numbers have been given them by the superintendent. These names are in non-official use among the men; and the conductor, instead of signaling the number of a track to his switchman, will convey the name to him. When you consider the names that designate these tracks you will acknowledge the ingenuity of the railroad man who first thought of the signal.

Crane, Horn, Middle, Back, House, Coal, Scale, Colonnade, Franklin, Steamboat, Major, Short, Long, Straight, Tank, Hole, "Rip," Lead and hundreds of other local names have been converted to the sign language by the railroad man.

For instance, the stroking of an imaginary beard would mean the Major; raising the arm as in lifting, the Crane; blowing an imaginary horn, the Horn. Shuffling the hands together or rotating the hands one over the other—making a signal that would convey ordinarily a mixup or wreck—when used to designate a track would mean the Rip, as all broken cars are sent to the Rip for repairs. So it goes through the whole list. A new man in a yard where these names are used is sometimes as much at sea to understand these signals as would be a non-railroader.

There is a law requiring the watering and feeding of livestock in transit every twenty-eight hours. A train pulls into a yard; the conductor goes to the yard office with his card manifests, which show the contents and destination of the cars. On the card manifest of the cattlecar the conductor has brought in next to his engine is stamped: "Fed at Buffalo at 11:45 P. M." The yardmaster glances at his watch; the twenty-eight hours have run out from the time of the last feeding; he goes to the door of the yard office and signals to the conductor of the switcher.

"Car of horns on the head end of 64; take down to the house to be fed and watered." This message he conveys by placing his two hands against his head, fingers outstretched; then one hand to his mouth, as if drinking, and pointing to the train, which has pulled into the yard.

The red, green or yellow semaphore lights on the fixed signals; the green or red of the switches at night; the raised or lowered arm; or the painted green, white or red of the switch-stands—all send out their messages. Red is always danger—stop! Green or white—proceed! Yellow, on the distant signal, means the home signal is set at danger—stop! Yellow is in use in some yards instead of white or green to signify safety or straight track. A switch which shows a red light signifies that the switch is set for that particular track; green, yellow or white, that the main track is clear—or "set for the main or lead track," as it is expressed.

The lights or flags on an engine all have their meanings. A regular train carries no flags or lights on the engine. An extra carries two white lights at night or two white flags by day. A train with two green flags or green lights is carrying signals for a following train—that is, it is the first or the second section, as the case may be, of a regular train that is following.

On the rear car of the train at night two red lights mark points in the darkness; but if the train were to pull on to a siding to allow another train to pass, the rear brakeman would change these lights, so that the green, which had shown at the sides, would now show at the rear. By day two green flags would be the markers.

By the traincord, which runs from car to car in a passenger train and communicates with the cab of the engine, the conductor talks with the engineer. "Increase steam in cars"; "Call in the flagman"; "Reduce speed"; "Increase speed"; "Stop at once"; "Stop at next station"; "Apply brakes"; "Release brakes"—these are some of the messages the conductor sends.

Torpedoes or "guns," as the railroad men call them, are used to signal an approaching train. They are attached to the rail by tin prongs and are intended to be used in addition to the regular signals. The report of one torpedo would signal the engineer to stop immediately. The explosion of two, about one rail-length apart, is a signal to bring the train immediately under control and to proceed only as the way is seen or known to be clear.

Railroad Fireworks

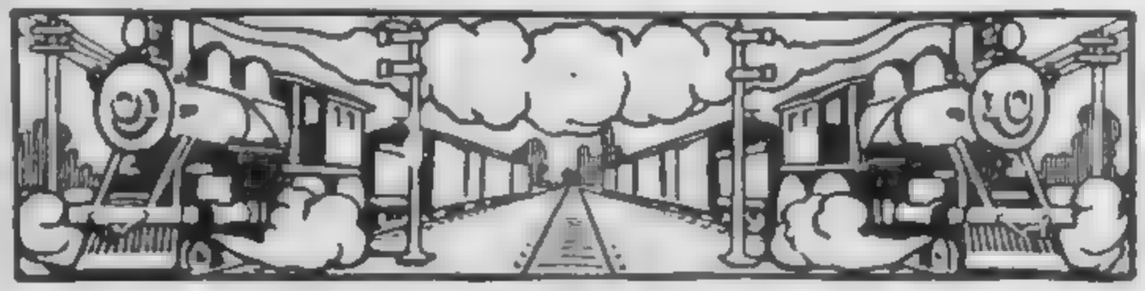
Red fuses burning on the track signify to the approaching engineer that a train has passed within ten minutes; and he governs his speed accordingly, so as to avert rear-end collisions. The absence of a light on a fixed signal, or any object waved by day—or a lantern by night—across the track, would mean danger to an engineer and he would bring his train to a stop.

Almost every division of the operating department has certain signals or signs that are in daily use. The repairmen, when at work on a broken car, place a blue flag by day, or a blue light at night, on the track before the car, which sends its warning to the men in the yard and protects them while at work.

In the telegraph department there are messages flashed back and forth over the wire that a commercial operator would find hard to interpret, for words are abbreviated, combinations of words are sent by one or two letters or numbers, and terms are used which to the outsider would be like some unknown tongue.

It is said that some two million men are at work upon the railroads in the United States. It is a dangerous occupation, as all are that depend upon the personal equation. Until within the last ten years the pay was low compared with the risks taken; and even now in some departments the men are not receiving what is demanded. When the number of men employed is taken into consideration—the conditions under which they work and the constant danger they have to face—the number of casualties is surprisingly small; large enough, it is true, in figures!

The signals and signs of the railroad man play an important part in both the safety of the public and that of the employee.



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Note in the X-Ray that the Parker Lucky Curve *curved feed tube* touches the barrel wall. Now that touch is what causes Capillary Attraction, and Capillary Attraction draws all ink down out of the Parker feed tube before your body heat sends the air up.

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X Ray view of Parker Lucky Curve Fountain Pen

The Forehanded Man

By WILL PAYNE

ONE of the many things the Money Trust investigators wished to know about was the promotion of the California Petroleum Corporation. They elicited the following information:

Messrs. Doheny and Canfield, being extensive and experienced operators in oilfields, owned two petroleum concerns in California known as the American Petroleum Company and the American Oilfields Company. Last fall they decided to combine the two companies and incidentally realize some cash. They enlisted the powerful assistance of an eminent firm of private bankers in the Wall Street district.

A new company, called the California Petroleum Corporation, was then organized under the laws of Virginia. To all intents and purposes the two promoters constituted the two old companies, while they, together with the bankers, also constituted the new company.

The new company issued to Messrs. Doheny and Canfield $11,997,024 of seven per cent cumulative preferred stock and $13,513,981 of common stock in exchange for the stock of the old companies; and Messrs. Doheny and Canfield agreed to sell to the bankers ten million dollars' worth of this new preferred stock and $7,572,845 of the new common for $8,215,662 cash, of which four million dollars was to be paid when the organization of the new company was complete, and the remainder within sixty days.

The bankers then took in three other private banking houses to participate with them in this purchase—forming what may be termed the ground-floor syndicate.

As soon as the ground-floor syndicate completed its arrangements, two second-story or sub-syndicates were formed, each of which agreed to purchase five million dollars' worth of the new preferred stock and two million and a half of the new common for five millions cash. In other words, the ground-floor syndicate paid in round figures eighty-two cents on the dollar for the preferred stock, and for each hundred dollars of the preferred got, as a bonus, seventy-five dollars of common stock; while the second-story syndicates paid par for the preferred stock, and with each hundred dollars of preferred got, as a bonus, only fifty dollars of common stock.

Second-Story Profits

Thus, on the turnover to the second-story syndicates, the ground-floor syndicate made a profit of $1,784,338 cash and $2,572,845, par value, of common stock.

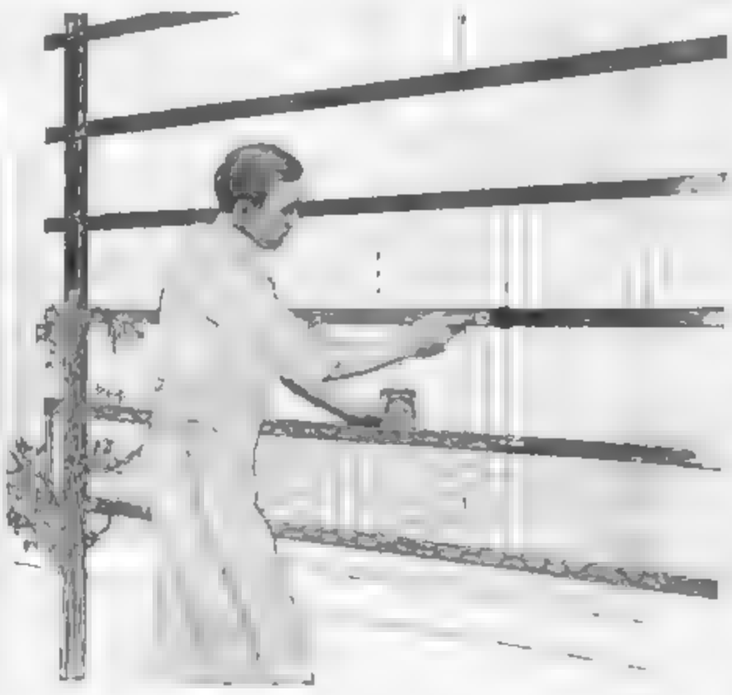
However, the second-story syndicates had nothing whatever to complain of. One of them was a London affair. In the New York syndicate there were a hundred and four subscribers, large and small, including the members of the ground-floor syndicate. The membership included some banks and bank officers in New York, Chicago and Detroit.

Meanwhile the ground-floor members were making arrangements to sell the stock to what might be called outsiders—or, at least, third-story participants. They did, in fact, sell all of it immediately to these third-story participants at a profit of just a fraction under ten per cent over the second-story price. Thus members of the second-story syndicate never put up a dollar or even had possession of the stock! They simply divided up among themselves a profit of about half a million dollars.

The shares were then listed on the New York Stock Exchange and one of the ground-floor members undertook to make a market for them—chiefly, it was explained, by giving to brokers buying orders on a scale-down and selling orders on a scale-up. Thus if the stock declined there would always be orders in the market for its purchase, and if it advanced there would always be orders for its sale. The result was a very brisk trade in the issues. Within a month the preferred sold up to ninety-five dollars a share and the common to seventy-two.

So the third-floor participants had nothing to complain of either, for any of them who wished to do so could have sold out at a nice profit. At this writing the common stock is selling at about fifty dollars a

Paint for Odd Jobs



Unpainted screens will rust out in a summer when they should last several seasons.

Unpainted woodwork will warp and rot, because exposed to sun and rain.

Unpainted trellises and grape arbors will fall down and become useless.

Unpainted things lose that spick-span newness and get beyond repair.

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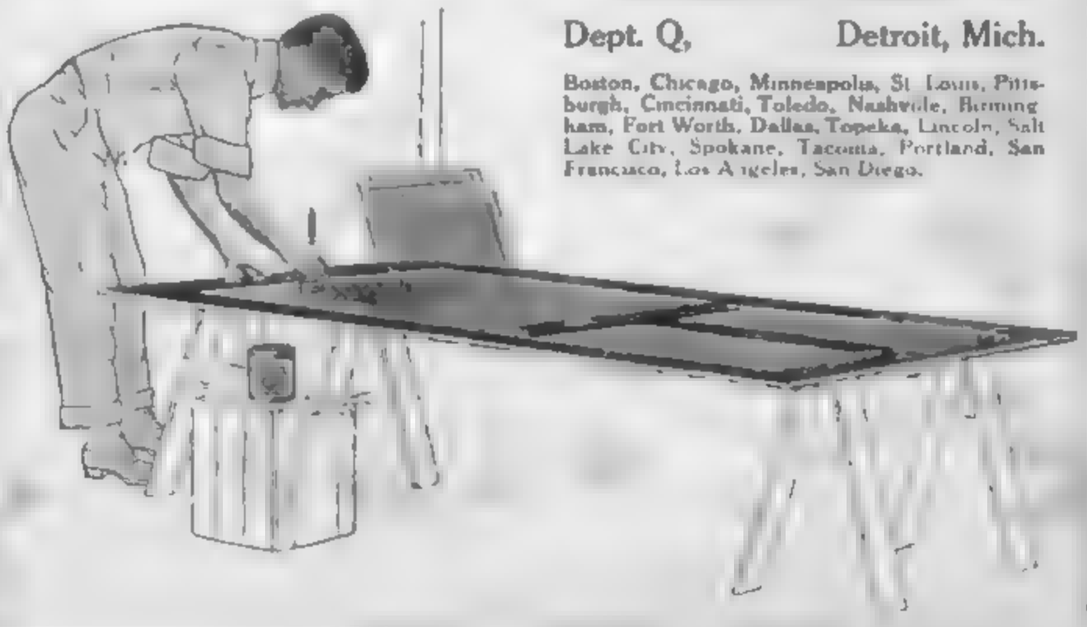

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share and the preferred at about eighty; at which price the shares sold to the ground-floor syndicate would be worth about three and a half million dollars more than was paid for them.

A farmer might conclude that this was an excessive shave. The answer would be that no one was under the slightest compulsion to purchase the stock, and that persons in a position to make these flotations successfully do not offer their services and take whatever risks there may be, except at a round profit.

Other petroleum flotations have been made in Wall Street recently. No doubt there will be more of them in the future. This illustration will serve to show about how they are handled.

As a matter of fact if oil stocks are to be sold to the public at all there is much to be said in favor of the Wall Street method. Ever since the days of Coal-Oil Johnny petroleum has had a strong fascination for speculative small investors, and the number of fake and wildcat oil propositions that have been unloaded on the public probably equals the number of fake gold mines, which is saying a great deal.

Formerly the common method was to sell the stock by means of touting newspaper advertisements, which were often rank frauds on their face because they pretended to offer complete security and perfect certainty of very high returns. You can set it down once for all that anybody who pretends to offer you absolute security and certainty of thirty or forty or fifty per cent on your money is a faker.

Where these two elements of security and assurance of great profits are found together—as they were, for example, in the Standard Oil Company—the stock is not offered to the public at par, any more than a man with a thousand barrels of oil worth two dollars and a half a barrel goes about begging somebody to take it off his hands at fifty cents.

The Wall Street scheme gives an opportunity to go into oil on what may be called a legitimate speculative basis. The stocks are brought out and put on the market under conditions that give assurance that at least there are real producing oil properties behind them; that the statements made concerning them are tolerably accurate; and that a man who is disposed to take a gamble in oil will get a run for his money. Possibly he will not run far, but at least he will not be robbed before he gets through the gate.

Oil Prices Rising

Probably the enormous expansion in petroleum production in recent years is not generally realized. In 1880 the country produced twenty-six million barrels of petroleum and practically all of it came from Pennsylvania—the only other fields, Ohio and West Virginia, yielding less than one per cent of the total. Now Pennsylvania's output is only four per cent of the total.

As late as 1900 the total production in this country was only sixty-four million barrels. Then the California, Illinois, Oklahoma and other fields began coming in. Last year California alone produced eighty-seven million barrels—considerably more than the total production of the country twelve years ago. Illinois and Oklahoma together produced as much more, and the total production much exceeded two hundred million barrels.

Notwithstanding more than a threefold increase in production in twelve years, however, the price of petroleum has been steadily advancing of late. In short, consumption has increased quite as much as production. The enormously increased use of gasoline engines—in automobiles and elsewhere—has been one factor in the increased consumption; but gasoline is only one of the products of crude oil, and of late the use of oil-burning engines for railroads and steamships has risen greatly.

The Union Pacific, Southern Pacific and Santa Fe railroads, for example, now use oil instead of coal for the greater part of their lines. That oil, under certain conditions, is much superior to coal has been thoroughly demonstrated. The railroads mentioned save several million dollars a year by using it.

The use of oil for transportation involves a considerable capital outlay however. A railroad or steamship company would not equip its engines to use oil unless it were assured of a steady supply and dependable reserve of that fuel; so it may fairly be said that increased production was a chief factor in bringing about increased consumption—for without a great and steady supply and large reserves the capital outlay necessary for the use of oil would not have been made.

Indeed, oil men argue that the greater the production, the greater the consumption will be: and it is a fact that no one can see a probable end to the use of oil, provided a steady supply can be assured. So far, at any rate, we have seen an immense increase in production, and a rising price—two things that usually do not go together.

There was undoubtedly a time when independent producers were to some extent at the mercy of the Oil Trust, which, as nearly the sole purchaser, could exert a powerful influence on prices; but the new uses of oil have brought purchasers quite outside of the trust—and, at any rate, the oil industry has grown much faster than the trust has.

The Trend Toward Stability

Leaving aside any question of the practical effect of the recent dissolution, since 1900 the trust may have grown from six to nine, or six to twelve, while the oil industry has grown from six to twenty; and the oil industry outside the trust has been subject to the same influences—making for consolidation and concentration—that are visible in so many other directions.

Broadly speaking, the value of a given oil well is primarily a question of transportation, depending less on the price at New York than on how the oil is going to get to New York or to some other consuming point. There are said to be immense quantities of excellent oil in Mexico that can be bought at about ten cents a barrel. It is worth nearly two dollars and a half a barrel on the Atlantic seaboard, but there is no practicable way of getting it there. To provide a practicable way requires a large outlay of capital—for tanks, docks, pipelines, ships, and so on.

A single oil well might be virtually worthless because its output would not pay interest on the capital investment necessary to transport it; or a single well might be at the mercy of whoever owned the transportation. Hence, logically, the trend toward consolidation—the advantage of a big concern in the matter of building or controlling transportation being obvious.

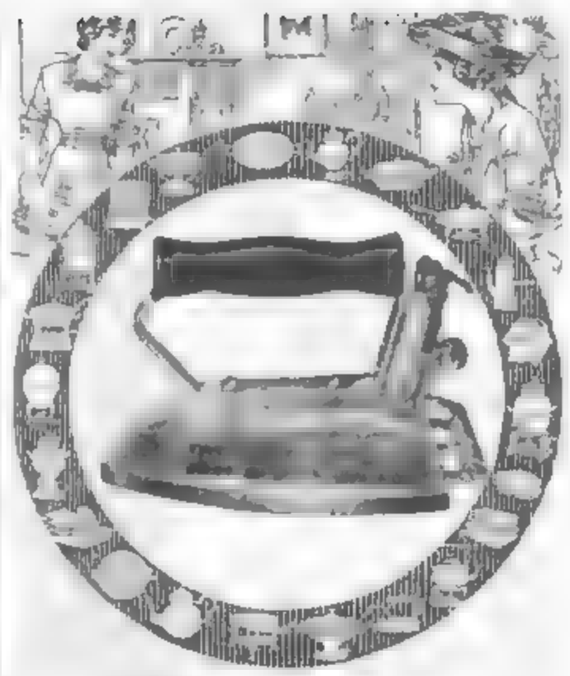
One of the largest fields in California, for example, is in the southern end of the San Joaquin Valley, about a hundred and twenty-five miles north of Los Angeles and something like two hundred miles south of San Francisco. The field produces over one hundred thousand barrels a day, and the problem is to get it to tidewater. Four pipelines were built running northward to San Francisco Bay and to Monterey; and, of late, another pipeline has been built running southward to Los Angeles and San Pedro Harbor.

The latter was built by a group of men who, having decided that the pipeline was feasible and would be profitable, gathered up some ten thousand acres of oil land—enough, according to the engineers' calculations, to feed the pipeline at least fifteen thousand barrels a day. With that assurance several million dollars were invested in the pipeline, refineries at tidewater, storage tanks, and so on—making a complete plant. Other consolidations are big and strong enough to have no fear of being put in a hole on the transportation side.

Within the last year or two Wall Street has been taking a very lively interest in these petroleum consolidations and promotions. It is not, of course, a philanthropic interest. The petroleum industry outside the trust has reached a point where it requires extensive financing. It goes to headquarters for the article and on the whole pays a handsome price.

Needless to say, trustworthy houses do not offer oil stocks to the public as gilt-edge investments into which a widow may put her life-insurance money with complete assurance of finding it again a dozen years hence. But, under modern engineering practices, it is possible, by boring into the oil-bearing sands, to get an approximate idea of the quantity of oil underground at a given place; and the whole business appears to be taking on greater stability from the investor's point of view.

Some of the third-story participations—the only sort at which the ordinary investor gets a chance—have been profitable. You do get a run for your money—but you should not go in unless you are prepared to run for it.



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The Electric Iron That Solves The Ironing Problem

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The heat storage device, inside of the iron, maintains a working-temperature with the current connected only half the time.

The heat does not escape through the top of the iron but goes right to the bottom.

The cost of operation is only 2½c an hour.

The heating unit is practically indestructible. To test it, a current has been kept running through this iron continuously for a solid year.

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The Royal-Rochester Electric Iron makes ironing almost a pleasure. No rushing back and forth to change irons over a blazing stove. You can do your week's ironing in comfort where it is cool. If you like, the connecting cord can be passed through the window for use on the veranda. Handy for pressing out things when sewing. Convenient at summer hotels.

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Regulation six-pound size. Price $3.50. Guaranteed for ten years.

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If you don't easily find a Royal Rochester dealer in your town write us. We will send his name.

When you want percolators, egg boilers, chafing dishes or anything in fancy table or stove-top for the Royal Rochester line, look for it stamped on each piece.

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Rochester, N. Y.

New York Show Rooms
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White Tar Bags

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It's the modern way of applying plaster and stucco. It's the only method that is even *considered* nowadays in planning buildings where *permanency with economy* is a vital factor. Remember this when planning your *home.* Build for the future in the most economical way—with KNO-BURN Metal Lath for the inside walls and ceilings, and KNO-FUR Metal Lath for the exterior.

KNO-BURN METAL LATH

is a flat sheet of metal fabric with a web-like mesh that completely imbeds itself in the plaster. This form of construction produces a reinforced concrete like wall. The plaster simply *can't* come off

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STRENGTH —KNO-BURN METAL LATH on account of its rigidity assures a smooth wall that will never warp, buckle or crack

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LOS ANGELES INVESTMENT COMPANY
776 South Broadway Los Angeles, California

THE ACT THAT MADE GOOD AT McGAVIN'S

(Continued from Page 16)

was ably directing her music. It made her certain that he recognized an artist. She took up the second verse. In the middle of it a lusty clapping began. Did they think it was finished? She sang with increasing effort, but louder came the clapping. They were marking time with their hands! The sailors looked angrily round. McGavin abruptly disappeared. Next she saw him darting past tables and into the rear of the hall, where the measured clapping had started. The whole house marked time, while the dreadful shout rose high:

"R-r-r-r-rotten!"

Dollie looked at the blackface comedian, remembering his advice. Should she go?

"Don't get excited. Stay where you are!" commanded the leader. She was suddenly in a flame of rage and unable to send forth a note. She was not rotten! They had nothing so good as her act in a resort of this class. Unjust! Unjust! One sailor, his face working, came close to the footlights and peered up at her.

"I'm goin' to lam the breath out of some of 'em, little one!" he shouted. "Come on, boys—let's shut 'em up!"

In the tumult the waiters resumed their hawking.

"Dreenks! Seegahs!" they called. Doors slammed. McGavin's sturdy bouncers were at work. The sailors went, two by two, to the aid of the bouncers, the balance of the audience laughingly marking time with their hands. Dollie saw McGavin intrepidly catch a loutish patron by the collar. A bottle was flung at one of the sailors, who bore his assailant under a table.

"Oh, Heavens!" cried Dollie, still in the center of the stage.

"It's all right! Keep your head! Stay where you are!" she heard.

The leader sharply raised his baton. Then—silence, except for heavy breathing and the scrape of a chair on the cement floor. She sang the first verse of Romeo as the sailors tiptoed to their seats. There was no further disturbance. Why—Why didn't they like it when she had done her very best for them? Maybe it was better to play to audiences with women present. But men were usually partial to dancing acts. They should like her whether they wanted to or not! With dazzling smiles, she danced to the edge of the footlights and sang with all the art she knew:

Let me be your Romeo!
You'll find me everywhere you go.
Lovey! Dovey! You're my little queen!
Sweetest gal I ever, ever seen!
Say you will! Tell your Bill
He can be your ragtime Romeo!

"Once more!" prompted the leader, and she repeated it. The quartet—Howe & Hamlin's pluggers!—then joined her; and, heartened by such unexpected support, she remembered the business she had worked up for Romeo to amuse Benny. She cajoled, threatened in mock anger, and captivatingly entreated—she danced until her toes seemed made of steel; and the audience, the entranced sailors joyously directing, replied in the words of the chorus, each man begging her to let him be her Romeo, until, kissing her hands to them, she danced across the stage and off, leaving them applauding, but not in derision now.

"Amateur? You've got to tell me who you are," whispered McGavin as he met her. "Hurry and dress! Then I'll take you home. I've ordered an automobile from Brooklyn and it's due any minute."

"Oh, no—the Elevated," Dollie protested; "and I'm going alone."

"Don't be so sure you are!" he bantered. His black eyes were tender.

She scrubbed her makeup off in high excitement. She had made good! It was honestly won applause. If the booking agents had stayed in front they would realize that a girl able to get a house after an unfavorable reception was a factor in vaudeville. She would put out the fine act suggested by Lawler & Gordon, costumes to be by a celebrated designer, special music, special scenery! The stage was where she belonged!

"The machine is here."

Dollie jumped and, fastening a final hook, asked McGavin to wait. She must inform him, kindly and plainly, that their acquaintance ended here. It would teach him to be less presumptuous. Or would it not be easier to raise that window and step out into the street? She turned, with a gasp of dismay! The door had not been tightly latched—had swung open an inch; and, seeing her dressed and hatted, McGavin entered, whereat Dollie blushed, fumbling with the long silk coat that covered her gown of blue cloth.

"I can't let you take me where I live. You really can't!" she exclaimed.

"Yes I can. There's about twenty sailors in the alley, waiting to give you a banquet. I don't figure you as the sailor-banquet sort, somehow."

"They are? But they mean well, I suppose. I should simply decline and walk by them."

"They've had rather too much beer to think you meant it. You fooled me with your amateur talk, didn't you? Don't you owe me your right name and address for that?"

"I live—in Brooklyn."

"So do I," said McGavin.

They stared at each other.

"Come! The car's outside."

"No! And I won't have attentions forced on me!"

"You can't go through Coney Island at twelve-thirty in the morning by yourself, girl! The trains are full of drunken men and tough women. Here—I'll take you by train if you'd rather. And I'll protect you as I would my own sister. Do you think I'm lying? Look at me! Do you?"

"I don't know! But I have to go alone, Mr. McGavin—oh, what's that?"

"It's that gang in the alley singing Let Me Be Your Romeo. If you'll go in the train I'll leave you at any point you say."

"You truly will?"

"Yes."

"That's a bargain, then—for I am a little afraid of those men."

They left by the Surf Avenue entrance, employees and audience moving respectfully aside. Dollie stopped the elderly stagehand. Only he heard her say:

"He'll only go a little way on the train with me. What's your name, please?"

"Dennis Murphy. Remember what I told you!"

She nodded briefly.

The train was full. Many stood in the aisles. Couples sat with arms about necks, dozing or singing. Families with fretful children were piled in three to a seat. The train was not an express, and several seats emptied at the first stop. Dollie and McGavin discussed her success.

"You have a splendid act!" he assured her. "You said you lived in Brooklyn? This train makes all the stops between here and City Hall."

"I told you a story. I live in New York," Dollie admitted.

"So do I," he laughed. "And as we've come this far without me eating you, may I go the rest of the way?"

"I shall take the Subway at the bridge. No, you can't come. I'm sorry."

"And when'll I see you again?"

His black eyes were all gentleness. The hand lying near hers trembled—he moved his and she quietly withdrew hers, looking straight at him.

"I'm afraid that will be never."

"Oh, no! You—Lord, do you know how sweet you are? I named you right. You are a rose—and you're going to be my rose!"

"Let go my hand! Mr. McGavin, are you crazy?"

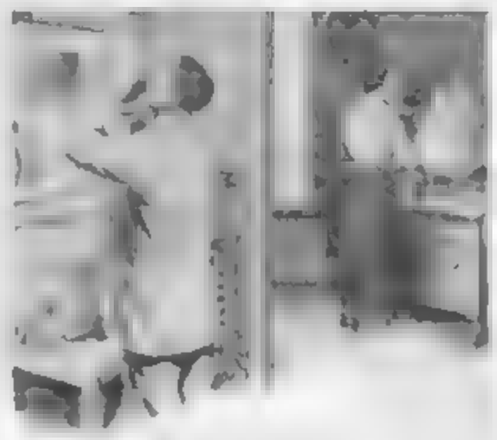
"I haven't far to go, I guess. A minute after you were inside the theater you had me roped and tied for keeps. No—wait; I won't touch your hand—I can give you things you don't know are in the world. I'm not McGavin of Coney Island for nothing, believe me! Diamonds, clothes—yes, the whole bankroll could go for you, sweetness! Careful—the woman across the aisle is looking at you."

She half rose and a drunken man ahead, hanging over a seat, leered at her, the woman with him laughing shrilly. Dollie sat down, shrinking nearer the window. McGavin did not press closer to her, but he said with passion:

"I'll give you all I've got!"

"You don't seem to be offering me your name with it," she said haughtily.

All the year satisfaction!



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A size 1 19-S IDEAL Boiler and 154 sq. ft. of 38-in. AMERICAN Radiators, costing $130 when installed in a six-room cottage, will heat it in the coldest weather and maintain the proper temperature in all rooms. Other sizes for other conditions.

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"Well-dressed" for $17

The wide-awake, aggressive American of today demands "good clothes"—clothes that express the best there is in him and give him "individuality". Many men, however, think they can't buy clothes that will do them justice for less than $25.

If you are one of these, Styleplus Clothes $17 will open your eyes; they will give you *style, appearance, comfort* and *long wear* in fullest measure at $3 to $8 less than you have often paid for equal qualities in your suits.

We apply *scientific economy* throughout our vast plant. Into this *one* suit—Styleplus Clothes $17—we throw our tremendous resources—and *you* are the actual gainer to the extent of $3 to $8.

Styleplus Clothes $17

"The same price the world over"

are *genuine, sound* values from the bottom up. The skeleton is made with the same minute care as the "parts which show". Fabric all-wool and of exclusive patterns; canvas and tape watershrunk; coats hand-tailored; button-holes all hand-made; linings iron-strong. Try one on and see how well it makes you look for $3 to $8 less. Ask to see some of these!

Norfolk Coat and Trousers. Scotch cheviot effects and blue serges. Modish and serviceable.

Suits. Also made in Fancy Scotch cheviot effects, cassimeres and worsteds—Extreme or modified styles.

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Look for this label in the coat

Styleplus Clothes

"Name? Marry, you mean? Well, it's a little early for that, but I guess I'd be willing. Yes, I would! You've made good with me."

"You really mean that?"

"I certainly do, sweetheart. Now is it all right? I'm so used to the Island type that I didn't begin as I should have. I know you're a good girl and I respect decent women; and I've treated you with respect."

Dollie's head drooped as she said:

"I thought you were just a bad, tough man, and you're not—and I'm awfully, awfully sorry; but I couldn't care for anybody but—but one—and he's the dearest, the—you see, I'm married!"

"You're married? You're—— What kind of a swine is he, letting you kite round Coney Island and other men making love to you—eh? I ought to —— Just kiddin' me along, were you?"

"My husband doesn't know it! Don't you dare to think he does! I used to be a professional and I got lonesome for the footlights, and I saw that ad of yours about amateur night. So I went down there to see if I could win out on my own—and I did, for that matter. I was a success, though I realize now I ought not to have gone. I'm sorry you feel badly; but I hadn't any idea you could—could feel so ——"

"Success! Howe & Hamlin's pluggers would have chased you off the stage if I hadn't gone out and ordered my waiters and bouncers to start the applause, and told those pluggers I'd never let them in the joint again unless they boosted you. Success! You've made a mark out of me in my own theater—and I was willing to go the route for you! But I'm going home with you just the same and ask your precious husband if he likes his wife making a mark out of another man—you and your cursed big eyes!"

"Let me by—or you'll regret it!"

Dollie had spirit left; and she was out of the seat, past McGavin, the leering pair and the engrossed woman in the opposite seat, fleeing to the door of the car as the train rumbled over the Brooklyn Bridge—the end of its journey. Down long flights of steps and through the terminal she raced. The Subway? Passengers from the car she had ridden in would be in the Subway station. She would take a surface car.

"My purse? I dropped it! And I haven't a cent!"

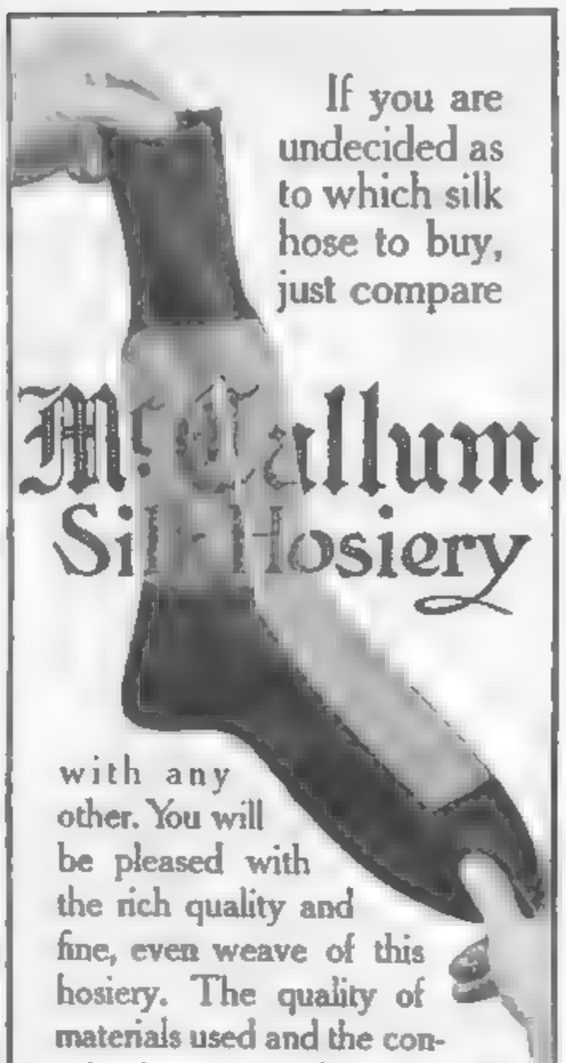
She faced Park Row as she discovered the loss. Under the flaring arclights she stopped. A newsboy alertly offered her an unsold extra; a passing man gave her a significant smile. She planned stupidly, appalled by her situation. Go into the drug store in the Pulitzer Building and ask a clerk to keep her suitcase as security for a five-cent loan? But he wouldn't want a pink dancing costume, though it was a good suitcase. If there was a taxi in sight she could ride uptown and pay after she reached the apartment—but then she had nothing to tip the curious newsboy with if she sent him for one, and she could not telephone!

"I'll get on a Broadway car and tell the conductor. If I'd only worn just one ring!" she lamented. The greater horror of the scene with McGavin swept her thoughts to him—and to Benny, likely to be at home awaiting her in puzzlement and anger:

"It was my fault! I saw he liked me and didn't try to stop him. Oh, Benny, suppose you won't forgive me for being such an ungrateful wretch as I am!"

Dollie walked through City Hall Park, trying to keep the tears from streaking her face—trying to be calm, so she could speak convincingly to the car conductor. It was nearly two o'clock. Lower Broadway was silent. A long row of mail wagons was ranked at the post-office. The crash of a train on the Sixth Avenue Elevated, the toneless cry of the newsboy who had importuned her, were the noises of a section where in daylight uproarious traffic was unceasing. A wind from the waterfront blew up Broadway and the air had the tang of the approaching autumn. She slackened her pace. Benny might refuse to harbor such a wife and bid her go back to vaudeville and stay there! She hadn't even been a real success, McGavin said—and perhaps it was so.

Vaudeville—where they hated those who won and sneered at the ones left behind! That sister team at McGavin's was typical—except that in finer theaters jealousy



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American Optical Company
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Largest makers of spectacles, eyeglasses and lenses in the world

was better hidden. Independent! Why had she prattled such foolishness to the old stagehand? He knew! Home was the best, the safest place; and if she had lost hers —— Swift steps behind her caused her to scurry forward; but, speedy as she was, the steps gained on her. The light of a car glowed far down Broadway. She went faster, until she ran—and the pursuer ran too! McGavin! She flew ahead, eyes seeking a policeman—any one!

"Hey! Wait! Mrs. Von Linden! It's only me!"

She turned, panting.

"Sammy—Sammy Martin! Oh, I thought—I thought "

"Sure you did; but it's only me. Quit shakin'! I'm with you, ain't I?"

"You don't know what I've done or where I've been, Sammy!"

"Sure, I know!" said Sammy.

"Wh-What!"

"Me an' Benny had the seat behind you an' that guy!"

Dollie, stricken, abused herself before him, quavering:

"Where's Benny? Where's Benny?"

"I left him in the train givin' McGavin the lacin' of his life. Ben never did have any use for him. Then I come after you."

"He'll kill my Benny—an' I'm to blame!"

"Aw, he won't kill no one—not that he can't go some, for they say he kin; but Benny used to work with Kid McCoy! He'll what? Git pinched? If he does they won't hold him. He knows the whole outfit over at police headquarters—an' here he is, himself!"

A lean, long-legged young man in a light-colored overcoat, with one lapel torn loose, was coming. Dollie, shamed and trembling, moved toward him.

"If you don't want me any more say so quick!" Dollie cried.

Benny Von Linden laughed as his arms encircled the wilting little figure.

"You'll have to be a sensible girl after this!" said he.

"Benny! Benny! Do you forgive me?"

"Hully gee!" said Sammy with exquisite emotion, addressing the Pulitzer Building clock.

"Benny?" sobbed Dollie.

"Yes, dearie?"

"Wu-Will you kiss a pu-perfect lunatic?"

"I was just going to!" said Benny.

Gallant Vampe

A GENTLEMAN who had all the earmarks of a foreign nobleman about him, including the whiskers and the handkerchief up the sleeve, sat in a Broadway restaurant eating one dish after another, until his range of appetite and his marvelous capacity won him the attention of a group of men headed by Mason Peters, who were at the next table consuming highballs.

One order after another—soup, fish, roast, entrée, salad, side dishes—disappeared down the strange gentleman's throat. He had eaten enough for three and still was not satisfied.

He whispered to the waiter. The waiter went away; the foreigner waited; the group at the next table waited.

Presently the waiter reappeared bearing upon a platter an enormous rum omelet, surrounded by a halo of blue flames. That was the last straw!

"To the pumps, men!" shouted Peters.

And, like gallant volunteer firemen, they grabbed up the seltzer siphons and put out the fire.

Priceless Tears

BEFORE General Luke Wright became governor-general of the Philippines he practiced law in Memphis. It so befell on one occasion that he was engaged to defend a man for murder, while his son was the state prosecutor.

In his final argument, while pleading with the jurors to free his client, General Wright wept copiously. As he finished his speech and sat down, wiping his still streaming eyes, the younger Wright rose to close the case for the commonwealth.

"Gentlemen of the jury," he began, "I am overcome with admiration for my father. He has powers which even I, his son, did not suspect he possessed. You behold him shedding tears for his client, who I am informed has paid him only a small fee. Gentlemen of the jury, I never before knew my father could weep in court for less than five thousand dollars!"

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Electric Starter and Lighter

For Gasoline Automobiles

Without exception, automobile manufacturers praise the U-S-L Electric Starter and Lighter as the logical solution of the car lighting and starting problem. The car maker's only objection to it is its higher price—the very reason the purchaser should choose the car that is U-S-L equipped.

The U-S-L *is* higher priced—the highest priced starter and lighter manufactured. Not arbitrarily so, but because of its very nature as the direct-connected system—the only one that takes the place of the fly-wheel. It *costs* more and is worth it

You, as a purchaser and user of a car, naturally want the one where, in the selection of equipment, service is put above price. You may well accept the presence of the U-S-L Starter and Lighter as an indication of thorough quality in every part of the car. It means that the maker does not allow a few dollars to stand in the way of your convenience and satisfaction.

Select a car equipped with the U-S-L Electric Starter and Lighter, not only because it is a mark of high intent in automobile building, but because:

- It takes the place of the flywheel and is an integral part of the engine.
- It has *great* power.
- It turns the engine over at 150 to 400 revolutions per minute.
- It does not add a moving part.
- It has no chains, sprockets, gears nor belts—no bearings to be oiled.
- It is absolutely noiseless.
- It does not add weight to the car.
- It starts the engine at once—100 times out of 100.

Adopted by

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The U-S-L Electric Starter and Lighter is the product of the greatest corps of engineers in the world devoted to specialized electrical manufacture. It has the endorsement of the foremost technical men and technical publications of the country.

It embodies a special motor-generator or dynamo which is bolted to the engine shaft, the armature revolving in place of the usual fly-wheel. The weight is kept central. Thus you have a *direct connection* with the engine—no belts, gears nor sprockets, and what is highly important, *nothing to oil*, nothing to require attention nor get out of order. A press of the button starts the engine with a smooth, easy, quiet, non-jerking revolution.

A Complete Lighting Plant. At a fixed speed, the starter automatically converts into a generator for recharging and lighting, supplying current even for large electric signs of commercial vehicles. No other generator needed.

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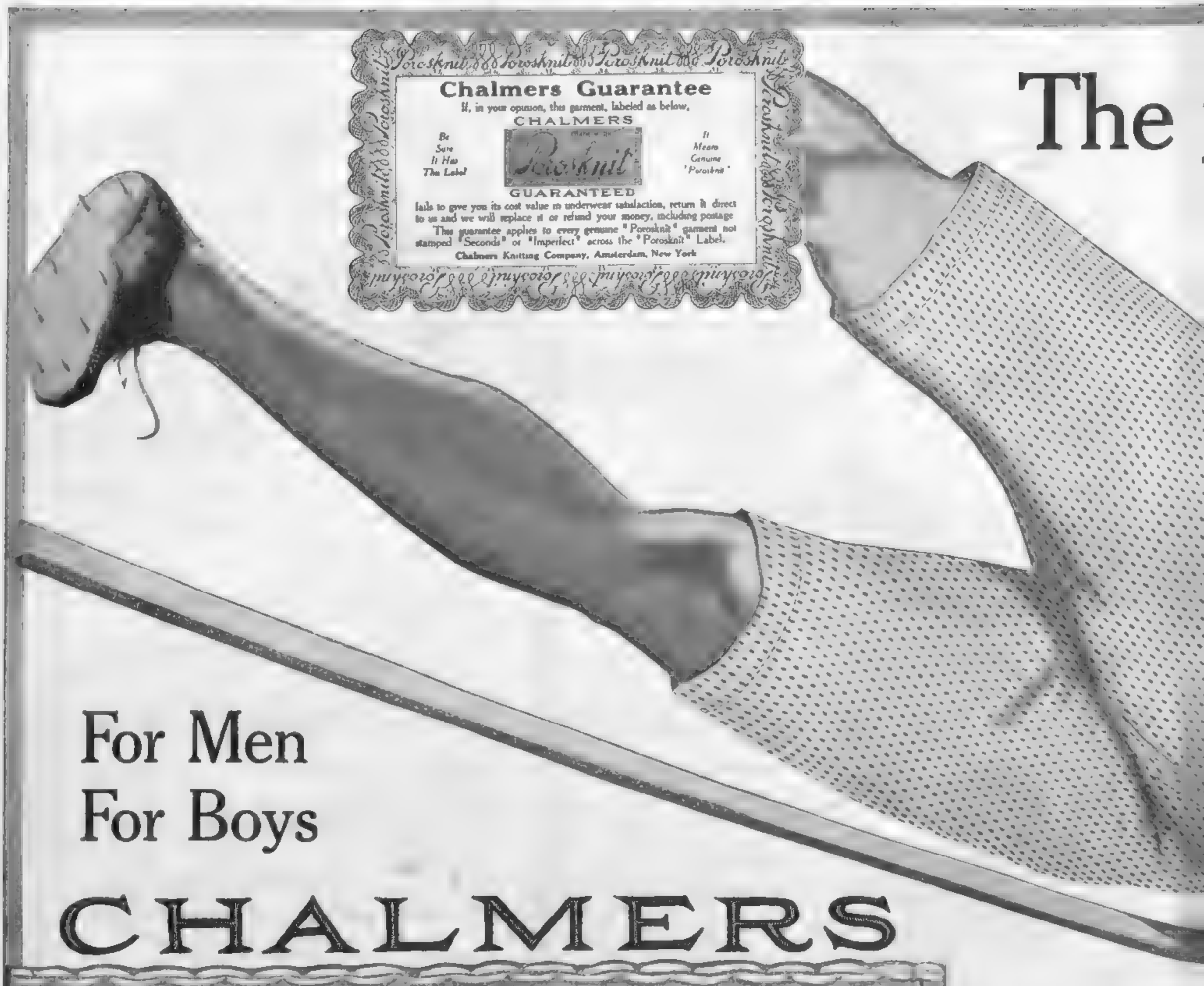
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No word could be said—no argument made—regarding the good quality, durability, fit and comfort of genuine "Porosknit" so unanswerable as this: It is absolutely guaranteed. Read the Guarantee Bond.

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n Suit has solved this. The elastic fitting back, in
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it" at every turn and bend of the body, and thus prevents "short-
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sed-crotch garment that you really enjoy. No gaping between
Many like the ¾ length with covered knee and free ankle.

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by absorption and evaporation of perspiration. Made possible by
ped yarn. The softness of this yarn saves your skin from irritation.

mfortable, healthful "Porosknit" (Union Suit or separate garments).
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"Jim told Bill about Velvet - Bill filled my pipe several times, and now the whole office is full of red tins - we're all smoking Velvet the smoothest tobacco."
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10¢ TINS
Handy 5¢ bags
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WHAT NEXT?

Telephoning Simplified

TO DO away with two of the worst irritations of telephoning—the possible missing of an important message if the telephone is left unattended and the "Line busy" annoyance—telephone exchanges now often have a message operator.

A doctor may be forced to leave his office or his home when there is no person available to answer the telephone during his absence, and by so doing he risks missing a call from some patient. Under the new system he tells the message operator at the telephone exchange that he is obliged to leave his telephone unattended and gives her his number. She has his telephone line switched to her own desk, so that any call for his number rings her bell. If a call comes for the doctor she takes the message, promising to deliver it to him later. All that the doctor has to do on his return to his house or office is to call up the message operator and inquire whether any message has been left for him.

The message operator is useful also when the report "Line busy" or "No answer" is given repeatedly to some important call. She is notified that a certain number is wanted and at regular intervals she makes the call. When she finally succeeds in getting the number she calls up the man who desired it and connects his line.

In one large city the message operator is proving a great success, though the experiment has not been going on long enough to show its adaptability to all conditions. Expensive additions to switchboard apparatus might be needed to put the idea to practical use for all subscribers; but in this one case many subscribers have been willing to pay an extra fee for the service.

The Radium Boom

RADIUM mining is suddenly having such a development in the United States, England, Australia, and several other countries, that the warning cry of a possible overproduction has just been raised. Three to five grams of pure radium a year is the world's output at present, but the combined production claims of the new mines amount to more than twenty grams. Any such quantity as that would glut the market and shatter the present price of somewhere between eighty and one hundred thousand dollars a gram. London is having such a radium mining boom at present that several companies have raised funds to begin or extend operations in Cornwall and in Australia. Meanwhile the original radium works at Joachimsthal, Bohemia, continue to produce about two-thirds of the world's supply.

One Australian company that succeeded last year in getting out one four-hundredth part of a gram is now installing works to produce one gram and a half a year, and in preparation for this great addition to the marketable stock of radium has been seeking customers who will contract for it. Recently it obtained a contract from a London concern to take the first ten milligrams, or one-hundredth of a gram, that it mines and extracts.

An American company that has begun extracting radium from carnallite ores of Southern Colorado is the most ambitious of all, and claims it will be able to produce one gram a month. Not much success has resulted from the radium mining in Portugal and France, but there are indications of radium-bearing ores in the Caucasus Mountains and the prospects there are now being investigated.

Fly Parasites

AS A SUBSTITUTE for the Swat the Fly campaign the British Government is investigating the possibility of exterminating flies with a parasite. An English naturalist has submitted to the government his claims to have successfully cultivated a fungus that has been known for some time to be deadly to the fly, but which up to this time has not been artificially cultivated.

He has found that the fungus works its way into the fly and is deadly. The local government board is now studying his claims, and if it finds them sound presumably will start a fly-killing campaign with artificially cultivated parasites.

Stationary Flying

IT IS now possible to learn how to operate an aeroplane in perfect safety under conditions that are very similar to actual flight, so that the ambitious young aviator will instinctively make the right motions when he tries his first trip in the air.

A full-sized aeroplane, complete in every detail except that it lacks an engine and propeller, is mounted on a post rising eight or ten feet above the ground in an open lot where the wind blows freely. The aëroplane is attached to the post by a universal joint; so it can whirl round, dip down or up, or tilt to each side. When the wind blows at ten miles an hour—or faster—the lessons begin.

The pupil takes his seat in the aëroplane and learns to keep the machine level in all the varying gusts of wind. If the wind tips it to one side he learns to pull the proper wing-warping wire; or, if it dips, to level it again by means of the elevator; or, if it twists round, to manipulate the rudder so that the machine keeps its head to the wind. Higher winds make the lesson better; and with a wind of forty-five miles an hour the pupil has to be vigilant to keep the dummy level.

Cold Light

COLD light, produced by chemicals, something in imitation of the firefly, is not an abandoned failure, but can be looked forward to hopefully because of recent progress, according to Professor Wilder D. Bancroft, of Cornell. In incandescent lamps, such as ordinary electric-light bulbs or gas-mantle lights, the greatest amount of light is accompanied by the greatest amount of heat; and this method of getting light is approaching its greatest possible efficiency, he believes. Thus the most likely way of getting better light is to tackle the problem from the other end, and try to get cold light from chemicals, which is what the firefly does.

A vast amount of information is piling up now on the combinations of chemicals that will give light when excited by other light or heat, for instance; and from this information Professor Bancroft has come to the conclusion that, once it is known exactly what reactions take place in these solutions, it will be possible theoretically to stimulate these reactions by means other than light or heat, and so produce cold light where there is no other light. "Along this line a revolution in lighting will some day take place," he recently declared.

Sawdust Blankets

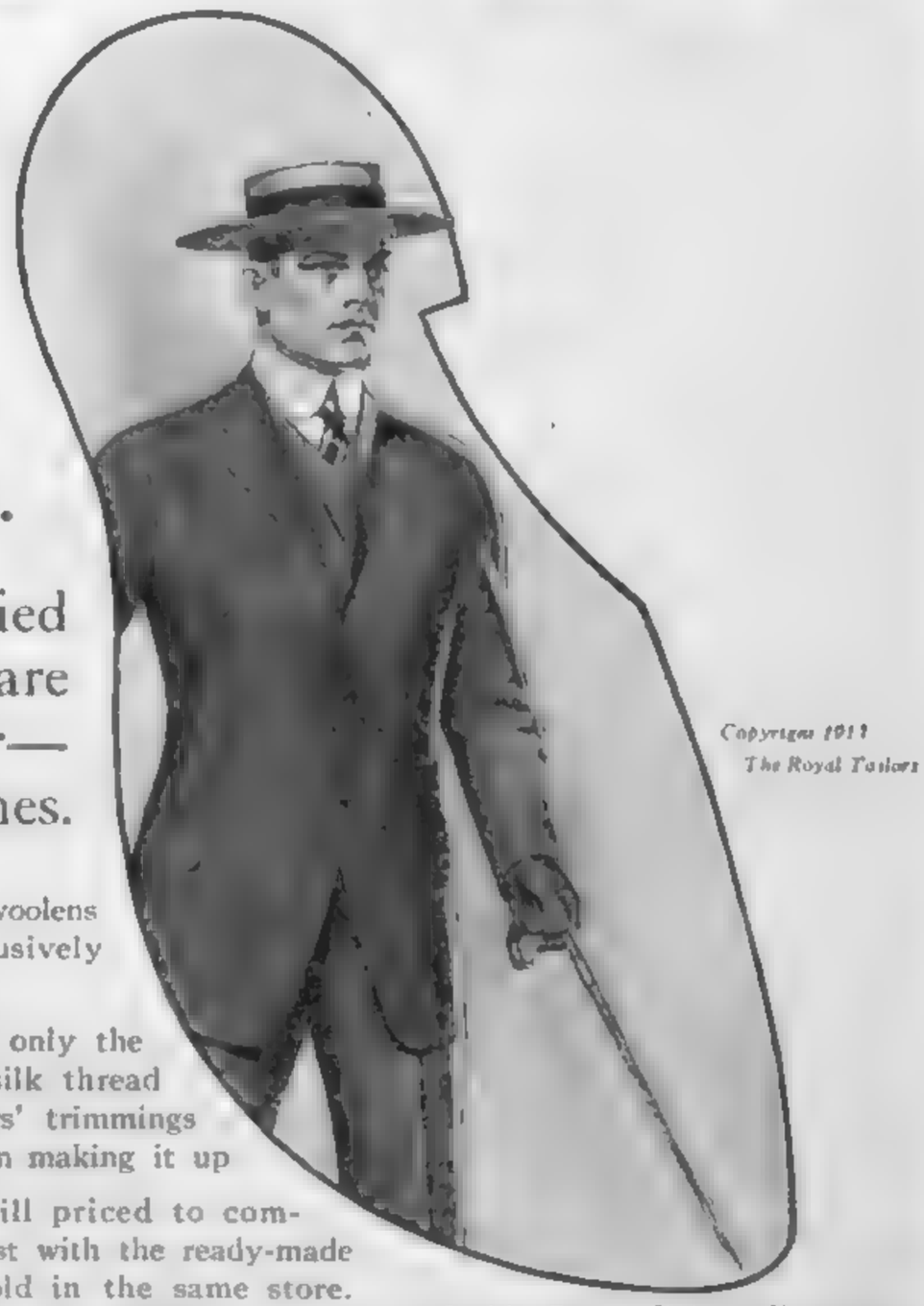
SAWDUST as a fire extinguisher sounds absurd, but recent experiments in Boston proved it to be very successful in quenching fires in oil, and much superior to sand for fires in tanks of inflammable liquids. The experiments were conducted with tanks of burning lacquer, though the same principles appear to apply largely to tanks of burning oil. The floating sawdust forms a blanket that shuts off the air from the flames; and, as sawdust itself catches fire only slowly and then does not burn with a flame, the sawdust blanket was completely successful in putting out the fires in these tests. It made no difference whether the sawdust was wet or dry.

Roads and Muskrats

THE problem of how to save from destruction by muskrats roads running through marshland has been solved by a road engineer on the simple principle of building into the road better nests for the muskrats than they can build for themselves. The engineer tried many expedients to prevent the muskrats from tunneling into his roadways, for the tunnels thus made caused heavy traffic to break through the roadbed and necessitate expensive repairs; but for a time he was unsuccessful. Then he tried the plan of building blind drains, with six-inch pipe, six or seven feet into the road, with a T at the inner end, both arms blocked up by stone, and an entrance at the marsh end on a level with the surface of the water. These were provided every fifty or one hundred feet through marshland, and promptly all the muskrats adopted the new homes.

—he stepped into the best Men's-Store in town

and to-day he is a Royal Tailored Man!



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A pretty sure way to find the local Royal dealer, *in your town*, is to look up the leading men's-store.

Wherever the highest class of haberdashery is carried—wherever the best makes of ready-to-wear clothes are shown—there, usually, is a Royal Tailor Corner—ready to take your order for the finest custom clothes.

In fact, the presence of a Royal Corner in a men's wear store is more and more getting to be a reliable indication of that store's leadership in the local field.

Rightfully, the store drawing the widest trade, is the *broad-minded* store that has equipped itself to give its customers exactly what they want. Its Royal Corner is for those men who want their clothes built exactly to their dictation—*and will take nothing else.*

Wonderfully Close-Priced

Yet mark you, though a Royal Suit is a merchant tailored creation of the highest calibre, cut individually in our Chicago or New York shops for the man who orders it

—though the fabric used is the richest of woolens and exclusively all wool

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Look up the local dealer today.

(Special to Foremost Clothiers—If your store—the best in your town—is without a Royal Corner it is an exception to a fast growing rule. Write us for Special Proposition to First Rate Clothiers.)

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Chicago — Over 10 000 Royal Dealers — Joseph Wilson, President — 148 Branch Royal Stores — New York

It is in Your Hours of Sleep

—when the salivary glands are inactive—that your teeth are exposed to greatest harm.

For this reason thorough cleansing *before retiring* is the first essential of

Good Teethkeeping

Make it your unfailing habit *each night*, as well as each morning, to use

Dr. Lyon's PERFECT Tooth Powder

The standard Dentifrice prepared for almost half a century by a Doctor of Dental Surgery.

Instantly neutralizes all acid tendencies of the mouth. Prevents the formation of tartar and the beginning of decay. Cleanses by polishing—*the safest way*. A pure, velvety, gritless powder highly pleasant to use. Cannot produce harmful chemical reaction.

Teach your children to use Dr. Lyon's night and morning—*especially at night*. The result will be sound, beautiful teeth—and hence better health and better looks.

What Dr. Lyon's does not do only your dentist is competent to do.

Sold Everywhere

JOHN BARLEYCORN

(Continued from Page 25)

The liquor cabinet was now bare. I did not replenish it. By truly heroic perseverance I finally forced myself to write the daily thousand words without the spur of John Barleycorn; but all the time I wrote I was keenly aware of the craving for a drink, and as soon as the morning's work was done I was out of the house and away downtown to get my first drink. Merciful goodness! If John Barleycorn could get such sway over me, a non-alcoholic, what must be the sufferings of the true alcoholic, battling against the organic demands of his chemistry, while those closest to him sympathize little, understand less, and despise and deride him?

XXXV

THE freight had to be paid. John Barleycorn began to collect, and he collected not so much from the body as from the mind. The old long sickness, which had been purely an intellectual sickness, recrudesced. The old ghosts, long laid, lifted their heads again; but they were different and more deadly ghosts. The old ghosts, intellectual in their inception, had been laid by a sane and normal logic; but now they were raised by the White Logic of John Barleycorn—and John Barleycorn never lays the ghosts of his raising. For this sickness of pessimism, caused by drink, one must drink further in quest of the anodyne that John Barleycorn promises but never delivers.

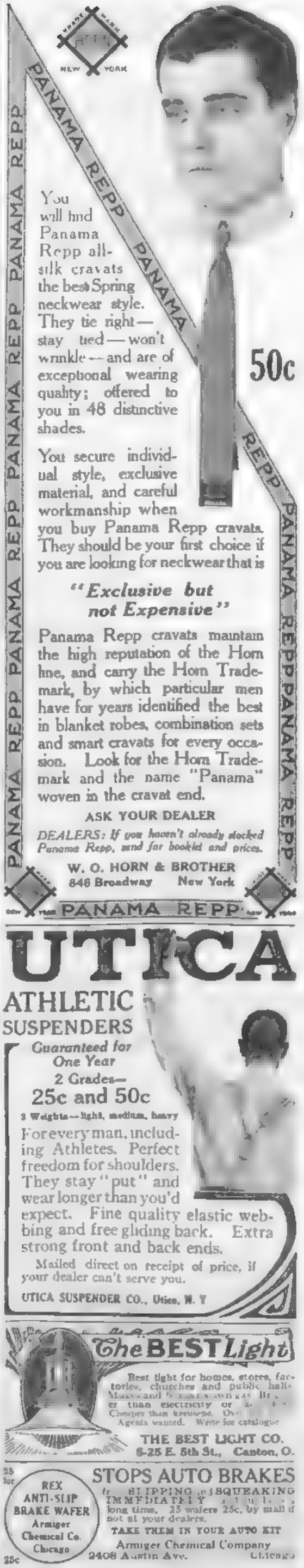
How to describe this White Logic to those who have never experienced it? It is perhaps better first to state how impossible such a description is. Take Hasheesh Land, for instance, the land of enormous extensions of time and space. In past years I have made two memorable journeys into that far land. My adventures there are seared in sharpest detail on my brain; yet I have tried vainly, with endless words, to describe any tiny particular phase to persons who have not traveled there.

I use all the hyperbole of metaphor, and tell what centuries of time and depths of unthinkable agony and horror can obtain in each of all the intervals between the notes of a quick jig played rapidly on the piano. I talk for an hour, elaborating that one phase of Hasheesh Land; and at the end I have told them nothing. And when I cannot tell them this one thing of all the vastness of terrible and wonderful things, I know I have failed to give them the slightest concept of Hasheesh Land.

Let me talk with some other traveler in that weird region, however, and at once am I understood. A phrase—a word—conveys instantly to his mind what hours of words and phrases could not convey to the mind of the non-traveler. So it is with John Barleycorn's realm, where the White Logic reigns. To those untraveled there, the traveler's account must always seem unintelligible and fantastic. At the best I may only beg of the untraveled ones to strive to take on faith the narrative I shall relate.

For there are fatal intuitions of truth that reside in alcohol. Philip sober vouches for Philip drunk in this matter. There seem to be various orders of truth in this world. Some sorts of truth are truer than others. Some sorts of truth are lies, and these sorts are the very ones that have the greatest use-value to life that desires to realize and live. At once, oh, untraveled reader, you see how lunatic and blasphemous is the realm I am trying to describe to you in the language of John Barleycorn's tribe. It is not the language of your tribe, all of whose members resolutely shun the roads that lead to death and tread only the roads that lead to life. For there are roads and roads, and of truth there are orders and orders. But have patience! At least, through what seems no more than verbal yammerings, you may perchance glimpse faint, far vistas of other lands and tribes.

Alcohol tells the truth, but its truth is not normal. What is normal is healthful. What is healthful tends toward life. Normal truth is a different order and a lesser order of truth. Take a dray horse: Through all the vicissitudes of its life from first to last, somehow in unguessably dim ways it must believe that life is good; that the drudgery in harness is good; that death, no matter how blind-instinctively apprehended, is a dread giant; that life is beneficent and worth while; that in the end, with fading life, it will not be knocked about and beaten and urged beyond its sprained and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DEALERS: If you haven't already stocked Panama Repp, send for booklet and prices.
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2 Grades—
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Best light for homes, stores, factories, churches and public halls. Makes and burns own gas. Brighter than electricity or acetylene. Cheaper than kerosene. Over [illegible] Agents wanted. Write for catalogue

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for SLIPPING and SQUEAKING IMMEDIATELY [illegible] long time. 25 wafers 25c, by mail if not at your dealers.

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the gap" seat

Out on the diamond

or up with the fans, down at the office or out on the street, your comfort score's higher in this active man's underwear. No drawers to slide down or bunch 'round the waist. And none of the old-fashioned union suit drawbacks. For

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THE PERFECT UNION SUIT

—can't gap in the seat
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An exclusive Superior feature, "the lap without the gap," has banished forever these ordinary union suit discomforts. The seat can't gap because it interlocks like a close front collar. It can't bind in the crotch because it has no buttons to prevent free movement. It adjusts itself *instantly* to every position, and *always* sets snug and smooth.

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... "What does it cost me to do business?" ... 180 pages fully illustrated with actual cost forms. Absolutely free of cost or obligation

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spavined best; that old age even is decent, dignified and valuable, though old age means a ribby scarecrow in a hawker's cart, stumbling a step to every blow, stumbling dizzily on through merciless servitude and slow disintegration to the end—the end, the apportionment of its parts—of its subtle flesh, its pink and springy bone, its juices and ferments, and all the sensateness that informed it—to the chicken farm, the hide-house, the glue-rendering works and the bonemeal-fertilizer factory. To the last stumble of its stumbling end, this drayhorse must abide by the mandates of the lesser truth, that is the truth of life and that makes life possible to persist.

This drayhorse, like all other horses like all other animals, including man—is life-blinded and sense-struck. It will live, no matter what the price. The game of life is good, though all of life may be hurt and though all lives lose the game in the end. This is the order of truth that obtains—not for the universe, but for the live things in it if they for a little space will endure ere they pass. This order of truth, no matter how erroneous it may be, is the sane and normal order of truth, the rational order of truth that life must believe in order to live.

To man, alone among the animals, has been given the awful privilege of reason. Man, with his brain, can penetrate the intoxicating show of things and look upon the universe, brazen with indifference toward him and his dreams. He can do this, but it is not well for him to do it. To live, and live abundantly, to sting with life, to be alive—which is to be what he is—it is good that man be life-blinded and sense-struck. What is good is true. And this is the order of truth, lesser though it be, that a man must know and guide his actions by, with unswerving certitude that it is absolute truth, and that in the universe no other order of truth can obtain. It is good that man should accept at face value the cheats of sense and snares of flesh, and through the fogs of sentiency pursue the lures and lies of passion. It is good that he shall see neither shadows nor futilities, nor be appalled by his lusts and rapacities.

And man does this. Countless men have glimpsed that other and truer order of truth and recoiled from it. Countless men have passed through the long sickness and lived to tell of it and deliberately to forget it to the end of their days. They lived. They realized life, for life is what they were. They did right.

And now comes John Barleycorn with the curse he lays upon the imaginative man who is lusty with life and desire to live. John Barleycorn sends his White Logic—the argent messenger of truth beyond truth; the antithesis of life, cruel and bleak as interstellar space, pulseless and frozen as absolute zero, dazzling with the frost of irrefragable logic and unforgettable fact. John Barleycorn will not let the dreamer dream—the liver live. He destroys birth and death, and dissipates to mist the paradox of being, until his victim cries out, as in The City of Dreadful Night: "Our life's a cheat—our death a black abyss!" And the feet of the victim of such dreadful intimacy take hold of the way of death.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

The Open Seeame

HERBERT COREY, whose business is to gather up stories of real life in New York for a string of newspapers in the country, has a Russian friend who brought him word lately of a big wedding celebration that was going to take place in one of the orthodox Russian colonies over on the East Side. Corey expressed a desire to attend the festivities.

"Dass is easy," said his friend—"so you get a hajjek."

"A hajjek, eh?" said the puzzled Corey. "But you see I don't even know the couple. Why should they send me an invitation?"

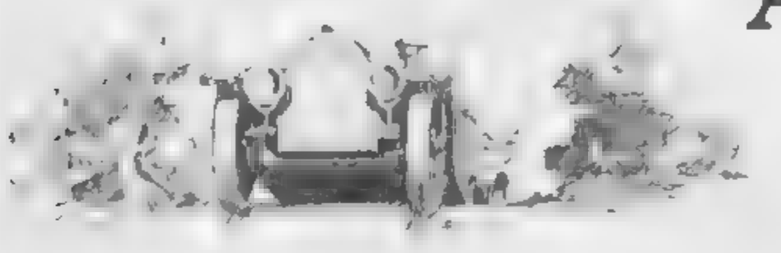
"No, no!" said the Russian; "nod an invidation—a hajjek! So you get a hajjek, you go by the vedding; you dance mit the bride; you haf a fine time!"

"Say," demanded Corey, "how in thunder do I get one of these hajjeks?"

"My friend," said the Russian, "listen! You go by the hall where is the vedding. You go in. You gif your hat to the boy and for ten cents you buy a hajjek—and there you are!"

So Corey spent ten cents on a hat check and danced with the bride.

THE NEW JONES
A Gyroscopic Speed Gaugé



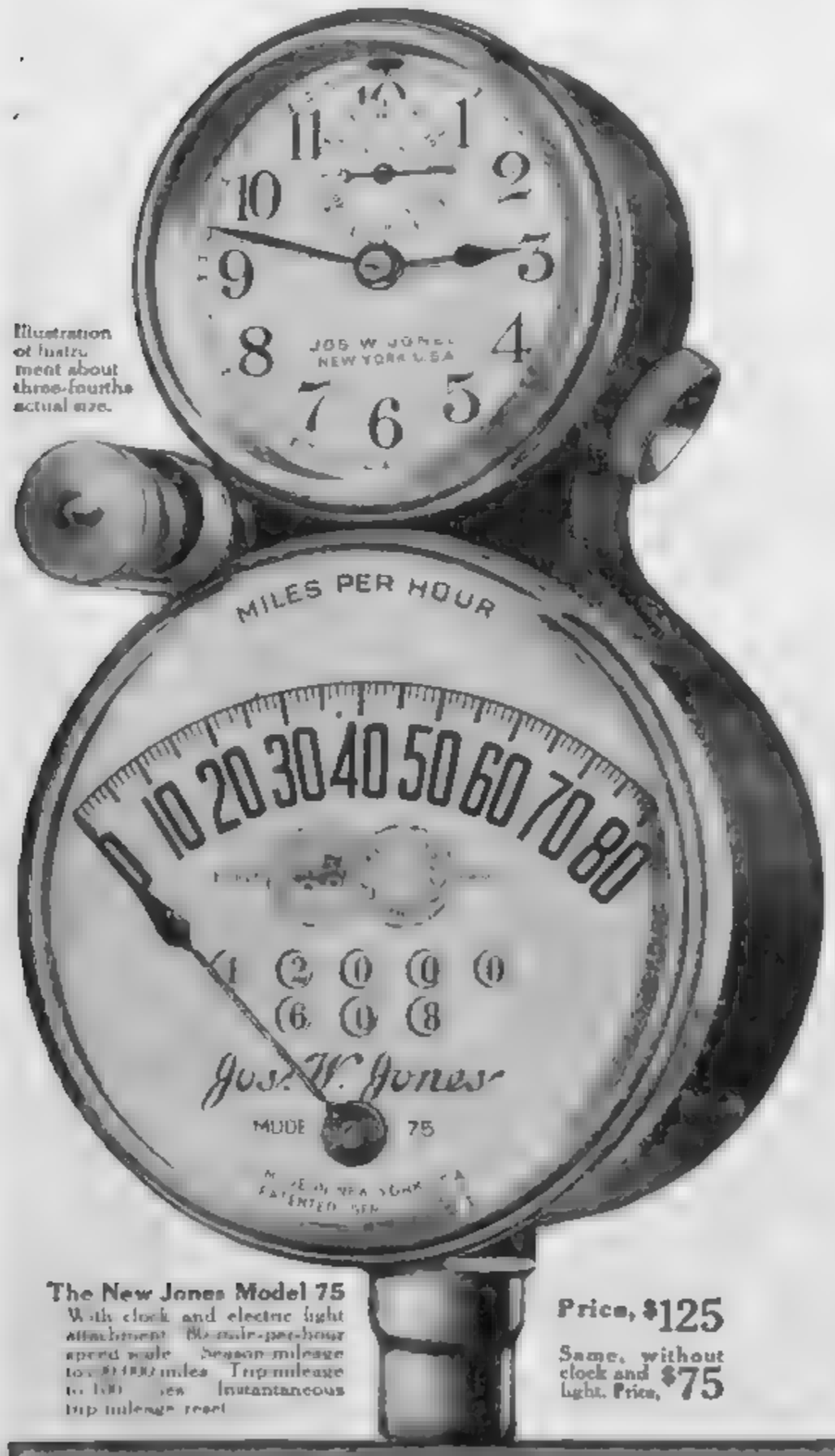


Illustration of instrument about three-fourths actual size.

The New Jones Model 75
With clock and electric light attachment. 80-mile-per-hour speed scale. Season mileage to 9,999 miles. Trip mileage to 100 miles. Instantaneous trip mileage reset.

Price, $125
Same, without clock and light. Price, $75

A Master Inventor's Speedometer
To Use on Modern Cars

Mr. Joseph W. Jones invented the original Speedometer. He invented the widely sold Disc Record you use on your talking machines; the Electric Horn; the Jones Autolog Recording Speedometer; and forty-five other patented articles.

Mr. Jones has never produced an invention that wasn't a wonderful success.

But the New Jones Speedometer is his master effort. He has printed his signature on the dial because he believes it the finest thing ever built to show speed.

Learn its advantages. Note the new features. See if you want to accept any other.

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The new Jones is built to withstand every test that a motor car can give it. It embodies the Jones Unbreakable Shaft with the Jones Ball Bearing Improved Swivel Joint. The Speed and Mileage Figures are larger. The Hand moves or rests without any vibration. The entire Speed Scale is stationary and always in plain view. The hand alone moves, like the hand of a watch. You get the right speed at a glance in this manner, just as you read your watch.

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No Jones has ever registered wrongly because of varying temperature. No inaccuracies—no need of allowances according to changing weather.

To prove it the Jones won first place in tests made by the United States Bureau of Standards, Columbia University and Armour Institute. Inaccuracies were registered of from 20 to 35%, or 13 to 17 miles per hour. But the Jones, at all speeds, remained accurate.

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The Jones proved its leadership in a 2,000 mile test by the Royal Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland. In this test, lasting 30 days, 15 different speedometers of American and foreign make competed on 8 points to show their abilities.

The Jones won first prize on all points by wide margins. And this club, in Europe, is regarded as the world's final authority on matters of motor car supremacy. Write for this club's detailed report showing how the Jones Instrument surpassed all the others.

In World-Wide Use

The Jones reputation is world-wide, and the Jones is used on the world's finest cars in America and Europe.

The thousands who know the speedometer facts, who want the actual speed in all weather, always choose the Jones.

Jones facts shown in tests won the following rulers to the Jones Speedometer. Don't you think you may want the Jones for the same reasons that led these men to choose it?

The King of England
The Emperor of Germany
The Czar of Russia
The King of Italy
The King of Spain
The King of Belgium
The King of Sweden
The King of Denmark

and hundreds of others, who can buy the best, gauge the speed of their cars with the Jones just as the thousands of Americans do who know how the Jones excels.

The Jones Autolog
The Recording Speedometer

The Jones "Gyroscope-Principle" Speedometer which keeps accurate record of every movement of the car, telling the speed, the time of day, the time the car stands idle, the time spent in motion, and the speed at which it ran while in motion. An interesting record for efficient chauffeurs and car owners. An accountant for operating expense that gives many suggestions for cutting down upkeep.

Your Exchange Opportunity

Write for sample chart, detailed explanation and our exchange proposition by which we make liberal allowance for any make of speedometer in exchange for the Autolog. We'll allow full list price in exchange for any Jones instrument which is new. The Autolog (Recording Speedometer) is the last word in speed indication, the latest invention of Mr. Jones. Chelsea clock movement of the highest quality in combination with 60-mile-per-hour speed scale and odometer. Price of the Autolog complete is $125

The New Jones Model 125—the Last Word in Motor Car Equipment

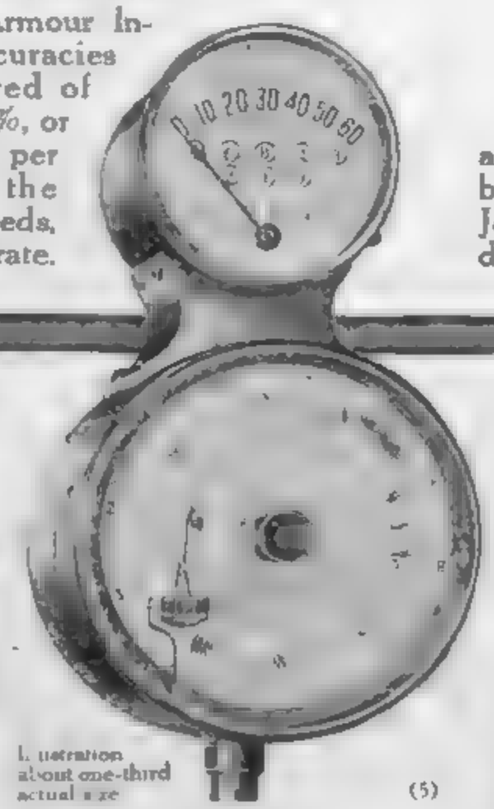

Illustration about one-third actual size

(5)

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SPEEDOMETER

of Modern Construction, the Accuracy of which is Unaffected by Dynamos, Climate, Heat or Cold

The Gyroscope Principle

The Road Spins a Gyroscope

Direct Road Connection

The speed indication in the New Jones comes direct from the road itself—without any lapses, without any bridging, and without any outside conditions affecting it.

"The Speed of the Road" passing under the car is simply transferred to a gyroscope which spins inside the New Jones Speedometer. The speed of that gyroscopic ring is an exact reproduction of the speed of the car. Do you know any better way to show speed than to use the speed itself?

Fewest Parts

The New Jones is the simplest instrument. It has the fewest parts. The springs used are of a high-grade, specially-imported steel. The rotating parts are mounted on imported ball bearings. Fifty-eight of these hardened steel balls are used in each instrument. All parts of the instrument, except these balls, are manufactured in our own shops, of the very finest materials. All parts must be accurate to 1-10,000 part of an inch. And in the assembling process, each part is fitted by hand to gain absolute precision.

Friction in the New Jones is practically eliminated. Thus the slightest increase or decrease in speed transmits, without loss, the pull of the gyroscope to the hand of the speed indicator, with perfect accuracy throughout the entire scale on the dial.

Can Any Be More Durable?

Can you imagine a speedometer more carefully, simply or strongly made?

Jones Speedometers have served for twelve years without any weakening or breaks. On the fifth and sixth cars after years of hard service old Jones are now pointing to the exact speed. These are facts voluntarily given by owners, men who have seen them outlast five cars.

One man has just fitted his fifth new car with the Jones Speedometer he used on his first. He has never adjusted it, never found any fault. Don't you think that a durable instrument?

Tested 16 Times for Perfection

Though the New Jones is simple in construction, as far as the number of parts is concerned, each instrument stays six months in the factory before it is ready to go on a car. But we use the utmost care. We spend twice as much time and twice as much money as some say we need spend, to make every part perfection. And every New Jones runs in 16 tests to prove its accuracy beyond question. It must agree at every reading with a master instrument. No outside influence can impair this accuracy. It is built into the New Jones to stay.

Get These Vital Facts

There are some facts of vital importance that we cannot state in this advertisement. They are facts that all motorists should know whose cars are used the year 'round. We will send them to you with the Jones catalog; also the records of contest and trials in which the Jones has won. Don't designate to car makers any choice of a speedometer for your new car until you know what these facts demonstrate.

You want the speedometer that isn't affected by heat or cold—whose accuracy is assured in all weather. You want direct readings from the road—to know the speed *exactly*. You want The New Jones Speedometer. Sooner or later you must find this out. Find it out now. The catalog tells. Write for it.

YOU used to do this with a pail of water

The faster you swung the pail the higher it rose. There was a constant relation between the height of the pail from the ground and the speed of its revolutions. The Gyroscopic ring in the New Jones revolves at an angle, like the pail. The faster this gyroscope revolves the higher the lowest edge is raised. The height it attains is directly related to the speed the car is making, for the ring and the road are directly connected. The actual speed is expressing itself in this ring's revolutions. The indicating hand is directly connected with this "up and down" movement. The car, the gyroscope and the hand move together, as one. Can you think of a way any less direct of obtaining such accuracy?

Illustration of instrument about three-fourths actual size

The New Jones Model 60
70-mile-per-hour speed scale. Season mileage to 100,000 miles. Trip mileage to 100 miles. Instantaneous trip mileage reset.

Price $60

Same, with clock and electric light additional. Price **$100**

THE JONES SPEEDOMETER

Broadway at 76th Street NEW YORK CITY

No matter what you may know about Speedometers, you should specify none for your new car until you know the *New Jones in detail*—the Speedometer of *1913* for *1913* cars.

Most cars are now used the year 'round. **You want the Speedometer unaffected by temperature. Most cars now carry dynamos. The Jones is the Speedometer to use on such cars.**

Any motor car maker will put on the New Jones if you specify it plainly, regardless of what he may list in his catalog. Examine all makes. Let the one you deem the best be your choice. You will choose the New Jones Speedometer when you learn all the vital facts.

"Every pipe's a jimmy pipe if it's packed with P. A."

It's always open season for Joy Smokin' with P. A.

5c
for P. A. in the toppy red bag.

Trout are beginning to jump—brooks are full of 'em. Soon maybe you'll be makin' your get-away for a little rest-up—some good old quiet smokin' in the woods and in camp. Don't forget to take along plenty of Prince Albert.

But if you don't belong to the brotherhood of Ike Walton, remember there's no closed season for jimmy pipes as long as you can dig up a nick for a toppy red bag or a dime for a tidy red tin.

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

keeps open season for all men, all-year-round, everywhere. It signs the death warrant for tongue-broilers. It's got a knife sharpened for pipe grouches. It's the mildest, fragrantest, bulliest smoke that ever wafted on an April breeze. It can't bite the tongue. It can't parch the throat. All that is cut out by a patented process. P. A. helps you catch more fish—and friends and customers and just common, everyday joy. It makes you happier all the way through, because you can smoke all your heart desires and never a tingle in your taster.

Buy P. A. anywhere, everywhere—toppy red bag, 5c; tidy red tin, 10c; pound and half-pound humidors.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO. Winston-Salem, N. C.

GUILTY AS CHARGED

(Concluded from Page 13)

pause, brief enough as it was, gave the listening La Farge time to discover, with a small inward jar of surprise, that somehow, some way, he was beginning to lose some of his acrid antagonism for Weil; that, by mental processes which as yet he could not exactly resolve into their proper constituents, it was beginning to dribble away from him. And realization came to him, almost with a shock, that the man on the stand was telling the truth. Truth or not, though, the narrative thus far had been commonplace enough—people at headquarters hear the like of it often; and as a seasoned police reporter La Farge's emotions by now should be coated over with a calloused shell inches deep and hard as horn. Trying with half his mind to figure out what it was that had quickened these emotions, he listened all the harder as Weil went on.

"So this here big chunk of rock or slate, or whatever it was, falls on him and the two others, and kills them. Not knowing where to send the body, they bury it up there at Sing Sing; and she never sees him again, living or dead. But here just a few days ago it seems she picks up, from overhearing some of the other Italians talking, that we've got such a thing as a Rogues' Gallery down here at headquarters, and that her husband's picture is liable to be in it. So that's why she's here. She's found her way here somehow; and she asks me won't I"—he caught himself—"won't the police please give her her husband's picture out of the gallery."

"And for why did she want that?" rumbled Donohue.

"That's what I asks her myself. It seems she's got no shame about it at all. She tells me she wants to hang on to it until she can get the money to have it enlarged into a big picture, and then she's going to keep it—till the bambino—that's Italian for baby, commissioner, you know—till the baby grows up, so he can see what his dead father looked like."

Now of a sudden La Farge knew—or thought he knew—why his interest had stirred in him a minute before. Instinctively his reporter's sixth sense had scented a good news story before the real point of the story had come out, even. A curious little silence had fallen on the half-lighted, almost empty big room. Only the voice of Weil broke this silence:

"Of course, commissioner, I tries to explain to her what the circumstances are. I tells her that, in the first place, on account of the mayor's orders about cutting down the gallery having gone into effect, it's an even bet her husband's picture ain't there anyhow—that it's most likely been destroyed; and in the second place, even if it is there, I tells her I've got no right to be giving it to her without an order from somebody higher up. But either she can't understand or she won't. I guess my being in uniform makes her think I'm running the whole department, and she won't seem to listen to what I says.

"She cries and she carries on worse than ever, and begs and begs me to give it to her. I guess you know how excitable those Italian women can be, especially when they are Sicilians. Anyhow, commissioner, after a lot of that sort of thing I tells her to wait where she is for a minute. I leaves her and I goes across into the Bertillon room, where the pictures are; and I looks up this here Antonio Terranova. I forget his number now and I don't know how it is he comes to be overlooked when we're cleaning out the gallery; but he's there all right, full face and side view, with his gallery number in big white figures on his chest. And, commissioner, he's a pretty tolerable tough-looking ginney." The witness checked an inclination to grin. "I takes a slant at his picture, and I can't make up my own mind which way he'll look the worst enlarged into a crayon portrait—full face or side view. I can still hear her crying outside the door. She's crying harder than ever.

"I puts the picture back; and I goes out to where she is and tries to argue with her. It's no use. She goes down on her knees and holds the baby up, and tells me it ain't for her sake she's askin' this—it's for the bambino. And she calls on a lot of Italian saints that I never even heard the names of some of them before—and so on, like that. It's pretty tough.

"She's such a stupid, ignorant thing you can't help from feeling sorry for her—nobody could." He hesitated a moment as though seeking for words of explanation and extenuation that were not in his regular vocabulary. "I got kids of my own, commissioner," he said suddenly, and stopped dead short for a moment. "I'm no Italian, but I got kids of my own!" he repeated as though the fact constituted a defense.

"Well, well—what happened then?" The deputy commissioner's frosty voice seemed to have frozen so hard it had a crack in it. And now then the Semitic face of Weil twisted into a grin that was more than shamefaced—it was downright sheepish.

"Why, then," he said, "when I comes back out of the Bertillon room the second time she goes back down on her knees again and she says to me—of course she ain't expected to know what my religion is—maybe that explains it, commissioner—she says to me that all her life—every morning and every night—she's going to pray to the Blessed Virgin for me. That's what she says anyway. So I just lets it go at that."

He halted as though he were through.

"Then do I understand that, without an order from any superior authority, you gave this here woman certain property belonging to the Police Department?" Old Donohue's voice was gruffer than common, even. He whetted his talon forefinger on the desktop.

"Yes, sir," owned up the Jew. "There's nobody there but just us two. And I don't know how Captain Meagher comes to find the picture is gone and that it was me took it—but it's true, commissioner. She goes away kissing it and holding it to the breast of her clothes—that Rogues' Gallery picture! Yes, sir; I gives it to her."

The third deputy commissioner's gold-banded right arm was shoved out, with all the lean fingers upon the hand at the far end of it widely extended. He spoke; and something in his throat—a hard lump perhaps—huskied his brogue and made his r's roll out like dice.

"Lieutenant Weil," he said," I congratulate you! You're guilty!"

Science Rocks Boats

MOST novel of all the applications of the gyroscope that have been proposed in the last few years is the use of a pair of mighty gyroscopes to make a ship roll, so that in passing through icefields it will not freeze tight. The possibility that this will make traffic possible on the Great Lakes during winter has been suggested among ship engineers, though there are other difficulties to winter lake traffic besides lake freezing.

On the car-ferry Ashtabula, which operates on the Lakes, such a pair of gyroscopes has been installed by Elmer A. Sperry, the leading authority in America on this peculiar force and the inventor of the gyroscope compasses that are being supplied to many ships of the navy. The apparatus on the Ashtabula serves the double purpose of restricting or diminishing the rolling of the vessel when the water is rough, and of causing rolling when the water is quiet and there is danger that the vessel may be caught in the ice.

The big gyroscopes are placed low in the vessel and, with their attachments, weigh fifty-one tons. Not much power is required to keep the two heavy wheels revolving at high speed; and so long as they are revolving the rolling of the vessel is controlled. A very sensitive pendulum automatically manages the big wheels. As the pendulum swings it causes the big gyroscopic wheels to turn slightly in such a way as to diminish the ship's rolling; or if it is desired to make the ship roll the pendulum can be made to swing—and, in turn, this will move the gyroscopes and make the vessel roll.

Mr. Sperry believes the method of controlling the rolling of a ship by great tanks of water on the deck, so connected that the water flows from one to another at the desired moment, is not a satisfactory solution, for he has discovered that the rolling of a ship in a heavy sea is not regular. It will start at a slight degree and then work up to a heavy roll, reaching the climax in perhaps a dozen swings, then diminish again to the slight rolling. By the use of the pendulum, however, each rolling motion is met with just the right amount of gyroscopic action needed for that one roll.

"61" FLOOR VARNISH

"Mamma's gone away—and I don't care!"

Neither does Mamma — *this* floor is finished with "61" Floor Varnish. It is water-proof, heel-proof and mar-proof. Why not yours, too?

"61" Floor Varnish gives a tough, durable finish that does not scratch nor show heel marks on old or new floors and linoleums. Withstands repeated washing and requires almost no care at all.

Send for Free Floor Booklet and Sample Panel

finished with "61" and test it yourself. Hit it with a hammer—you may dent the wood, but the varnish won't crack. Another booklet *Decorative Interior Finishing* will interest you. It is sent free upon request.

The delightful simplicity of your woodwork and furniture made white with Vitralite, *The Long-Life White Enamel*, will gratify your sense of true "homey-ness" at small cost. Vitralite will not crack nor chip.

Vitralite Booklet and Sample Panel

showing its porcelain-like gloss, sent free. Vitralite is easy to apply and does not show brush marks nor turn yellow like most enamels, whether used inside or outside, on wood, metal or plaster. Absolutely waterproof.

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"The Wardrobe with the Raised Top"

Exclusive Features Patented

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The raised top in the garment section is padded with silk mohair plush

When opened, every garment is in full view. Instant access to each piece of apparel. Easy to pack, easy to unpack. When closed, the top holds every garment firmly in place—prevents wrinkling and creasing.

No straps or bunglesome tapes necessary. A simple device, easily adjusted after trunk is packed, prevents contents from shifting

A simple, one-piece, unbreakable hanger provides for any style of garment. Instructions unnecessary.

"Gibraltarized" construction, reinforced throughout—strongest trunks made. Two sizes, 40 and 45 inches high

No excess charges for size or weight when fully packed. Endorsed by the railroads. Many styles and grades shown by leading department and trunk stores everywhere. Illustrated booklet mailed on request.

THE HARTMANN TRUNK CO., 207 W. Jackson Blvd., CHICAGO

NEW YORK—Rooms 616-617 American Woolen Bldg., 18th St. and Fourth Ave.

(33)

Amatite ROOFING Needs No Painting

AMATITE is made of pitch, and it makes an ideal roof. There are two layers of this wonderful waterproofing material in Amatite.

The wearing surface is composed of a pitch-concrete made by embedding crushed mineral matter into a tough pitch matrix.

Rain has no more effect on the pitch than it has on the mineral, and year after year Amatite roofs give perfect service without any paint or care. If you are a practical man and know what a nuisance and expense roof painting is, you know the value of a "no-paint" roof.

Amatite comes in handy rolls with nails and cement free. Skilled labor is needless. You can lay the roof yourself.

Look into the subject. We will supply you with sample without charge or obligation. *Address our nearest office.*

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Creonoid sprayed on cows keeps away flies. Use it before milking and cows will yield better.

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Save money by using this black paint whatever the color is that you want. It is heat-proof, durable. Use it for rubber roofings and all exposed iron and wood

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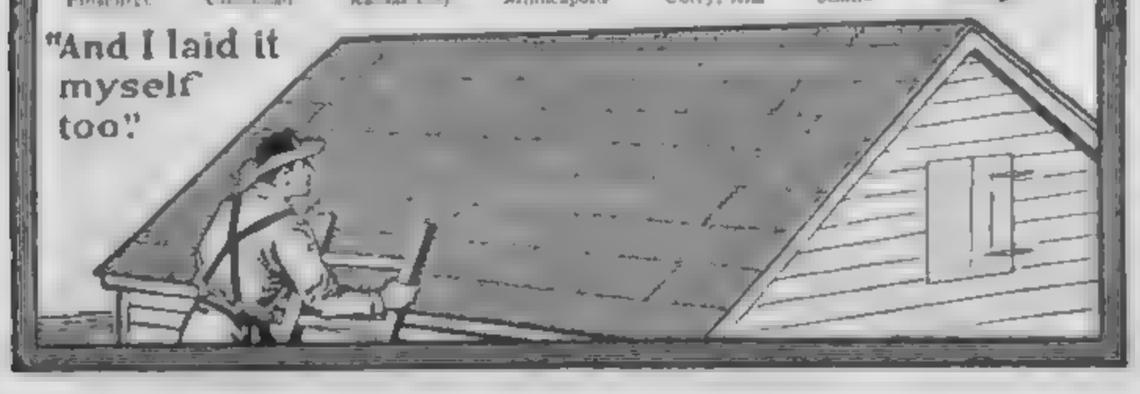


"And I laid it myself too."

THE WHISTLING MAN

(Continued from Page 19)

to do with him. He had come, he said, entirely on a personal matter. Mrs. Belden, however, did not seem convinced

"Pshaw!" she drawled, her tone contemptuous, "if you and your friend, that fellow Hemingway, think you can trick me by any such cock-and-bull business as this you're mistaken! Good morning!" she curtly added, and she started closing the door in his face when he made one last desperate effort to detain her.

"Mrs. Belden, please! Won't you believe me?" he appealed, his voice urgent. "I pledge you my word I don't know Hemingway! I have spoken to him but once in my life, then he grossly affronted me! The man is my enemy, I tell you!" cried Craig; and either his vehemence, that or something he had said, arrested Mrs. Belden, for at any rate she paused.

"Your enemy?" she echoed curiously.

Craig hotly assured her it was so. Hemingway not only disliked him, but he had reason to believe that Hemingway, if he could, would do his best to harm him.

"How do you know that?" Mrs. Belden asked curiously.

"I have been warned," answered Craig, and at that Mrs. Belden, her eyes lighting suddenly, threw open her door.

"Come in!" she abruptly ordered, and when Craig, wondering, stepped inside, Mrs. Belden shut the door, then turned and faced him. "Now tell me," she demanded, "who are you, Mr. Craig?"

He told her briefly. His father was Benjamin Craig, formerly of New York. For years they had lived abroad. His father having died Craig had come home. "H'm!" she murmured shortly. "And now what is it you wish to ask me?"

"It's only an address, Mrs. Belden," he answered, smiling awkwardly, a little sheepishly, now that he asked his question. "I want to know where I can find Hemingway's uncle, Mr. Gawtry."

"Gawtry?" echoed Mrs. Belden, and she stared at him again. "Mr. Craig, what is your interest in Gawtry?"

He pondered for a moment. Again he was on the verge of having to reveal much with no particular promise of learning anything in return. The situation made him uneasy. However, there was no way to avoid it.

"It's just this, Mrs. Belden," he answered frankly: "Mr. Gawtry knows something I've got to learn. Moreover it's necessary for me to find him at once. If I don't it may be too late."

"You say Mr. Gawtry knows something? Is it something about you yourself?" she asked, again eying him curiously.

"Not exactly, Mrs. Belden," he answered uncomfortably; "it's about my father."

"A personal matter?" she persisted, again with her queer inflection.

Craig said yes. "Frankly, Mrs. Belden, it has to do with a story I don't believe. It's a slur"—he dared not put it more definitely—"an attack on my father's name."

"Ah!" she exclaimed; and with her whole air, her whole voice and manner intent, Mrs. Belden leaned toward him. "Does Mr. Gawtry know of this slur, this story?" she questioned, and when Craig admitted he couldn't say, she added swiftly: "Then Hemingway—does he know?"

"He?" echoed Craig, his interest swiftly aroused. "I don't know, Mrs. Belden; I can't tell you. Why?"

A pause followed. During it Mrs. Belden bit her lip reflectively—thinking, he could see—silent as if she debated. Then abruptly she spoke:

"Mr. Craig, apparently you know nothing about me, not even who I am. Should you ask, though, I dare say you can find plenty of persons ready, if not eager, to tell you. I have had a shocking experience. I have been in the newspapers and worse—worse, you understand—and my name has been bandied from mouth to mouth, even in the streets! Whether I am to blame is another matter, but never mind about that. What I mean to tell you now, Mr. Craig, is something for your own good—yours, not mine. If you are sincere, if you mean what you have told me, let me warn you. As you value your life, your peace of mind and happiness, guard whatever you may know from that man, that fellow Hemingway. I repeat what I say—guard what you know from him as you would guard your life, your peace of mind, your happiness."

It was the second time Craig had been warned against the fat youth, and he let fall an exclamation. "Hemingway?" he cried—"him?" And Mrs. Belden in return gave him an ashy smile.

"I cannot make it too imperative," she said quietly, but not the less impressively. "Hemingway may look weak and harmless, but I assure you he is anything but that. Be guided by what I tell you, Mr. Craig; the man is one of the most clever as well as the most dangerous in New York!"

There sprang then into Craig's mind a thought, a sudden inspiration. If Hemingway were indeed as dangerous as he was said to be, was Gawtry, his uncle, also to be avoided? Mrs. Belden at the question shrugged indefinitely.

"I think not," she answered, and then again gave him still another curious stare. "Why? Have you any reason to think so?"

Craig shook his head.

"No, Mrs. Belden; I was just asking for information. I've never even seen him." Then he recalled the two other men that Mary Adair had named. "There's a man named Pelton too," he said. "Do you know him?"

"Pelton?" she repeated sharply. "What Pelton?"

Craig couldn't say. From what he'd heard, though, he inferred Pelton was in some way associated with Gawtry. Mrs. Belden thought for a moment, her brows bent together. "You don't mean Pelton the stock juggler, do you—the Wall Street operator?"

"I don't know," Craig answered. "Has he anything to do with a man named Gaines?"

The response was instantaneous. At the name Mrs. Belden started sharply, almost violently, her eyes lighting with sudden animation.

"Ah!" she cried. "Gaines!"

"Yes; and twice I have heard his name with Gawtry's—Pelton's too."

Her eyes suddenly had grown shrewd. "Look here, Mr. Craig!" she said bluntly; "you've said this business involves your father—a slur on his name, you said. Very well, then, I want you to tell me the truth now. Mr. Craig, was your father ever in trouble—in great trouble?"

"Why—why so?" stammered Craig. "What do you mean?"

Mrs. Belden still eyed him narrowly. "Be frank with me, Mr. Craig," she answered; "what I ask is as important to you as to me. Was your father ever threatened, ever pursued, hunted by any one?"

"Why do you ask?" demanded Craig.

"Never mind why. Was he?" she persisted.

"Yes," said Craig. And at the answer Mrs. Belden drew back sharply, a breath, a sigh, almost a gasp, escaping her.

"Thank you," she returned, her face set; "that's exactly what I wish to know. You have done me a great service, Mr. Craig. I have been trying for months to learn something and now I am quite sure I have it. Yes, I know this Mr. Gaines."

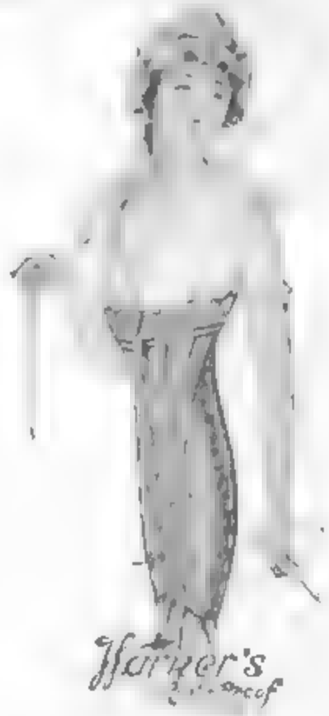
At the note in her voice he grew curious. "Who is he then, Mrs. Belden, a friend of yours?"

"A friend of mine?" Her smile grew disdainful. "Hardly, Mr. Craig!" she added, shrugging—a movement almost a shudder. "The man's unspeakable, a pariah!" she murmured. "I can hardly bear to mention him!"

Craig, however, was more than ever determined now to identify him. "Is he in Wall Street, a business man?" he asked; and at the question she again moved restlessly, as if the topic were too distasteful to discuss.

"No, he's a publisher, Mr. Craig—owner of the most scurrilous paper in New York!"

Then with a little gesture of weariness once more she shrugged, her voice, when she spoke, graphic with detestation. "You will not have to live long in New York, Mr. Craig, to learn about this man. Just now you spoke of Wall Street. You may not know, but when Wall Street wars upon a man it seldom attacks courageously, striking at him in the open; instead it fights by stealth, meanly, its assault conducted through a hundred underground channels. Gaines is an example. He is its tool, its creature. For years he has existed by spreading scandal, false reports—by attacks not only on men themselves, but on their business interests and even on their families!" Pausing abruptly she smiled at him; a smile, though, that was devoid of any



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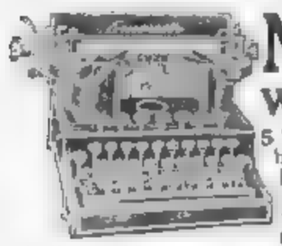

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STUBER & KUCK, Dept. 10 Peoria, Illinois

merriment. "You think me hysterical perhaps? Well, I dare say I am, Mr. Craig. I have every reason to be! I have met, I have known, this Mr. Gaines!"

But after saying this Mrs. Belden would say no more.

"No, Mr. Craig," she announced, her tone final; "I've talked enough now. Later on I may have something to tell you, but today I cannot. There are reasons. As it is I risked much in telling you what I have. I trust I have not been mistaken in you, that you will hold all I have told you in confidence. You will, won't you?" Then when Craig promised she held out her hand to him. "Goodby, Mr. Craig. And before you go let me have your address," she added, asking then: "Are you going to visit friends or to a hotel, Mr. Craig?"

Somewhat lamely he answered it was a hotel. Then when she asked what hotel, his awkwardness became all the more evident.

"I don't know, Mrs. Belden. The fact is I've got to find one yet. Perhaps you could suggest a place, a small hotel, one not too expensive."

At the speech Mrs. Belden darted another look at him.

"Not too expensive? Why!" she exclaimed, "you don't mean you're—h'm—not wealthy?"

"It's exactly what I mean," he avowed frankly, and Mrs. Belden, after an inscrutable smile, idly shrugged. "If that's the case," she murmured, "I shouldn't worry much about our friend, that man Hemingway, you know. Hardly!"

"Eh, what?" mumbled Craig; but without replying Mrs. Belden opened her handbag and handed him a card.

"There is my address, Mr. Craig. Come call on me, won't you? I shall be very glad to see you." Then she gave him her hand, smiling pleasantly—a tall and slender, beautiful woman, but sad, the saddest he had ever seen.

"Goodby now, and good luck too!" said Mrs. Belden quietly, wistfully, and Craig smiled back at her.

"Thank you!" he replied, and then he reminded her she had yet to tell him Gawtry's address.

"Gawtry?" she echoed negligently. "Oh, yes! Mr. Gawtry is my neighbor at Arcadie. You'll also find him in Wall Street—John Gawtry. He is president of the Island Trust."

Filled with exultance Craig thanked her again and then, opening the door, he bowed himself into the passageway. Moreover, as he did so he very nearly bowled into a plump, rolypoly person that came pattering along the passageway like the White Rabbit in Alice's Wonderland. It was, of course, Hemingway, and as the man's eyes shifted from Craig to Mrs. Belden, her figure half revealed in the doorway, a greasy pallor stole upon his face.

Then he hurried on.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Safety in the Air

ONE of the most practical methods of making flying less dangerous has been developed in England, in the form of a court of volunteer experts to investigate every accident and point out ways of avoiding such accidents in the future. This Accidents Committee of the Royal Aëro Club is composed of men who are familiar with practical flying and are also engineers of high standing. The committee does not hesitate to speak its mind freely after every accident, and the feelings of the manufacturers are not spared. One accident, for instance, led the committee to urge manufacturers to give better protection in case any part of the engine should break and be thrown against other moving parts or against the pilot.

Another report warns against attempting to fly without enough power and so being unable to keep up in the air under a sudden bad condition of air currents. The strength of the wings of one of the famous makes has recently been questioned, and the committee has started a study of the strength of wings on standard types. Almost without exception the committee thus far has been able to agree as to what caused each accident, and in most cases has been able to show how such an accident can be avoided.

With the manufacturers watching these reports and evidently learning from them, the results are promising.

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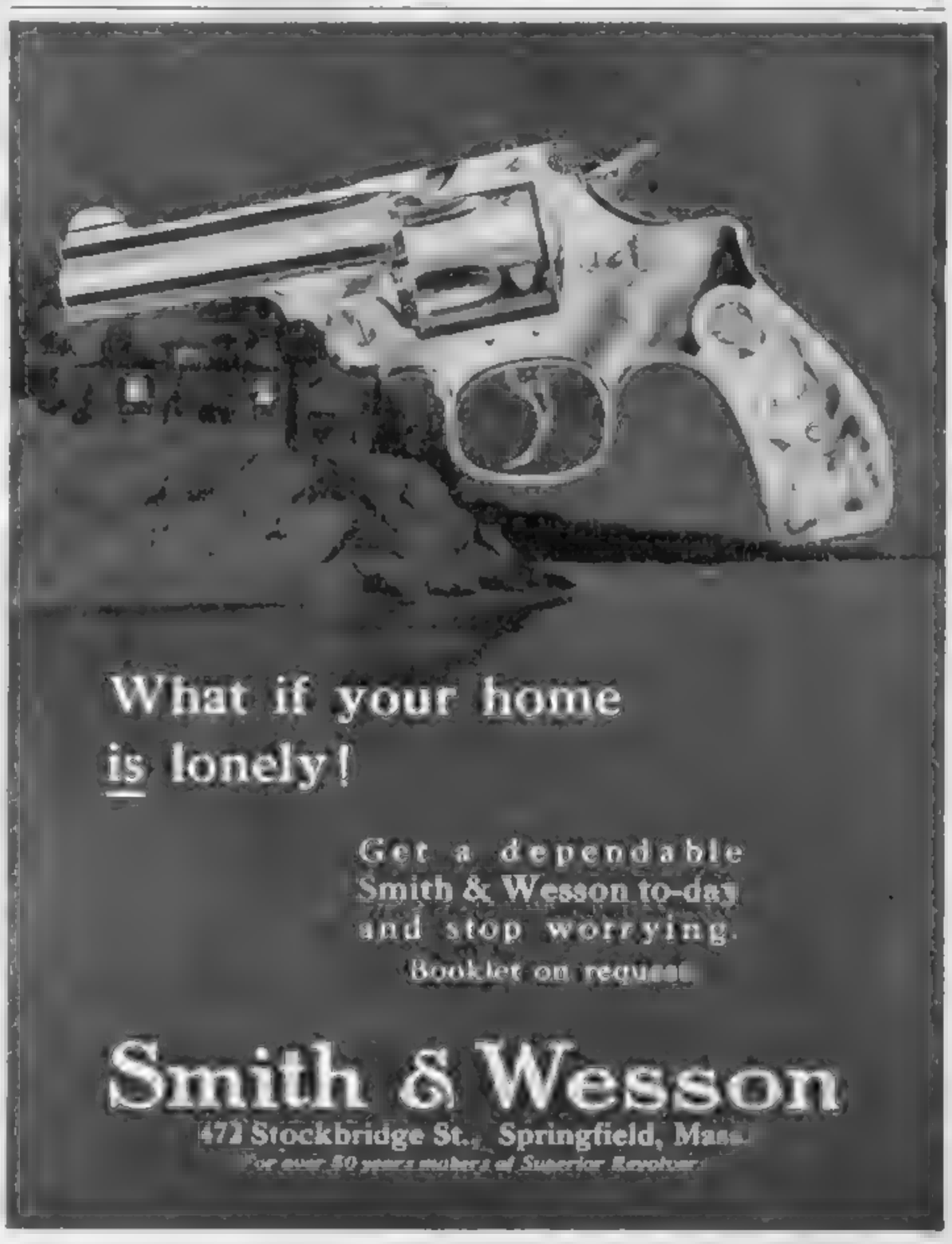

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For High Priced Automobiles

The Warner Auto-Meter has so firmly fixed and established itself, as the quality speedometer, that this current year over 90% of all the high priced cars made will carry it as a regular part of the car.

This is a significant tribute and a great triumph.

When you further consider that the Warner costs double the price of any other speedometer you can better realize what complete supremacy the Warner has attained.

In fact, Warner success is now about 100% for you have to hunt to find a high priced car that is not Warner equipped. Car makers gladly pay the additional price for Warner quality.

The majority of the leading manufacturers of high priced cars refuse to equip their cars with any other speedometer. Each requires that the speedometer be equal in quality to their car — they insist on the quality Warner. All these big producers could have had any number of other speedometers for a great deal less money. They pay 100% more for the Warner, because they know it's worth the money.

Buyers of high priced cars have learned through experience to know what is best and to insist on getting the best for the money they spend. If they pay twice as much for a high priced car they naturally expect — *and demand* — twice as much value in the car and its equipment. Car makers know that the Warner Auto-Meter is the speedometer possessing the quality necessary to satisfy this critical demand. When they equip their cars with the quality Warner they know that they have "gone the limit." They know there is — *and can be* — no better. Cars that are Warner equipped have everything in keeping with Warner quality — *those touches of refinement that make the purchaser willing to pay double the price for the car.*

Warner list prices are always maintained. They are never cut. They cost the same in Portland, Maine, as in Portland, Oregon.

Then again Warner has an international service behind it. Not merely a few agencies scattered promiscuously in different parts of the country, but a permanent service station in nearly every important city in the world. And at each one of these stations is a force of factory trained experts.

We have more money invested in service stations and employ more people than all the other speedometer manufacturers combined. This is mentioned merely to bring out and emphasize the fact that we have the facilities and organization to give speedometer service that is unequaled by that of any other organization in the entire industry.

The Warner Auto-Meter is absolutely accurate under all conditions. Each instrument is compensated at our factory (like a high priced watch), therefore it must register with absolute precision in all temperatures and under all conditions. When it leaves our factory it is accurate for all time.

WARNER

QUALITY AUTO-METER

The First and Foremost Magnetic Speedometer

The Principle that Revolutionized the Speedometer Industry

The Warner Auto-Meter was the first magnetic speedometer built. It was invented about eight years ago. Then came three years of ceaseless experiments in actual use, and under all conditions. It was placed on touring cars, town cars, racing cars, cars in the mountains, cars on the farm, cars in tropical countries and cars in the freezing countries. It was tried in high altitudes and low altitudes. It was given the most severe series of practical, exacting and exhaustive tests that it could possibly be put to. And under every condition it proved up perfect in accuracy, reliability, durability and wear.

All these lavish, extraordinary, and costly experiments *were made at our own expense, and not at the expense of the public*—which is the usual way.

These highly successful experiments enabled us to guarantee the elimination of all of the old troubles the other speedometers were subject to, such as twisting shafts, quivering hand indicators; irregularities due to climatic changes, unreliable speed and mileage indications and wearing parts which caused no end of inaccuracies.

Five years ago the magnetic speedometer was formally placed on the market. You can follow and judge its success by the following figures. During its first year 10% of all the speedometers used on automobiles were magnetic; during its second year 15% were magnetic; during its third year 50% were magnetic; during its fourth year 70% were magnetic; during its fifth year 80% were magnetic; and during its sixth year (1913) over 85% of all the speedometers to be manufactured in America will be built on the successful and practical magnetic principle.

In fact, conditions have so completely reversed themselves that today you rarely find an automobile of any kind that is not equipped with a magnetic speedometer. Need more be said?

How to Identify a Magnetic Speedometer: Look for the Rotating Dial

If it hasn't the Rotating Dial it isn't Magnetic

97% of all High Priced Cars that will be made during 1913 will be equipped with the Quality Warner—The foremost Magnetic Speedometer. Here is the list:—

American	Cole	Marion	Pilot	Overland
Detroit-Electric	Cunningham	Matheson	Republic	Garford
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Benz	Grinnell	Marmon	Simplex	Henderson
Delaunay-Belleville	Cino	Lexington	Stafford	Pathfinder
Buffalo Electric	Hupp-Yeats	Ohio Electric	Stayer	Stoddard-Dayton
Cadillac	Stutz	Olds	Stearns	Columbia
Case	Lozier	Paterson	Stevens-Duryea	Lyons-Knight
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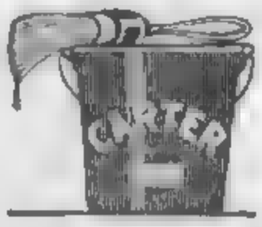
The White Paint Beautiful

We all admire the house painted white. It speaks cheerfulness, hospitality and the simplicity of good taste. True, all architecture and all locations will not tolerate undimmed whiteness, but there are many houses that would be more home-like if painted pure white.

A weather-proof paint that is really a clear, pure white is rare. White Lead has long been the standard white paint, yet perfect whiteness was not attained until the Carter process of making white lead was perfected.

Compare Carter with any other white lead or white paint and you will surely decide that your white house must be painted with Carter.

To make white paint, Carter White Lead is thinned with linseed oil to proper consistency. To make colored paint, your painter will add tinting colors. In either white or colors, pure Carter White Lead and linseed oil paint will be found both durable and economical.



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It has paid 158 Millions for claims on property of its policy holders. This is larger indemnity than has ever been paid by any other American company.

When Next You Insure

INSIST on the HARTFORD

THE FIGHTING SIX

(Continued from Page 7)

on the counter and made the coin jingle. I suppose he liked the sound of it, for he hung round quite a while trying to screw up my offer.

When Rixey came in I asked if he would lend me two hundred dollars on a short-time farm mortgage. Of course he was willing—interest at ten per cent to compensate for the bother of such a loan. I was pretty sure Booty would come back, and he did.

"If it wan't for bein' dead anxious to get into the apple business," said he, "I'd see you in Halifax before I'd sell! If you'll give me twelve hundred dollars, Hen, you can have the land."

I reached into the cash-drawer and got out a thousand dollars—mostly in fives and tens. It looked pretty big to Booty.

"There's the limit!" I said. "But you don't have to sell if you don't want to."

"You're all tightwads in here!" he complained—but he sold.

The next winter I resold the land for fourteen hundred dollars, which was pretty close to its actual value. Booty had deliberately sacrificed four hundred dollars in order to obey the call of the distance. I was obliged to take a mortgage in part settlement; but this I sold to Rixey. He shaved it heavily; but after paying my loan of two hundred dollars I had nearly twelve hundred dollars in cash.

I was married about this time and spent four hundred dollars on furniture. The cottage where my wife and I began housekeeping belonged to Hank Busby. For a long time he had been hankering to get out to Idaho—where the dollars grew on trees, he said.

"I'll give you eight hundred dollars spot cash for your house," said I.

Hank only laughed, but a week later back he came.

"Doggone you!" said he. "Gimme the money!"

The place was worth easily a third more than I paid for it; so now my assets were about fifteen hundred dollars.

I might say parenthetically that Booty and Hank are both back near Stony Bend now. The former worked with the section gang for a time and the latter in the stone-quarry. Booty is farming it now on a rented place and Hank has a job as janitor up at the county-seat. Apples and mining may be all right, but these two chaps were not properly equipped in their upper stories.

During the year following my marriage I saved a hundred dollars out of my nine dollars a week at the bank, and made three hundred out of the stone-quarry. Then I had a chance to sell my house for a thousand dollars, and did so. Temporarily we moved to rented quarters.

Two miles out of town was an eighty-acre farm known as the Hi Saulter place, though Hi had been dead many years. The farm was rented to a shiftless family of evil repute, the head of which finally clinched his reputation by killing his wife and himself. After this ghastly affair the farm stood tenantless for many months. The house was haunted, folks said. The property had heavily depreciated and Hi Saulter's heirs were in despair.

The Last of the Ghosts

One day I astonished Stony Bend by purchasing this place. I got it for three thousand dollars, paying twelve hundred in cash, with a mortgage for the balance. You see, I knew the land about our town thoroughly; I had been looking after Rixey's deals for six years. Folks did not understand what I wanted of a haunted house, however; so one day I showed them.

"Come along up, fellows," I said, "and we'll have a fine ghost show!"

Quite a crowd followed me out to the Hi Saulter place. When we got there I chucked a lot of dry wood into the kitchen and set fire to it. In half an hour there was not enough left of the house or the ghost to worry anybody. The house had been worthless anyway.

I treated the sheds the same way. Then up at the farther corner of the farm I built a cottage and barn costing a thousand dollars. In order to do this I borrowed of Rixey four hundred dollars on my note, and got credit for most of the material. I had a good thing—and a good thing is almost always equivalent to credit at the banks and elsewhere.

I had several offers for the place, but they were too low to suit me; so I put a tenant on the farm the first year. With my income from this source and my savings from the bank and the stone-quarry I paid off about two-thirds of the floating debt incurred in building. The deal had squeezed me pretty tight, but I knew I could work out all right.

Then one day Sted Watson came into the bank. He wanted a place suitable for peaches.

"I'll give you forty-six hundred dollars half cash," he said.

"My price is five thousand," said I.

"Split the difference?"

"Done!"

He got it cheap, but I made eight hundred dollars. And now I was worth, with the money I had saved meantime, nearly three thousand dollars. That ghost gave me a big boost—but, of course, it did take a little nerve to tackle him. There are men who stay poor all their lives because they are afraid of the ghosts that lurk in investments.

The trouble, I think, lies mainly in lack of knowledge and enterprise. True, there are plenty of ghosts to jump out at careless or ignorant investors. As for me, I seldom ran any risk worth mentioning. Loren Rixey had taught me the trick of shaking cash under the noses of folks who were dead anxious to sell. The world is full of restless, migratory people who want to get away or do something different.

I was not restless, you see. I was in Stony Bend to stay. Nor was I ever in a hurry to sell. When you have something people want you can take your time. There was always a demand for my products and always will be. And I still had my ambition. Ambition is perhaps the greatest force in the world.

Putting the Screws on Rixey

Not long after I sold the Hi Saulter place I said to old Loren Rixey with proper diplomacy:

"I've been thinking about getting more money. My services here as cashier ought to be worth fifty dollars a month."

"I can't pay it!" he declared. "Devils and perdition! I might as well close up the bank!"

"Devils and perdition" were the old man's worst cuss words. But I knew that fifty a month would not break him; in fact I knew more about his business than he did. I had a strangle-hold on my job. My real value to Rixey was just dawning on me, and I did not mean to play second fiddle much longer. Some men play second fiddle all their lives when they might lead the orchestra if they had any gumption.

"Well, I shall be sorry to leave you," said I; "but you can't blame me if I can make more money elsewhere. Stony Bend needs another bank and I'm going out to organize one. I can raise the capital and get myself put in as cashier."

The old man went clean up in the air, came down again, and settled the fifty a month upon me.

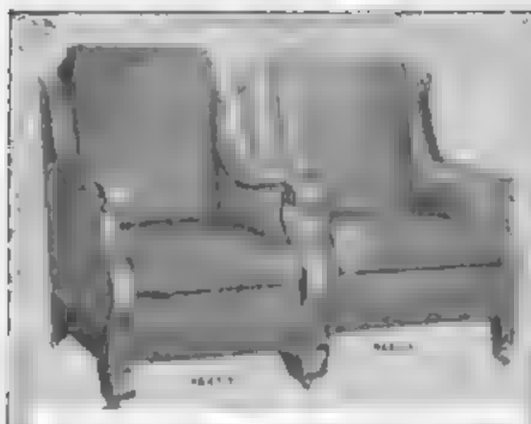
It was somewhere along about this time that Horace Ewell's father failed in business. Horace was the last of the Fighting Six—besides myself—in Stony Bend. He had been through the University of Pennsylvania and since graduating had been with his father in the store.

It was old man Rixey who closed the Ewells out to protect heavy loans; and for a time Horace was very sore at me.

"I suppose you've forgotten the day we six fellows swore by each other!" he said. "You've forgotten that day in Fred Hastings' woodshed when we went through all those mystic rites! Why, you yourself were Chief of Bloody Ceremonies! Now you turn round and knife me!"

I tried to explain that the thing was inevitable, but off stalked poor Horace. He left town soon afterward and I heard he had gone on the road for a St. Louis grocery house. It was fifteen years before I saw him again; then he told me a story of a cool million dollars. But I suppose you will get the narrative direct from headquarters.

Adjoining our stone-quarry on the south was a piece of bluff embracing a hundred acres or more, which belonged to Heine Luetgert. Rixey had been trying for several years to buy it, but Luetgert put a price on it that made my boss hot under the collar. They were both bullheads.



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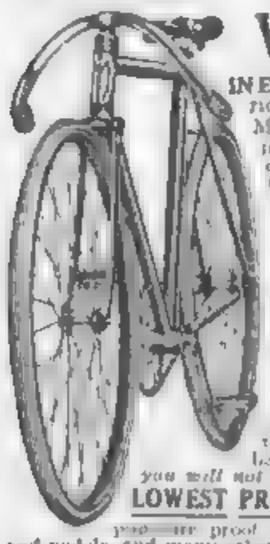

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One day old Luetgert was standing on the brink of his perpendicular domain. Perhaps he was gloating over the way he was holding up the expansion of the stone-quarry, but he had gloated too long. He slipped, tumbled down the declivity, and broke his neck.

A small capitalist named Hefflefinger, at Farm Center, had a notion of going into the stone business and wanted to buy the bluff of Luetgert's heirs. At Valley Plains was a man named Hawke, who also wanted it. Rixey, too, did some bidding; but the price grew pretty stiff for him.

"Let 'em have it!" he said. "We've got enough anyway."

He spoke for himself—not for me. I did not have enough and I was not old and played out like Rixey. I did not propose to be tied down by a man who was ready to retire; so I set my gray matter at work to evolve some way to get that stone bluff. It looked for a time like a tough proposition, for I had nowhere near enough capital to swing such a deal.

An idea came to me one Saturday night after I had gone to bed. I got up in the middle of the night and took the train to East Brooktown, where one of the Luetgert heirs lived. I got there at daylight and had breakfast with him.

"Instead of selling that property," said I, "suppose you organize the Stony Bend Quarry Company. It'll pay you far more money in the long run. I am experienced in the stone business; and I'll take three thousand dollars in stock as part payment for my services as manager—in addition to a salary of a thousand dollars a year."

It looked good to him. That afternoon we drove twenty-six miles to see the two other heirs and I was back at my job in the bank Monday morning.

Hefflefinger and Hawke furnished most of the working capital—ten thousand dollars at the start. You see, I harmonized all interests—all except Rixey. As to him, I had my own scheme. It was a crafty one perhaps, but I knew it would work.

The first step was my resignation from the Stony Bend Exchange Bank. I sprang this at the same time I told him about the Stony Bend Quarry Company. He went up in the air and called me a pusillanimous hybrid, just as I expected. Next day he apologized and asked me to help him find a new cashier and to get the kinks out of various affairs about which he knew little. I expected this too. I was ready for my coup.

In Partnership With Rixey

"Mr. Rixey," said I, "it's time you incorporated this business and put it on a permanent basis. I've got three thousand dollars I can put into its stock, and I'll take the job as vice-president on nominal salary at the start of ten dollars a week. Of course I can't spend all my time here, but I can have general supervision—and thus relieve you. I know you don't like to be bothered any more with details. We'll get Will Barber to come in here as clerk—and we'll make the banking business hum as it never hummed before in Stony Bend. We'll go after deposits and broaden out all round. And while we're about it let's consolidate all the stone interests."

Of course he would not consider it at first, but I had a grip on him he could not shake off. It was the grip of a man who has made himself necessary. My plans were carried out shortly afterward.

At last my early ambition was realized—I had an interest in the bank! What had seemed almost impossible at first had come about quite naturally—because I had bent my forces in that direction.

My bank stock paid me from fifteen to twenty per cent right along. I never touched a cent of my dividends, but put the money back into stock. We increased the capital from fifty to a hundred thousand dollars.

Meanwhile I bought the Church Heminway farm for twenty-five hundred dollars and sold it for thirty-four hundred after putting five hundred dollars into improvements. The Heminways were tired of farming and were going into mercantile business. They wanted to sell quick.

"There ain't no money in farmin' any more!" Church informed me.

I also bought the Otey Skinner place, which netted me six hundred. Otey had inherited ten thousand dollars in New York and was in a hurry to get there.

Then I took Widow Lunt's homestead—chiefly as a favor. I paid her as much as the place was really worth because I was

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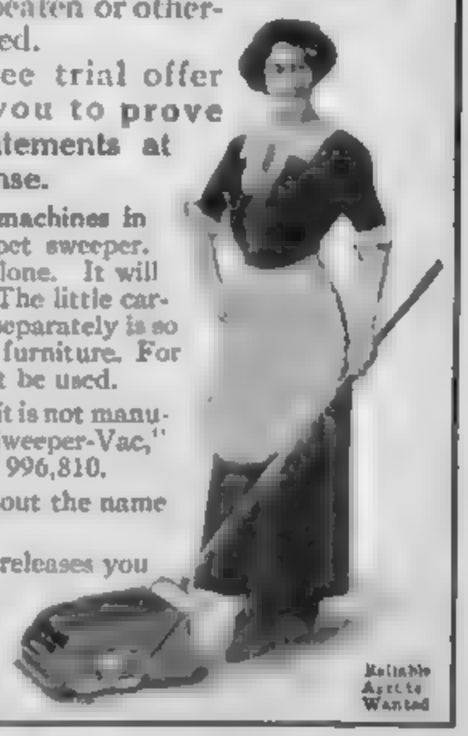
This combination Sweeper-Vac gives three machines in one: (1) Combination vacuum cleaner and carpet sweeper. (2) Vacuum cleaner alone. (3) Carpet sweeper alone. It will be most generally used in its combination form. The little carpet sweeper in itself is most efficient, and used separately is so easy to "just brush up with" and get under low furniture. For the most thorough cleaning the *combination* must be used.

There is only one genuine "Sweeper-Vac." If it is not manufactured by the Pneuvac Company it is not a "Sweeper-Vac," nor is it protected by United States basic patent 996,810.

Avoid Imitations. Purchase no machine without the name "Sweeper-Vac" stencilled in gold on its top.

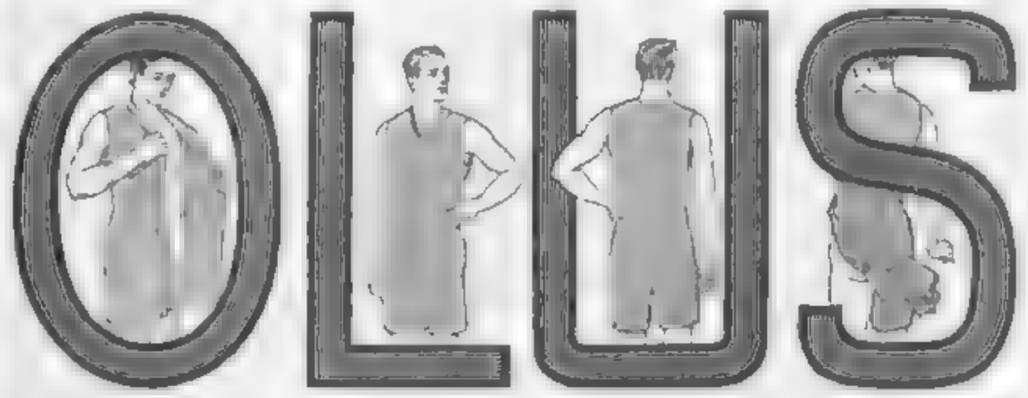
Costs the price of several brooms, but forever releases you from their drudgery.

For free trial or further information write us and simply say "Sweeper-Vac." We will do the rest.



PNEUVAC COMPANY, 59 Temple Place, Boston, Mass.

Reliable Agents Wanted



Three kinds of men need the triple advantages of the new

Union OLUS Suits

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

(1) The man who has tried Union Suits and *didn't like them;* (2) The man who *now wears* Union Suits and wants the best; (3) the man who is *thinking of trying* Union Suits for the first time.

OLUS is the perfect underwear for all wearers, *because it is the only kind*

—that is *Coat Cut*—opens all the way down the leg.

—that has *Closed Crotch*—no flaps, no bunching, only one thickness of material.

—that has *Closed Back*—perfect fit from shoulder to crotch.

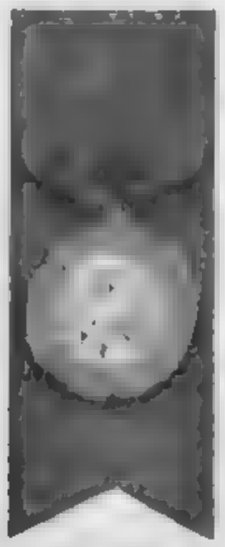
YOU WEAR A COAT SHIRT—
WHY NOT A COAT UNION SUIT?

Actual Closed Crotch

Price, from $1.00 upwards. Ask your dealer. If he has not yet stocked OLUS, send us $1.00 and your size. We will see that you are supplied. Free booklet.

To Dealers: Your Wholesaler has OLUS

THE GIRARD COMPANY, Sole Makers, 348 Broadway, New York



AWARDED PERFECT SCORES IN

The Most Coveted Trophy Ever Won
By Any Motorcycle

THIS diamond medal was awarded a Harley-Davidson when it won the National Endurance Contest held by the Federation of American Motorcyclists. So exceptional was the showing the Harley-Davidson made that the judges not only awarded it a diamond medal and a perfect score of 1000 points, but in addition, because of the super-excellent performance, gave it a plus five, or 1000 + 5 score in all. This was the first and only time any motorcycle has been so honored. It was a fitting tribute to the quality of the

HARLEY-DAVIDSON

This world's record proves its absolute reliability and durability, as no amount of minor records could.

Harley-Davidson dealers everywhere are demonstrating its many features, among which are the *Ful-Floteing Seat* and the *Free-Wheel Control*, exclusive patented features, which make the Harley-Davidson "the comfortable motorcycle."

Ask your dealer for a demonstration, or write for catalog.

HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR CO.
Producers of High-Grade Motorcycles for eleven years.
310 B Street MILWAUKEE, WIS.

sorry for her and her children. I made nothing on the deal, but the widow married Buck Wilbur and he spent the cash in a hurry.

Thus it went. In five years I bought six or seven farms and sold them again, clearing about two thousand dollars on all of them together. When I was thirty years old I was worth, as nearly as I can tell now, sixteen thousand dollars. This was an increase of ten thousand dollars in five years. Three thousand had come from the accumulations of bank dividends, four thousand from profits at the quarry, a thousand from savings out of my two salaries, and two thousand from land profits.

During the next five years I made five thousand dollars on land, six thousand on stone, and a thousand in a canning plant venture down where Si Blodgett's old slaughter-house used to stand. However, I dropped three thousand in a furnace factory and got singed for a thousand in a sash-and-door mill. I still had things to learn.

Yet, with the help of my dividends, I was able during those five years to add ten thousand dollars to my bank holdings, and to have several thousand dollars left over. At thirty-five I was worth close to thirty thousand dollars.

I am forty-five now, and my net worth is about a hundred thousand dollars. You can figure up yourself just the way my fortune has grown.

There has been nothing spectacular about my rise. My opportunities have been mostly homely and little—just the sort men overlook.

Today I am president of the Stony Bend Exchange Bank at a salary of two thousand dollars. Loren Roxey has been dead many years. Our town has five thousand people; and my home, I think, is good enough for any man. I have an automobile, a singing machine and a grand piano. My wife and I have done quite a little traveling and all our sons are in college. What more can a man want?

After all, though, it is hard to advise a boy what to do—stay at home or get out into the world.

The chief significance in these Fighting Six stories, I take it, will be the truth that success is not so much a matter of location as of men.

Editor's Note—This is the first in a series of six articles by Edward Mott Woolley. The second will appear in an early issue.

Memory Curves

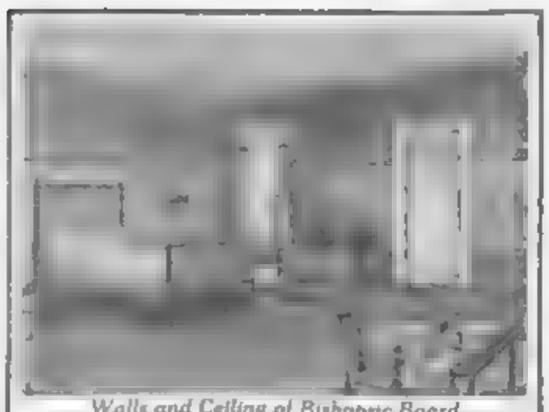
TWO investigators, working at the University of Chicago, have found a new "curve of forgetting," or record of how fast the average person forgets something he has learned.

They found that two or three seconds after a thing has been learned or memorized the process of forgetting begins, and that in five minutes about one-sixth has already been forgotten. In half an hour about one-fourth has slipped away, two-fifths is forgotten at the end of a day, and one-half is gone by the end of the week. From then on the process of forgetting is slower; so that at the end of one hundred and twenty days the pupil still remembers a third of the lesson.

That rapid learners are just as apt to remember well as slow learners, and that for most people eight o'clock in the morning is the best time for learning, are two other conclusions these investigators have drawn from their studies. Some persons have other hours for their best work in memorizing, but, on the average, the investigators found it requires thirteen per cent more time to learn something at five o'clock in the afternoon than at eight in the morning.

The method of investigation used by the two Chicago men was to have some students memorize a list of nonsense syllables, or short words that have no meaning, and then see how long it took them to learn the same series again at later times. Investigations made abroad in the past have shown that the process of forgetting was even more rapid than the Chicago experiments indicated, one famous series of records showing that half of all the matter learned was quite forgotten at the end of the first hour.

The Chicago students ascribe the better memories their experiments disclosed to more accurate methods of testing in this country rather than to better memories in Americans.



Walls and Ceiling of Bishopric Board

Don't Use Plaster!
Wall Board Is Better

Bishopric Wall Board [illegible] does away with all old [illegible]. It makes a [illegible] wall. It [illegible] or dry. [illegible] evenly. No paneling needed.

Costs 50% Less to Apply

Bishopric Wall Board [illegible] and save a month's time in building

BISHOPRIC WALL BOARD

Stays Stiff—Can't Warp

This is only Wall Board reinforced with lath. Kills [illegible] Mastic [illegible] with [illegible] and flat [illegible] Mastic [illegible] for [illegible] rooms, and it looks fine.

FRANK HAVENSTRITE, Moscow, Pa.

$5,000 Anti-Warp Bond

[illegible] $5,000 Anti-Warp Bond [illegible]

$2.50 for 100 Square Feet

[illegible] 16 sheets, 250 square [illegible] At [illegible] can apply it.

Working Plan for Model House

Send 6c. the mailing cost of [illegible] architectural plan for building a [illegible] sample of non-warp- [illegible]

The complete house plan is a wonderful help to all who are thinking of building. Don't fail [illegible]

FREE SAMPLE

The Mastic Wall Board and Roofing Co.
460 Este Avenue Cincinnati, Ohio

We Ship On Approval

Prepay Express and Allow
Thirty Days' Free Trial

The best "Nonskid" puncture-proof device for automobiles, commercial cars and motorcycles

Try Them At Our Expense

Be our own judge and [illegible] one a word for it. *"The proof of the pudding is in the eating."*

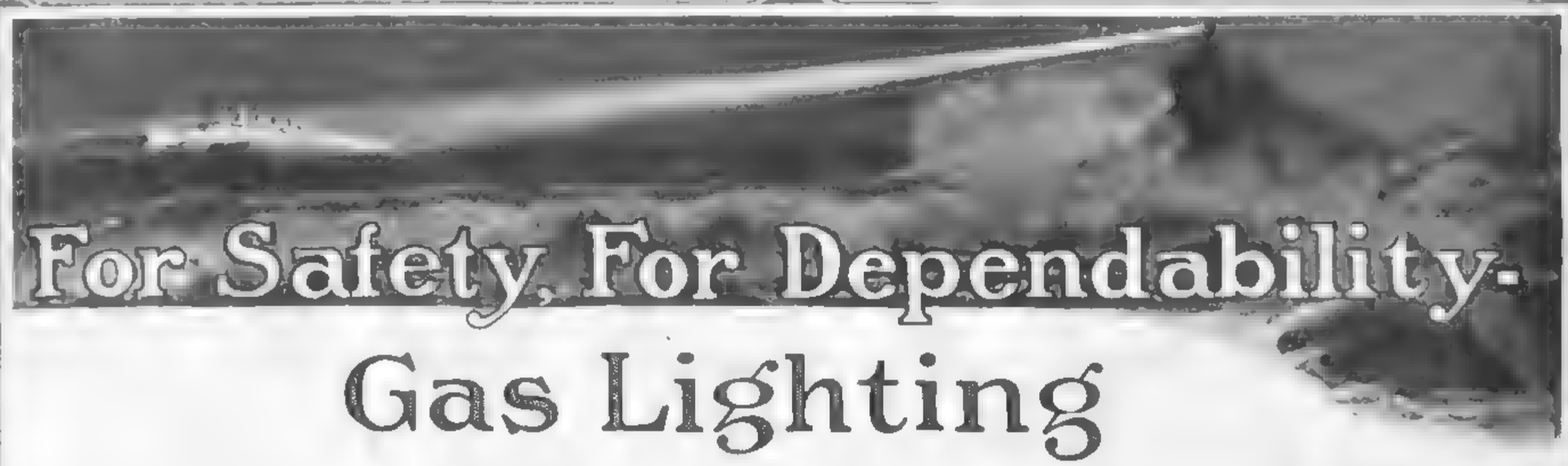
Perfect Score in 4 Glidden Tours

[illegible] to [illegible] N. D., 1909
[illegible] to [illegible] Mont., 1911
New York City to Jacksonville [illegible], 1911
Twin Cities to Winnipeg, 1912

It only costs one cent to learn our [illegible] Brictson Brakes [illegible]

Write Today for Folder [illegible]

The Brictson Mfg. Co. 3743 Brictson Bldg Brookings, S. D.



For Safety, For Dependability-

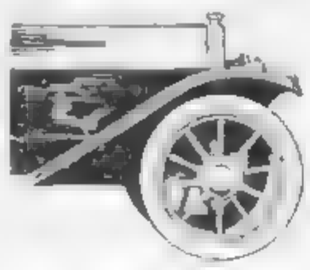
Gas Lighting

On every storm-swept sea coast of the world — wherever jagged rocks, treacherous reefs or tortuous channels bring peril to the mariner — there you will find gas lights

Acetylene gas is widely used for light houses and buoys because of its absolute reliability, its economy, its freedom from care.

Many of these acetylene gas lights go for months unattended by the hand of man. The light on Richardson's Rock, California, goes seven months, flashing its light unfailingly across the sea, every three seconds. A sun valve automatically cuts off the gas when the sun shines. But man never visits Richardson's Rock oftener than twice a year, at which time the gas supply is renewed.

In Ambrose Channel entrance buoys, or through the Panama Canal, or on the Great Lakes—in thousands of lights upon which the safety of thousands of lives depend—where reliability is a life-or-death matter and where the most adverse conditions of storm, ice, snow and sleet must be contended with—there you find the safe, sure, dependable acetylene gas light.



What This Reliability Means To Automobiles

The first and foremost feature in automobile lighting is *reliability*. The present extensive night use of cars is due to reliable light—Prest-O-Lite.

Do you remember the cars you've seen lately with only one head lamp lit? They weren't Prest-O-Lited. That "one-eyed" effect is a sure sign of trouble. It means that "something" is wrong with the lighting system. And just that "something" in the other lamp means no light at all.

Hundreds of expensive, complicated, unreliable lighting systems, adopted because they *seemed* convenient and economical, are being torn out by disappointed motorists, and Prest-O-Lite is being installed instead.

These motorists have learned much by having to spend the night many miles from home, through failure of their light and their inability to get relief from anyone but a factory expert.

Others have gone into the ditch when their lights suddenly went out, after experiencing a blinding shock due to the abrupt change from a tiring, dazzling beam of light to total darkness.

Gas lights do not fail suddenly. The user has ample warning of any failure of the gas supply, and enough good light left to get him to a Prest-O-Lite agency.

Prest-O-Lite gives the *best* practical road light, is absolutely reliable, and *costs less* to maintain and operate than any other system giving adequate light.

And as to CONVENIENCE: With the addition of the Prest-O-Liter or any other good spark lighter, gas lighting is just as convenient as any other system. You can, if you wish, burn gas in all your lamps, and light and extinguish any or all your lamps from the driver's seat. And your Prest-O-Lite bill will be *only a fraction* of the expense connected with any other convenient source of light.

Then remember this: Should your Prest-O-Lite "push-the-button" convenience ever be temporarily out of order, you STILL HAVE LIGHT, because you can light gas lamps with a match.

And you will only be imposing upon yourself if you allow any hasty preconceived notions to prevent your getting *the facts* before you act.

Does any light "cost less than Prest-O-Lite"?

Ask for this guaranty with your new car

The average Prest-O-Lite user pays less than $10 per year for light.

If it is claimed, or even hinted, that you can maintain any other system of brilliant lighting for less than you could Prest-O-Lite, ask this:

"Will you guarantee that my expense from this lighting system won't be **three times as much** as for Prest-O-Lite?"

If you can get this guaranty, get it in writing. If you can't get it, look before you leap. Consult a few people who have used such a lighting system for nine months or a year.

No matter what self starter is on your car, your lights should be gas lights. A self starter is, after all, a highly desirable convenience, but not an actual necessity. The disabling of a self starter might mean, at the worst, your having to use the starting crank, but an accident to your lighting system may leave you helpless in the dark. But so long as you have Prest-O-Lite and matches, you have light.

Almost any manufacturer will equip your new car with Prest-O-Lite, and an automatic gas lighter, if you insist. If your car is now equipped with Prest-O-Lite, any of our Service Stations or any dealer can install an automatic lighter at small expense.

Before you decide on any lighting system, send for a free booklet, "Light on the Lighting Problem," which gives all the facts, prepared by one of the foremost authorities. By sending coupon below, it will reach you without charge by return mail.

The Prest-O-Lite Company, 210 East South Street INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

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BRANCH STORES AND SERVICE STATIONS IN THESE CITIES: Atlanta, Baltimore, Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Dallas, Denver, Des Moines, Detroit, Indianapolis, Jacksonville, Kansas City, Los Angeles, Memphis, Omaha, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, New Orleans, New York, Omaha, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Portland, Ore., Providence, St. Louis, St. Paul, Minneapolis, San Francisco, San Francisco, Seattle, Syracuse. IN CANADA: Merritton, Ontario; Toronto, Ontario; Winnipeg, Manitoba.

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This money will be given *in addition to the regular rates paid for the stories.*

For conditions address Short Story Contest, Collier's, 416 West 13th St., New York City.

THE WRONG SIDE OF THE COUNTER

(Continued from Page 22)

the tomatoes from July to October; muskmelons from August to October, and the potatoes from June on—that I wouldn't have to do everything at once; but let me say there are times when we do have to do everything at once if we are going to succeed. There seemed to be no end to cultivating and spraying and general hard labor. I really overworked; but I didn't mind that when it was my own land—in which, I suppose, I was unwise. It was a good thing Marian, who didn't work so many hours as I, elected to get supper, for sometimes I was too tired to eat it until I had lain down - preparing it would have been out of the question! The soil was just as exacting as a family of children. Indeed, many a time when I looked at the rows and rows I had to cultivate I'd thoughts of kids crying for a drink, and for bread and butter, and to have their ribbons tied and their bruises rubbed; for no sooner had I satisfied one demand of my land than another one would scream out. I'd cultivate a row; and somehow I'd think that the nice tidy look would stay—but not a bit of it! I began to regard weeds as I used to regard the devil in the days of my childhood. And you people who buy a nice head lettuce for fifteen cents, do you ever realize the labor that goes into taking care of that head?

Marian had an impression that in modern farming you put your seeds into the ground and then sit down to eat strawberries and cream until harvest-time, when there is a little work to be done garnering. She changed her mind when she weeded onions. We had made an arrangement that she was to pay her share of the living expenses and that I would give her a hired man's wages for whatever she did in the field; but she was never a very skilled laborer, because her heart was not really in it. Still, she was strong; and, as I said before, physical strength is the first requirement for a farmer—only you must have a taste for it, too, if you are going to succeed. Marian was the sort that never would have risen above a hired man's standard. She didn't yearn for a farm of her own; and because it wasn't her farm she couldn't do half as much in a day as I did. Two people, with sufficient outside help, can run twenty acres of truck garden and make money out of it; but both must love farm work.

Marketing the First Crop

Marian did the feminine part very well however. She had heard me say I was not going to neglect my house as so many men farmers do. Well, I understood why after my back began to ache; and I should have put off home improvements until some indefinite period if she hadn't kept nagging me. Finally she said she would lend me the money for everything that was done to the house, and then I told her to go ahead. We built a good-sized living room and a dining room on the side that had the L, in such a way that the living room opened into the dining room, and the dining room into the kitchen. Also we cut a door from the new living room into the former living room, which we turned into a bedroom. That left one bedroom that had to be entered from outside or by passing through another bedroom. Still, you can't have everything! We also put a porch along the front and two sides of the house. The whole thing cost two hundred and fifty dollars, without paint. Marian painted it herself, and that came to another twenty dollars. I never could have afforded it alone; and, as it was, I did not pay her back for two years. Together, in the evenings when I was not too tired, we planned a little landscape gardening, and Marian carried out whatever was possible during that summer.

Meantime, as the late spring and early summer went by, I felt all the joy of the creator. Maybe it is something the person that is born on a farm does not feel. It was such a joy to see my crops doing well. I did not know any pleasanter exercise than to walk with Mr. Williams over my acres and have him estimate what I'd make, barring accidents and a bad market—but I was sure of my market.

Before my first crop of radishes and lettuce was ready we had two visitors—or rather I did. Marian got hungry for the city and wasted twenty-five dollars going up to Chicago for a visit. While she was gone Nettie came down and stayed with me. She was not quite ready, she said, to come down and live with me permanently; and I couldn't make out whether she didn't like the farm or whether she enjoyed staying in the city and proving to herself that she was above temptation. She made all sorts of promises for the future; and when she left I hoped she really did mean to come back.

After she had gone Billy came. I was surprised to see how well he looked—for him; and he said it was because he had been sleeping out-of-doors. He slept at Mr. Williams' house and they became great friends. When Billy was not helping me he was talking farming with Mr. Williams or driving round looking at the country.

About the time Marian came back I marketed my first crop of radishes, lettuce and onions. I had bought some bushel baskets cheap; and I lined them with pale blue tissue paper, which Marian had brought back for me, and filled them with my green and red treasures. I harnessed Jim Dandy and drove round to the friends of Professor Morrison. I sold them my wares at a cent or two less than the grocery stores asked—and they were fresh too, not wilted specimens from St. Louis. Those women all telephoned to their friends, and within three days I had established a reputation. I was the only market gardener about and I did not have any railroad charges to pay in getting to my market. In about a week I was making the grocers sit up; but it didn't do them any good, for my reputation was established.

The End of Marian's Troubles

As the crops came in my work became heavier, for I had to get up with the dawn to garner them. Later on I found it was a saving of time to pick and pack my produce the night before and start off soon after daylight for the town, but when I began I had the idea that the vegetables should be absolutely fresh. I discovered pretty soon that you have to yield a great deal to expediency. Just in the thick of my work I realized how business men must feel when their employees get the marriage bee in their bonnets. I had never seen it from their side before—and, indeed, I still think it's a woman's job to get herself married; but the man who looks on her as a business instrument must have a different point of view. Marian began to get absent-minded, and she said the work was frightfully hard on her hands. Likewise I noticed that she was getting two letters a week from Chicago in the same handwriting.

"Look here," I said to her one night at supper, when she had forgotten to eat and was indulging in a dreamy, puzzled stare; "have you anything to tell me?"

No, she hadn't; but she hoped to. The superintendent of the Sunday-school had lost his wife a year before Marian had left Chicago. When she was up there on her visit he had called several times and had asked permission to write—and had suggested coming down to see her.

"But what puzzles me," Marian said, "is that he didn't seem especially interested in me when I was living up there—and she'd been dead a year!"

"You never can tell," I said, which is a safe remark.

I saw the end of Marian as a farmer. He came down in two or three weeks and they were promptly engaged; and the only question in Marian's mind was when I could spare her, and when they could be married without arousing the criticism of the Sunday-school.

"What enrages me," Marian said, "is to think of all the money I spent on my clothes! I thought men liked to see women looking nice, and all the girls who do get married have nice clothes; but this fellow tells me that, though he always liked me—as a friend, of course—he always thought I dressed too extravagantly for a stenographer. He said no average man could support a woman with clothes like mine. He said it was seeing me in plain things when I was up last month that made him

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Girard College in Philadelphia is a living witness to the kind heart of Stephen Girard. In its own way the Girard Cigar is just as worthy of him.

GIRARD Cigar

High-strung men especially appreciate the Girard because it is kindly—*easy on nerves*. The "Broker" here pictured, actual size, costs 10c. Other shapes and sizes up to 15 cents.

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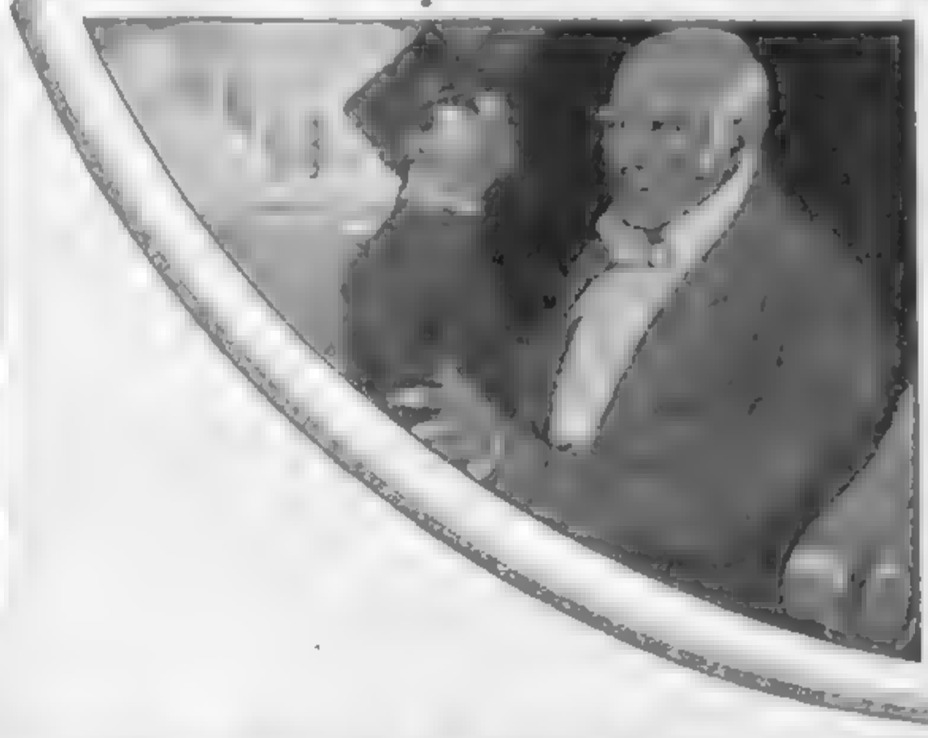
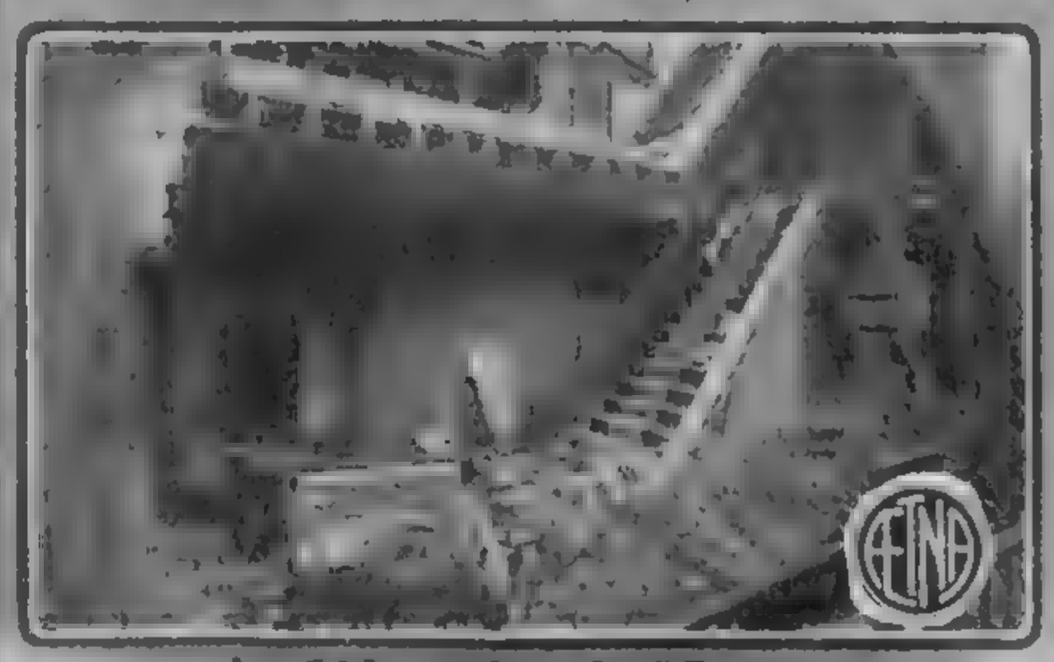


ÆTNA-IZED?



A Wrecked Home

After a gas explosion in the middle of the night in which five persons were injured, this is the way one home looked. There are accidents of travel, accidents on the street and in the office—but ten per cent. of all accidents happen in or about the home. Not all of them are so serious as this one, but all of them cause bodily injuries and everybody needs the protection afforded by accident insurance in the ÆTNA LIFE. The accident policies of the ÆTNA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY of Hartford, Conn., cover liberally all kinds of accidents.

In 22 years it has paid out over ten millions in accident claims, and in 14 years, over one million in health claims. Its 110 millions of assets and its great reputation for prompt and liberal settlements give the ÆTNA the leading place in the accident insurance business, and it is the largest Company in the world writing Life, Accident, Health and Liability Insurance.

Send for information about its policies.

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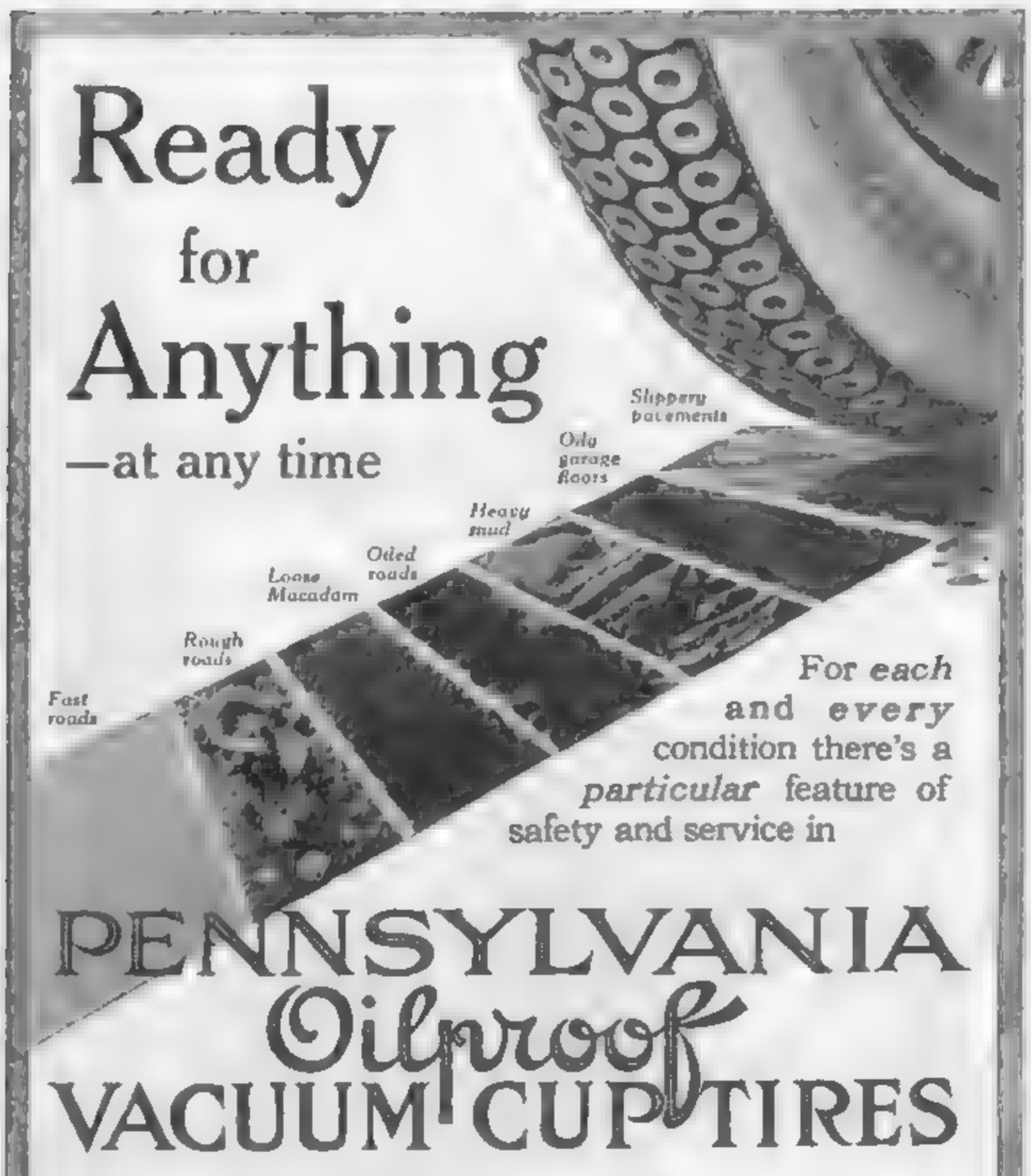
I am under 60 years of age and in good health. Send me information about Accident and Health Insurance. My Name, business address and occupation are written below.



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realize how sensible and sweet, and all that, I was. It was the lack of fine feathers he fell for. Can you beat it—the way men are?"

Well, I was glad of Marian's chance of happiness; but I saw that I should soon have to look for a new partner. The partner came out of a clear sky—and, of all people in the world—Billy Burrows! Without telling me a word, though he confided in Mr. Williams, he had taken the land next to mine, from the dilatory professor who owned it, and was going to work it on shares. It was pretty late in the season to start in, but he could get a few crops and, as he said, half in fun, hire out to me and be taught farming. Well, I took him up on it and gave Marian a chance to leave whenever she liked. Billy lived over with Mr. Williams, but had his meals with us. Marian simply cooked the rest of the summer, while Billy and I did the farmwork. If he hadn't come just then I should have been at my wit's end, for I had to spend two hundred dollars more than I possessed, and that did not include what I owed Marian for her farmwork. Billy lent me the money.

What splendid days he and I had that summer and early autumn! Sometimes, if he were tired with the farmwork, he would take Jim Dandy and go the rounds with the produce. We never thought which was man's work or woman's work. It was simply the work of human beings who wanted to be free. He had better luck with the chickens than I did and he took care of the pigs for me. He had schemes for keeping cows on his own land—but all that was to come in the future. For the present we had all we could do with the market gardening.

My strawberries were over before Billy came. I got what I considered an excellent yield—about five thousand quarts. I lost some of them through glutting the market, and because many people I approached had them shipped in from outside for preserving. I made, after paying the expenses of manuring, picking, and so on, a hundred and thirty-five dollars on that acre of berries. If I had done then what I did later I needn't have lost anything; for the next year I bought a canning machine and canned whatever small fruits and tomatoes and beans I couldn't sell, and disposed of them to the grocery stores at less than the wholesale factory prices. And I may say here that was why, later on, my crops of fruit, tomatoes and beans became larger, and the crops of onions, radishes, melons and corn became smaller.

How the Crops Turned Out

Billy helped me with the red and black raspberries and the blackberries. We found that the red raspberries did not grow so well as the black, and we got rid of the red. I had not been able to give that acre proper care; so we cleared only forty dollars on it. Upon my radishes I came out just ten dollars ahead, after the seeds and so on were paid for. I was ignorant of one phase of my market—the Columbia people didn't care much for radishes. On the lettuce I did well, largely because of the hotbed; on that acre I cleared two hundred and ten dollars. I should have made more if I had had more hotbeds. On the green onions I made only fifty dollars—that was because I didn't thin them out sufficiently and transplant them enough; and, besides, I didn't know that my patrons didn't care much more for green onions than for radishes. If I had raised a good crop and had found a market somewhere else, even after paying the freight charges, I might have drawn as high as four hundred dollars an acre—for onions paid. My sweet corn came out even; I never have had luck on my land with it, though Billy's rented land seems to take kindly to corn. My half acre of lima beans brought me thirty dollars; the cucumbers, twenty dollars; the summer squash only twenty dollars, for some of it got mixed with the cucumbers and produced uneatable hybrids.

The tomatoes and potatoes saved me. I got an average of a hundred bushels of potatoes, which was the more surprising as I fertilized them comparatively little. And, selling them throughout the summer, autumn and winter at a little less than retail prices, I cleared three hundred dollars on the three acres. The tomatoes were still more generous. I sold the first lot in dozens, in prettily lined baskets—then by the bushel—then by the crate; and on my three and a half acres I made over expenses—eight hundred dollars. They liked tomatoes in Columbia. Likewise I cleared about five dollars each on my two pigs. Some day I am going to keep many pigs for they pay. After I had paid Marian's wages and restored to Billy what I owed him, and paid for the machinery I had bought and for some extras, I had less than nine hundred dollars left. I owed Marian for the house, I had to buy tiling for the drains, and I had the winter to face on about two hundred dollars more than I had started with in the spring after my land was settled for. Also, I had paid myself no wages.

Let no one think I was discouraged however. I had done better than most who come green to the land, ignorant of its moods and temperament. Besides, I had sunk some of my capital in the orchard. That extra two hundred dollars I meant to keep as a starter for my mules; the rest I should earn by baking salt-rising bread, for which there was a demand, by serving as cateress for special dinners among the university faculty, and by sewing. Moreover, I meant somehow to put up a greenhouse, so as to raise lettuce and tomatoes and cauliflower during the winter. There was farmwork to be done too. What with manuring and tile-draining the land and hauling in weeds from the fences and mixing them with fertilizer, and mulching the strawberries and small fruits with straw, I could use the whole winter profitably.

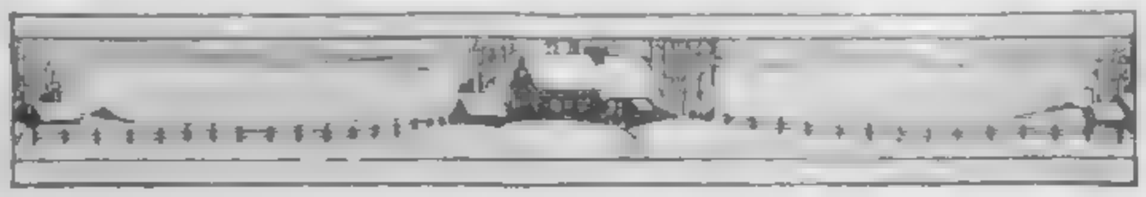
The New Partnership

And by the next autumn my faith in myself and in my land was justified. I had paid off the mortgage and bought my mules and all extra machinery that I still needed—and had eight hundred dollars in the bank; but the gentle and attentive reader should realize that I didn't really have enough capital to start with. I believe that every farmer should have at least from fifty to a hundred dollars capital to back every single acre he owns.

I cannot put my happiness and success in financial terms. Was I the girl who had tried to marry and failed, and then had been a shopgirl, with starved soul and body? After Marian left I seemed to forget all about marriage; but one night, long months later, Billy brought me a letter from Nettie—an utterly dreary letter, saying she was broken in body and mind, and would have to come to me, as to a last refuge! Somehow, that night I couldn't talk to Billy as we sat on the doorstep. My mind was full of problems of people in the city, of the hard choice that sometimes comes to those away from the soil. I suppose I must have wept a little, for presently I found my hand in Billy's; and in a few minutes I knew what it seems every one round me had known for some time—that it would be the most natural thing in the world if we married. It was very sweet to have my romance come so unexpectedly and simply after I had given up all hope for it! As Billy is not very strong even yet—though he is growing stronger—I can have plenty of chance to develop my love for taking care of people. I always thought I'd rather marry either a man who was rather sickly that I could take care of, or else a creature so big and husky that, for all my size and strength, I should seem a weakling by comparison. I'm satisfied with what I have.

We haven't anything to regret and little to wish for. Billy hopes some day to buy the farm we are working on shares. We'd like to have a furnace and running water in the house, and a real bathroom. All that will come some time. Meantime the day is full of work and the evening full of play. It comes to me like a strange dream sometimes that I was once a girl on the wrong side of the counter!

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles telling the experiences of a girl behind the counter.



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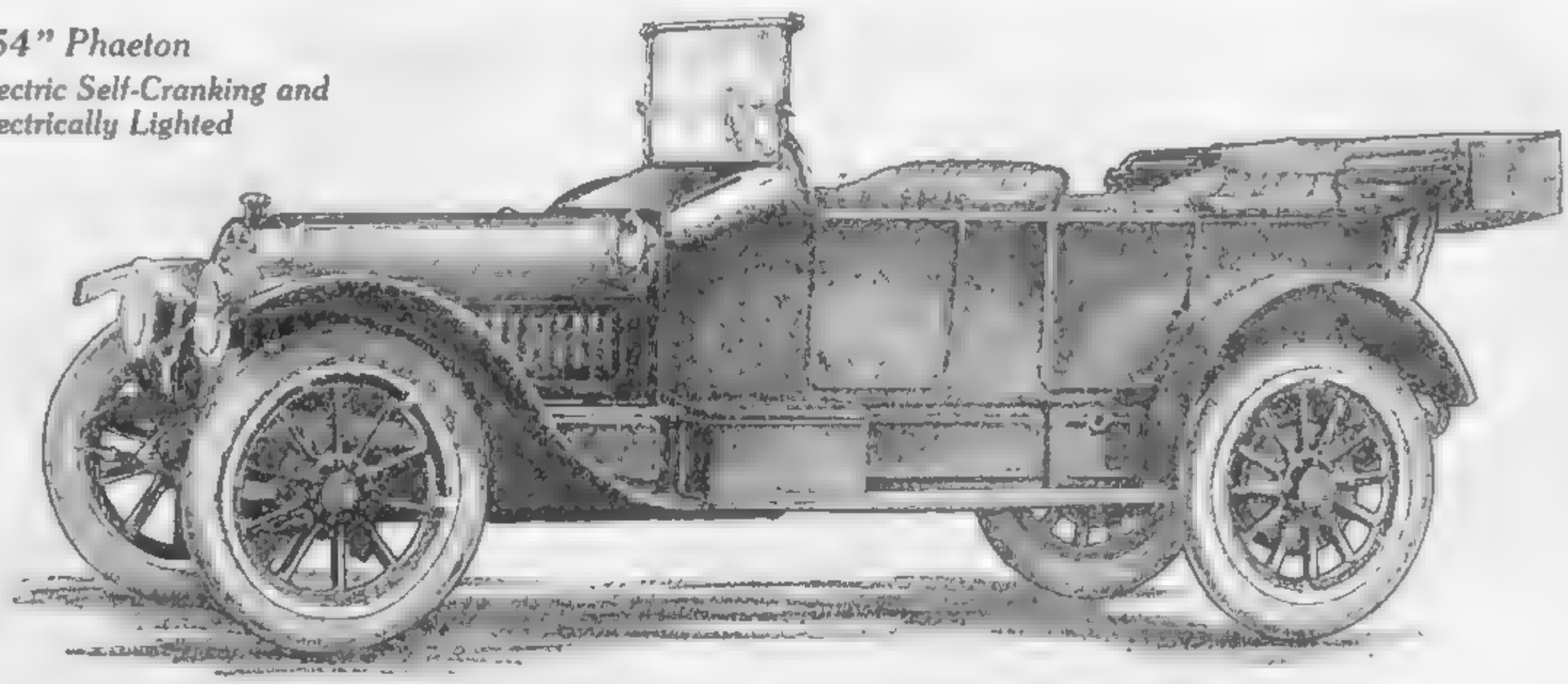

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WHEN THE LITTLE RED GODS BEGIN TO CALL

(Continued from Page 9)

To offer money would insult your host; but there are other ways for a guest to evince appreciation of the generous open latch—and one of the ways is not to go away and criticise the entertainment offered. Another is not to order the daughters and sons round like valets. Yet another is to time yourself to the convenience of the house and not to time the house to your convenience. I know of one famous host in the Southwest who yearly spends thousands of dollars entertaining passing travelers; and I know of scum of the earth—artists, writers, actors, professors, who are passé who have gone to that house and had to be turned out for drunkenness; for ordering breakfast and boots from members of a family whose yearly income is somewhere in the hundred thousands.

Ordinarily there are ranchhouses in the desert that make a business of caring for passing travelers. The charge is usually from one to two dollars a day. Always the meals are excellent; to a Westerner, so is the accommodation. To an Easterner it may not be; for, though you get your meals in the main house, the room frequently consists of a detached tent or portable bungalow. The tent is usually floored and boarded halfway up. The bed may be a couch or cot, but hot water is brought at seven, morning and evening; and more comfortable camp quarters you could not have. All through the Southwest are thousands of such ranchhouses; in fact, pick the place where you want to go and you have only to write to the district forest supervisor or to the local railroad station agent at the nearest point and you can learn the name of the ranchhouse, the sort it is and the charge. Better send word in advance to be sure that all the tents are not occupied.

Amateur Cave Dwellers

Though you may not need a tent in the desert, other camp equipments are necessary. You need eye-glasses to screen you from sun and dust. You need a keg of drinking water. You need food en route—and part of that food should always be a box of oranges or some fresh fruit to keep you in kilter when you are driving constantly and not taking active exercise. You need a driver and pack animals, or motor or rig, to go in. Do not worry about any of these until you are out on the spot. At every jumping-off place where you leave the railroad there are local outfitters who will supply these. The charge runs from four to six dollars a day for single rig, ten to fourteen dollars a day for double rig—both charges including driver and hay; four dollars each way for the run for the motor.

Would I advise a motor? Not unless the local outfitter is sure—double-deadly sure of the road. Take his advice implicitly on this. There are many sections where you can make such a quick run by motor that is saves horsehire to take it. In other places the quicksands of a dead river or the pumice dust of a rutted road will bring a motor to grief in five minutes.

Should you ride or drive? That depends on you and the horse. There are good wagonroads everywhere; and I think you can make faster time with less wear to yourself in a light team wagon than on horseback, with pack animals. Would not ten to fourteen dollars a day for a team make an expensive trip? It would, perhaps, for one person, if you added to that the cost of ranchhouse board and kept the team for the entire trip in the desert; but that is where you save. You choose your camping-ground, drive out and send the team back—you do not pay for the back trip. Then, when you want to go on farther, or to go back, hire another team.

There is a still cheaper way of camping in the desert. All through the Southwest—at Casa Grande, on Gila River, at Flagstaff, in Frijoles Cañon, at Chin Lee—are prehistoric cliffs and caves. Take along your own grub-box—a two-dollar-and-a-half tin trunk to keep insects out of the food—quarter yourself in the caves and do your own cooking. Ten dollars a month will cover the food for one person on such a trip. If you go as a family and do not want the bother of cooking, thirty dollars a month will hire a good Mexican or Indian cook, man or woman, to prepare food and wash up.

Do not imagine this is anything new. It has been done by scientists time and again; and a cleaner habitat you could not have than these caves, floored with the eroded dust of the centuries, packed hard as cement. I have slept in them, wolves barking in the valley below, with a greater sense of security than in a New York or San Francisco hotel. When you are in a cave of solid pumice or tufa there is no danger of fire; and when you have gone up to your eagle-nest by a ladder, which you pull up after you, you are as secure from prowlers as if you were sleeping on your own housetop in an Eastern city.

When you choose as your stamping-ground the middle belt of mountain country, or the northern belt of the canoe country, the camping-outfit is a more elaborate affair. Grub-box will cost about the same—ten dollars a head a month; but if you want a cook and guide combined the cost will be just double that in the Southwest. In other words, for a mountain man who will guide you in, cook for you and look after the pack horses you will have to pay from fifty to sixty dollars a month. For a canoeman who will guide you, cook for you and handle your craft sagely in the wildest waters you will have to pay from seventy-five to one hundred dollars a month. But the point is—in the ordinary camping party you do not want the expensive guide for a month. You want him to take you in and leave you and then come for you—which reduces the figures by half.

Tents you must have, either rented from a local outfitter, whose charge includes horses and guide and canoe, or by outright purchase. If you go in alone, or even in a party of three, you can get along with one tent. Get a miner's tent—the oblong tent with walls to hold the roof above your head—in preference to the sloping tepee, which you bump every time you move from the middle. Also you can carry the tent-poles of a miner's tent and the pegs, and in case of storm have it up and firm in less than five minutes! The tepee has a way of wabbling from its base in a high wind.

To rent tenting outfit, horses, guides and canoe runs, from Colorado to Athabasca, all the way from three to ten dollars a day, according to the size of your party and the elaborateness of your outfit; but you can reduce the apparent costliness of that figure by having the local outfitter take you out and plant you, and come back for you.

The Klondike Freighter

On a long trip it saves, of course, to buy your equipment outright and resell it at the end of your travels. A miner's tent, second-hand or wholesale, costs from eight to twelve dollars, according to size; a tepee, four to ten dollars, according to size. Pack animals you can buy all the way from thirty-five to sixty dollars apiece. I do not believe in any one's taking a long canoe trip in anything but a good, big, ample craft. If you are going to tip your canoe every time you wink your ear on a three-month trip it is going to be a long, irksome, cramping business; but in an eighteen or twenty-two footer you can move round with as great ease as on a raft. You can stand on the gunwales without a tip; or put a steamer trunk athwart and use that as a seat, and be as comfortable as in your own home chair. Such a canoe costs from eighty to one hundred dollars; but if you take good care of it, taking it out of the water every night, turning it bottom up and painting scratches with white lead, you will be able to sell it at the end of a trip for exactly what you paid for it.

I paid eighty-seven dollars for a twenty-two foot Klondike freighter, good for the wildest and roughest rapids, and sold it at the end of more than a thousand miles through the worst of rapids for exactly what I paid. The one objection to a Klondike freighter for women, or even for town men, is the weight of the big ironwood paddles needed. Also, you do not need to be told that, where the water is so rough you need a Klondike canoe, you need and must have the best of rivermen for a guide. In wild, rough rapids, say, for eight or ten miles steep as a stair, where fifty miles of water collect in a quarter-mile width—you will need two guides; but that does not mean twice seventy-five dollars a month. Double up

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only when you come to the bad rapids! Paddle your own canoe in other stretches or employ only one guide.

A Klondike canoe will take a ton of dunnage. Put in only half a ton for a long trip, add your own weight, and you'll need a paddle that is a crowbar. Literally and truly the first week you are out every muscle in your body will ache so that you will need a helping hand or a steam derrick to turn over in bed at night. I am not joking but in painful earnest when I confess that the first week out a woman friend and myself had to help each other to turn in our gettings up and sittings down.

Never mind! An hour in the sunlight takes the aches out! At the end of two weeks you do not ache at all. At the end of three weeks you have an appetite to digest hammers and nails; and your muscles are iron! You come back from the wilds literally surcharged with reserve strength. You are tireless in energy. I paddled fifteen hundred miles that trip and gained thirty pounds, every ounce of it muscle as hard as whipcords! If you think that kind of strenuous life does not pump all the tired dregs out of the blood and all the red life-corpuscles in just try paddling a ton canoe a hundred miles!

Two or three things add inexpensively to comfort on a long packhorse trip in the mountains or on a long canoe trip. I know I shall be laughed at by old veterans for mention of these, but we do not all begin as veterans; and the people most needing a camping trip to the wilds are often the very softest and most unable to face little hardships. Perhaps I should not say face. Perhaps I should say most unable to endure. "The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak."

Comfort in Camp

There is the matter of heat in the chill hours between midnight and dawn, when ice-knives seem to strike up from the earth to the middle of your spine—and you can't sleep.

Mountain camps near the snowpeaks are always deadly cold on the ground at those hours, and camping-ground in the canoe country of the north is then most deadly damp; in fact in that country you will canoe in regions for hundreds of miles where you cannot find any camping-ground the size of your foot in the muskegs and willow swamps and the goose-grass flood regions. How, then, will you camp? As a city woman forewarned me airily once: "Do not you know you may get wet?" No—I did not; and I do not yet. We cut the willows and the rushes and the reeds and made a bed three feet deep. On this we spread a fur rug over a piece of oilcloth such as you use on a kitchen table. Above the rug we erected our tent; but even then the cold damp would come up.

You might not utter a peep of complaint; but if you don't sleep you can't work next day. Take along a little dollar-and-a-half tin campstove. It will dry out all damp while you undress. Also, though I love the wilds, I like to carry along some of the comforts of home life. I like a nightly hot scrub. While you eat your supper outside round the campfire, put a pail of water inside on the tin stove; and lace up the tentflaps to keep out mosquitoes. When you go inside there is a tent warm as your home bathroom and hot water ready for the scrub! Veterans may laugh at this and laud a cold plunge. Any one who likes the fun of a cold dip outside, with hoarfrost round the rim, can have it. I do not; and I notice the cold plungers do not stay more than a jiffy in that state of congealed joy.

Then there is the matter of the bed. If you do not sleep well you will not work well—and it is the work that is play which is going to rejuvenate you. The enemy to sleep is that same midnight chill. I have been so cold when camping near glaciers in the Rockies that I have called in the campdog as a footwarmer. Some advocate air mattresses; some, hair mattresses; some, hammocks, which are all very well until you roll. I have tried them all and been cold in all, with hot-water bottles below me and buffalo robes above.

Only one type of bed have I found impervious to chill; and it is the simplest and nearest to hand. Cut whatever boughs are nearest cedar, juniper, hemlock, willow, sagebrush. Cut enough for a depth of at least two or three feet. Lay them with the branch end out and the soft end in—that gives you a soft hollow in the middle. Over that lay the thin oilcloth; over the oilcloth, a fur rug, which you can buy in the mountains at from twenty to thirty dollars. My own is lynx skin and cost twenty-two dollars. Turn the edges of the rug up against the tentskirt to keep out drafts. One duffel, or Hudson Bay blanket, over that, and you will be as warm as toast in the coldest weather.

Then there is the matter of an extra tent—a little tepee one for a bathtent—in case of snow or storm in the upper mountains or floods in the swamp country. You may not need it once in ten times when you go out, but take it along as a safeguard. If you waken some morning with eight inches of snow round you in the mountains—as I did once up Bow River—or with a lake of flood waters round the knoll where you have camped—as I did off Cedar Lake in Eastern Saskatchewan; or if you get stalled for three or four days by storm—you are going to be very uncomfortable if you have not a little washtent where you can dress and scrub in warmth, without disturbing the others in your sleeping tent.

Shall you take along a big portable tent, with floor, partitions, mosquito-wired windows, and so on? Not if you are going to travel. It would be a white elephant in your canoe or on packhorses; but if you are going out as a family for a two or three months' camp in one place, the seventy-five-dollar or hundred-dollar big portable tent may be a boon.

Families of the canoe country have a rough-and-ready way of taking a holiday too. No eighty-dollar Klondike canoe for them! They build a huge raft or barge. It costs from fifty to one hundred dollars. On this they erect a tent and a tin cookstove. Two big trees fastened to the stern, branch-end down, serve to keep the raft in mid-current, out of slack sidewater. Then the whole family goes joyously aboard, the raft swings out and slides along both day and night. Mosquitoes—as you probably know—are always much worse on the banks of a stream above slack water than over the central, moving current. This method of travel exempts you from the curse of the canoe country.

Long Journeys by Raft

In this way, in the old days, families from Edmonton drifted down and paid calls on Prince Albert and Winnipeg—a mere matter of five hundred or six hundred or eight hundred miles; but that was nothing. The railroad has, of course, abolished the old custom; but in summer-time you can still see adventurous spirits following the trail of their ancestors down the big, swift rivers of the north. One person always kept guard at night. On approaching rapids Indian voyageurs were called aboard for help past the bad waters; and at the end of the trip the craft would be broken up and sold for lumber. If ever I go down one of the big northern rivers again I shall do it in the old, comfortable way—by raft.

Do you need a guide? That depends on yourself and on where you go. If you rent your equipment from an outfitter his driver will act as guide; or, if your camping-ground is in any of the national forests, as it is bound to be along the backbone of the Rockies, you can keep along the Forest Service trails, and go in to your camping-ground under direction of the forest supervisor. It need scarcely be said here that it is just as perilous to go into the desert not knowing where the waterpools are, as it is to go into a whirlpool rapid not knowing the water currents.

Now you can figure up pretty nearly to a dime what your camping trip to the wilds will cost you. There are still cheaper trips in the West than those enumerated here. You can go by car from Los Angeles—forty minutes—out to cañons, where ready tents await you, and the weekly cost, board and tent, will not exceed six dollars for each tent—the same along the Moffatt Road in Colorado; in the Verde Valleys, Arizona; up the Pecos in New Mexico; along Sundance Cañon in South Dakota.

Less than a day's travel from Winnipeg, or half a day from Edmonton, there are beach camps, where you can have a canoe holiday at less cost than camping in the cañons near Los Angeles. The thing is to decide how much you can afford, where you want to go and what you want to do; then go, whether you are alone or one of a family! There is no remotest hamlet in the mountains, or in the canoe country, which will not open to you as before a magic wand if you go in forgetfulness of self, with the sunlight on your face and the love of the wilderness world in your heart.

The Critics' Car

Sold Half the World Over—Shipped 10,000 Miles to the Most Critical Motor Car Buyers

The export demand for the Michigan "40" is a very convincing fact. These foreign buyers send far for the Michigan. They pay heavy duty, costly freight. And they have all the world's cars to choose from.

We are shipping to Germany, Russia, Sweden, China—to England's colonies, to South American countries. The buyers are experts, well-informed, critical, artistic, exacting. They have 400 makes to select from.

The fact that these men send to Michigan for it marks this an exceptional car.

Built to Win a War

But this car was not built for export. It was built to excel, and to undersell, the whole field of American Forties.

We worked for four years with that one end in view. We built thousands of cars in working up to this model. And we added in those years some 300 improvements.

When this model came out—for 1913 we found 72 rivals with new-model Forties. So we fixed on the Michigan, for this year alone, a price which defies competition.

This car at this price became an instant sensation. Hundreds of dealers came here to inspect it. And within 30 days they conceded this car the foremost place among American Forties.

But experts came also from eleven foreign countries. And before this new model was two months old we had orders from half the world over.

Two Great Designers

This success is due, in large part, to two very famous designers.

W. H. Cameron is our engineer-in-chief. He has built 100,000 cars well known on both sides the Atlantic.

And John A. Campbell is chief body designer. His body designs, for many years, have had almost world-wide vogue.

So we offer a chassis built by Cameron, and a body built by Campbell. Never before has any one car combined these two men's efforts.

The result is a car which, in fine engineering, in beauty and finish, in design and equipment has met the ideals of a thousand stern critics.

What Critics Demand

The best informed buyers, all the world over, now demand what the Michigan offers.

They demand four forward speeds—oversize tires—electric lights—big springs—deep cushions—wide seats—durable, costly finish.

They demand a vast overcapacity—a very wide margin of safety.

These Michigan features are not innovations. They belong to the latest practice. Men expect them and get them in high-priced cars. The novelty lies in giving so much at the price of the Michigan "40."

We Urge You to See It

Motor car lovers who keep abreast of the times should all see this Michigan "40." It embodies all the latest ideas of two men who best know what is coming. And it sells at a price which sets a new record in high-grade, high-powered cars.

Your dealer won't urge you to buy it. Michigan dealers, at the present time, have many more buyers than cars. But the Michigan "40" has taken its place among the great cars of the world. It has set a new pace among cars of this class. In many ways it marks a changed condition.

As a matter of interest you should see this car. See what Cameron regards as his best engineering. See the latest Campbell body. And see what $1,585 can now buy in a Forty.

Mail us this coupon for the Michigan catalog, and let us direct you to the nearest showroom. We have dealers almost everywhere.

Michigan "40"

$1,585

Special Features

Four forward speeds, as used today on all the best foreign cars

Oversize tires—35 x 4½ inches—wider, we think, than on any equal-weight car

Electric lights with dynamo

Center control.

Left-side drive, to which all the best cars are coming

40 to 46 horsepower.

Long-stroke motor.

Brake drums, 16 x 2½ inches, making them extra efficient

Springs 2½ inches wide—50 inches long in the rear

Shortsville wheels, with 1¼-inch spokes—12 to each wheel

Demountable rims—Fifty-inch rims detachable with extra rim

Steering post adjustable. Also brake and clutch pedals, insuring perfect comfort and fit to every driver

Wheel base, 118 inches.

Rear seat 50 inches wide inside—22 inches deep. Doors 20 inches wide. Tonneau room 50 inches [illegible]

Straight-line body, with 22 coats of paint, designed by John A. Campbell

14-inch Turkish cushions. More depth and comfort, we believe, than in any other car.

Nickel mountings.

Electric headlights, extra powerful [illegible]

Sidelights set in dash—flush with it

Windshield built as part of body, easily inclined to any angle

Mohair top, side curtains and envelope.

Electric horn.

$50.00 Jones Speedometer.

Overcapacity averaging 50 per cent. Each driving part sufficient for a 60-horsepower motor.

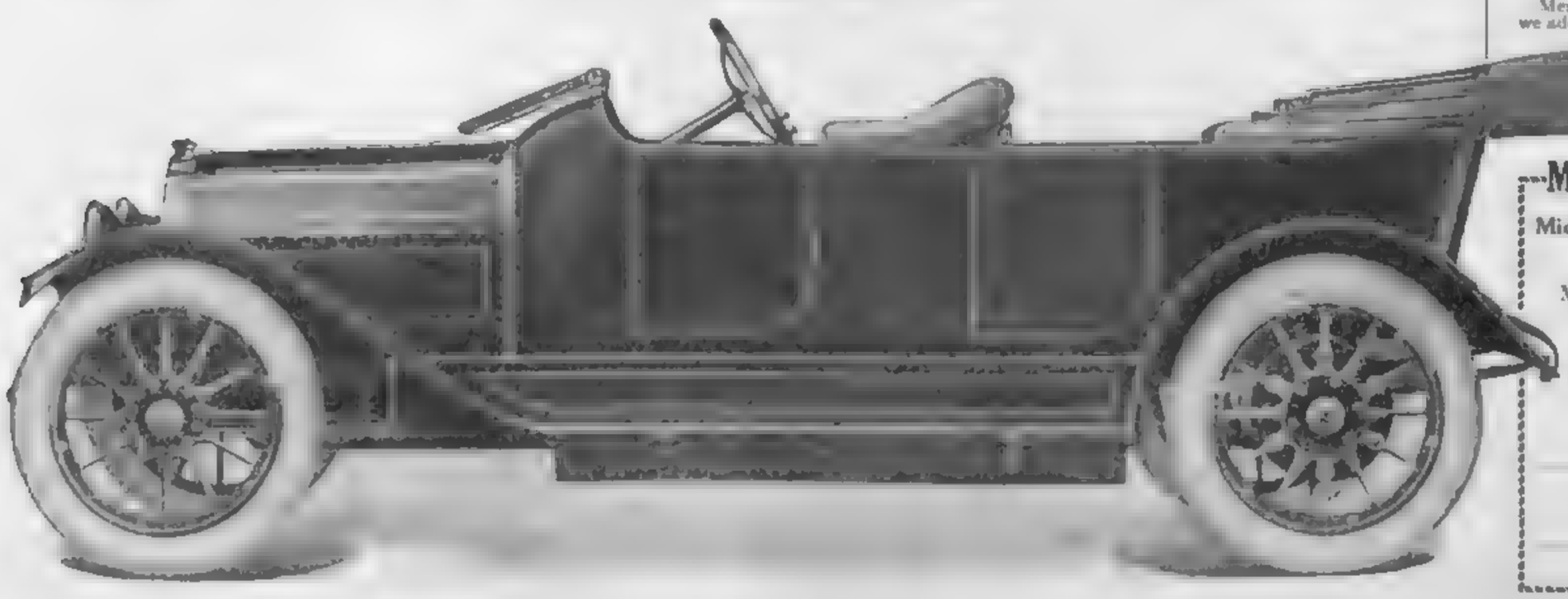
Foot rail, robe rail, rear tire-irons, tool chest completely equipped, under running board out of way.

Self-Starter

Men differ so about self-starters that we adopt no type as regular equipment. Either a gas starter, or an unfailing electric starter, will be added at moderate extra price. The car has a dynamo lighting system.

MICHIGAN MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Kalamazoo, Michigan

Owned by the Owners of the Michigan Buggy Company



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Kalamazoo, Michigan

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(174)

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The New Stewart Motorcycle Speedometer

(Magnetic Principle)

With the New Two-Belt Front Wheel Drive

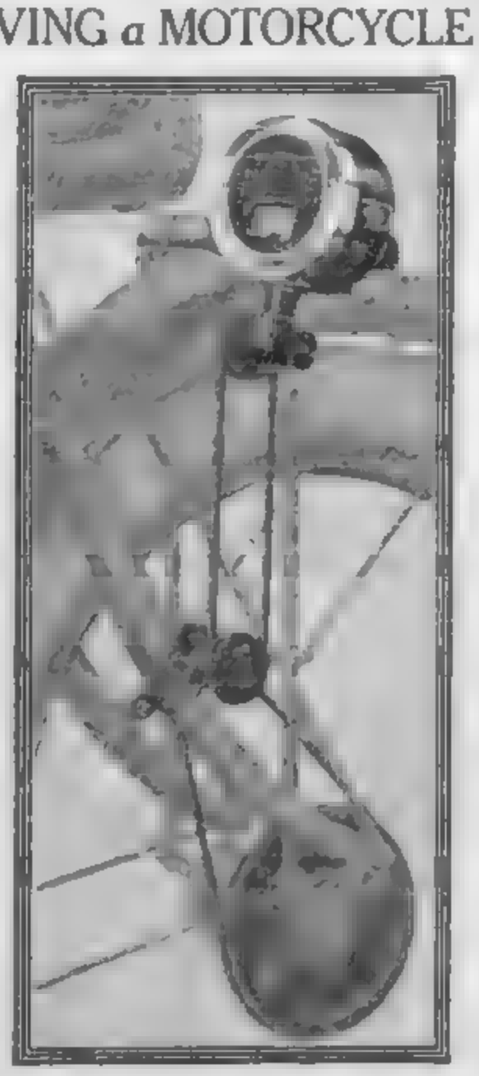
THE New 1913 Stewart Motorcycle Speedometer is installed in an entirely new manner and is driven by an entirely new method. We formerly installed the Speedometer upon the frame or handlebars and drove it with a flexible shaft. We now install it upon the mudguard or extension spring and drive it with a two-belt drive from the front wheel.

By installing the Speedometer upon the mudguard or extension spring *we utilize the direct rays of the headlight to illuminate it at night*—thus the purchaser is saved the cost of equipping with a lighting system.

Our front wheel two-belt drive is an ideal method of driving a Speedometer. For it we have abandoned all other methods of driving. During a period of twelve months it has fully demonstrated its superiority under the most crucial road tests and is being rapidly adopted by expert motorcycle tourists, motorcycle divisions of police departments, and thousands who require a speedometer or driving equipment that can be depended upon to indicate accurately at every speed *and to unfailingly register every turn of the front wheel.*

With the Speedometer installed upon the extension spring or mudguard there is no movement between the Speedometer and the point of drive, or front wheel center—thus the driving equipment is subjected to no destructive movement between these points. With our flexible shaft drive from the front wheel and the speedometer mounted on the handlebars or frame just the opposite is true; because there is a very destructive movement between the wheel center and speedometer. This is due to the continuous up and down movement of the spring fork which first kinks and then stretches the flexible shaft at each jolt, speedily breaking it to pieces. With this installation and drive our flexible shaft was also subjected to the destructive movement of being continually whipped from side to side in turning corners. This jerking and whipping, so destructive to our flexible shaft, *is totally eliminated by our new Belt Drive.* Vibrations cannot injure the belts. Being flexible they will merely give when subjected to a sudden strain—they cannot break. Their coil spring construction gives them a peculiar "clinging" tendency. They "grip the grooves" of the pulleys so that there is positively no slipping—thus there can be no failure to register the distance traveled or the speed obtained.

THE FIRST PRACTICAL AND TROUBLE PROOF METHOD *of* DRIVING *a* MOTORCYCLE SPEEDOMETER



With this drive the Speedometer registers only when the motorcycle is traveling and not when you are "tuning" up your engine on the stand—thus there is no false mileage added to your Odometer, no difficulty in figuring how many miles of service you actually get out of the front or rear tires, or the amount of gasoline consumed for any specified distance. *You have an absolute check and record of the performance of your motorcycle.*

Built On the Famous Magnetic Principle

This is the only motorcycle speedometer built on the famous magnetic principle. Over 85% of all the speedometers (for bicycles, motorcycles and automobiles) are now built on this practical principle.

The Stewart Speedometer is accurate and not subject to the slightest variation on account of the weather. *Its indications are as reliable and precise as that of a modern adding machine.* The rotating dial permits a larger scale than any other speed indicator. It has a seventy-five mile speed scale which is more than sufficient to indicate your fastest speed. This speedometer is indispensable when touring. Without it, it is impossible to correctly follow road maps.

The Stewart Motorcycle Speedometer is built of the same costly materials as the highest priced automobile speedometers. It is a beautiful piece of work—handsome, strong and serviceable.

The New 1913 Stewart Motorcycle Speedometer is fully guaranteed.

Examine one of these instruments at your dealer's. Every motorcycle dealer is a Stewart dealer all over the world. The price is $12 for the entire instrument with all of its connections complete.

Write us for an interesting booklet describing and illustrating the most practical motorcycle speedometer made.

We maintain the largest chain of service stations in the world. A Stewart on your motorcycle entitles you to this international service.

The Stewart Speedometer Factory

1910 Diversey Blvd., Chicago, U.S.A.

Service Stations in all of the Principal Cities of the World

LIKE A WOLF ON THE FOLD

(Continued from Page 6)

winter, and he had twisted a bath towel round the waist. He looked very young, very sad, very Oriental. He ignored Charlie Sands, but made at once for Tish and dropped on one knee beside her.

"Miss Tish!" he begged. "Forgive, Miss Tish! Tufik is wicked. He has the bad heart. He has spoil the going on the canal. No?"

"Get up!" said Tish. "Don't be a silly child. Go and take your shoes out of the oven. We are not going to Panama. When you are better I am going to give you a good scolding."

Charlie Sands put the cigarette on a book under Aggie's nose and stood up.

"I guess I'll go," he said. "My nerves are not what they used to be and my disposition feels the change."

Tufik had risen and the two looked at each other. I could not quite make out Tufik's expression; had I not known his gentleness I would have thought his expression a mixture of triumph and disdain.

"'The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold, and his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold!'" said Charlie Sands, and went out, slamming the door.

III

THE next day was rainy and cold. Aggie sneezed all day and Tish had neuralgia. Being unable to go out for anything to eat and the exaltation of the night before having passed, she was in a bad humor. When I got there she was sitting in her room holding a hot-water bottle to her face, and staring bitterly at the plate containing a piece of burnt toast and Tufik's specialty—a Syrian cake crusted with sugar.

"I wish he had drowned!" she said. "My stomach's gone, Lizzie! I ate one of those cakes for breakfast. You've got to eat this one."

"I'll do nothing of the sort! This is your doing, Tish Carberry. If it hadn't been for you and your habit of picking up stray cats and dogs and Orientals and imposing them on your friends we'd be on the ocean today, on our way to a decent climate. The next time your duty to your brother man overwhelms you you'd better lock yourself in your room and throw the key out the window."

Tish was not listening however. Her eye and her mind both were on the cake.

"If you would eat it and then take some essence of pepsin ——" she hazarded. But I looked her full in the eye and she had the grace to color. "He loves to make them," she said—"he positively beamed when he brought it. He has another kind he is making now—of pounded beans, or something like that. Listen!" I listened. From back in the kitchen came a sound of hammering and Tufik's voice lifted in a low, plaintive chant. "He says that song is about the valleys of Lebanon," said Tish miserably. "Lizzie, if you'll eat half of it I'll eat the rest."

My answer was to pick up the plate and carry it into the bathroom. Heroic measures were necessary: Tish was not her resolute self; and, indeed, through all the episode of Tufik, and the shocking dénouement that followed, Tish was a spineless individual who swayed to and fro with every breeze.

She divined my purpose and followed me to the bathroom door.

"Leave some crumbs on the plate!" she whispered. "It will look more natural. Get rid of the toast too."

I turned and faced her, the empty plate in my hands.

"Tish," I said sternly, "this is hypocrisy, which is just next door to lying. It's the first step downward. I have a feeling that this boy is demoralizing us! We shall have to get rid of him."

"As for instance?" she sarcastically asked.

"Send him back home," I said with firmness. "He doesn't belong here; he isn't accustomed to anything faster than a camel. He doesn't know how to work—none of them do. He comes from a country where they can eat food like this because digestion is one of their occupations."

I was right and Tish knew it. Even Tufik was satisfied when we put it up to him. He spread his hands in his Oriental way and shrugged his shoulders.

"If my mothers think best," he said softly. "In my own land Tufik is known—I sell in the bazar the so fine lace my sister make. I drink wine, not water. My stomach—I cannot eat in this America. But—I have no money."

"We will furnish the money," Tish said gently. "But you must promise one thing, Tufik. You must not become a Mohammedan."

"Before that I die!" he said proudly.

"And—there is something else, Tufik—something rather personal. But I want you to promise. You are only a boy; but when you are a man ——" Tish stopped and looked to me for help.

"Miss Tish means this," I put in, "you are to have only one wife, Tufik. We are not sending you back to start a harem. We—we disapprove strongly of—er—anything like that."

"Tufik takes but one wife," he said. "Our people—we have but one wife. My first child—it is called Tish; my next, Lizzie; and my next, Aggie Pilk. All for my so kind friends. And one I call Charlie Sands; and one shall be Hannah. So that Tufik never forget America."

Aggie was rather put out when we told her what we had done; but after eating one of the cakes made of pounded beans and sugar, under Tufik's triumphant eyes, she admitted that it was probably for the best. That evening, while Tufik took his shrunken and wrinkled clothing to be pressed by a little tailor in the neighborhood who did Tish's repairing, the three of us went back to the kitchen and tried to put it in order. It was frightful—flour and burnt grease over everything, every pan dirty, dishes all over the place, and a half-burned cigarette in the sugar bin. But—it touched us all deeply—he had found an old photograph of the three of us and had made a sort of shrine of the clock-shelf—the picture in front of the clock—and in front of the picture a bunch of red geraniums.

While we were looking at the picture and Aggie was at the sink putting water in the glass that held the geraniums, Tufik having forgotten to do so, Tish's neighbor from the apartment below, an elderly bachelor, came up the service staircase and knocked at the door. Tish opened it.

"Humph!" said the gentleman from below. "Gone, is he?"

"Is who gone?"

"Your thieving Syrian, madam!"

Tish stiffened.

"Perhaps," she said, "if you will explain ——"

"Perhaps," snarled the visitor, "you will explain what you have done with my geraniums! Why don't you raise your own flowers?"

Tish was quite stunned and so was I. After all, it was Aggie who came to the rescue. She slammed the lid on to the teakettle and set it on the stove with a bang.

"If you mean," she said indignantly, "that you think we have any geraniums of yours ——"

"Think! Didn't my cook see your thieving servant steal 'em off the box on the fire-escape?"

"Then, perhaps," Aggie suggested, "you will look through the apartment and see if they are here. You will please look everywhere!"

Tish and I gasped. It was not until the visitor had made the rounds of the apartment, and had taken an apologetic departure, that Tish and I understood. The teakettle was boiling and from its spout coming a spicy and familiar odor. Aggie took it off the stove and removed the lid. The geraniums, boiled to a pulp, were inside.

"Back to Syria that boy goes!" said Tish, viewing the floral remains. "He did it out of love and we must not chide him. But we have our own immortal souls to think of"

The next morning two things happened. We gave Tufik one hundred and twenty dollars to buy a ticket back to Syria and to keep him in funds on the way. And Tish got a note from Hannah:

"*Dear Miss Tish:* I here you still have the dago—or, as my sister's husband says, he still has you. I am redy to live up to my bargen if you are. HANNAH.

"P. S. I have lerned a new salud—very rich, but delissious. H."

In spite of herself, Tish looked haunted. It was the salad, no doubt. She said nothing, but she looked round the untidy rooms, where everything that would hold it had a linen cover with a Cluny-lace edge—all of

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cost no more than non-guaranteed and inferior equipment. A bathroom equipped with them is modern and sanitary to the highest degree. The beauty of each fixture makes the bathroom a constant pleasure as long as the house remains. The "Standard" guarantee affixed to each piece is a positive assurance to you of superior quality—you should look for this as no piece is genuine without it.

In our book, **"Modern Bathrooms,"** we illustrate many model rooms fully equipped—with prices and floor plans. If there is no "Standard" show room near you—this book will help you greatly in selecting what you need to make your bathroom sanitary, modern and beautiful. It also shows the sort of kitchen and laundry equipment to buy—and in fact covers thoroughly and intimately the entire problem. Sent on receipt of 6c postage.

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The Coffee Without a Regret

IF you are not already a user of our coffee, permit us to send you a trial package. Then you can see for yourself that it is not only better and purer, but that it costs less per cup than ordinary coffee, as it makes more coffee to the pound.

A Trial Can Free

SEND us your grocer's name and we will send you a trial can of Barrington Hall, enough to make six cups of delicious coffee, and booklet, "The Evolution of Barrington Hall." This explains the three stages of progress through which this famous coffee has passed.

At first Barrington Hall was sold whole or ground as ordinary coffee is today, then steel-cut with the bitter chaff removed, and finally Baker-ized. In it we have retained the good points of our older methods and adopted new features (explained in booklet) that make it economy without economizing. A luxury not at the expense of health, but one that is an aid to correct living.

Baker's Steel-Cut Coffee

Steel-Cut Coffee lacks a little in quality and in evenness of granulation when compared with Baker-ized Barrington Hall, but the chaff with its objectionable taste is removed from it also. It is far superior to the so-called cut coffees that are offered in imitation of Baker-ized Coffee.

Our Coffee is for sale by grocers in all cities and most towns. Write for grocer near you who can supply it.

BAKER IMPORTING COMPANY
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Barrington Hall
The Baker-ized Coffee

YOUR JOB

IN filling a business position any concern now-a-days looks for the trained man or woman. When it comes to "reducing the force," the efficient employee is the one who is not hit. Efficiency means being "a winner" in some particular thing. It means being able to more than hold your own in filling a good job that pays a growing salary. The one way to equip yourself to fill such a place is to get a training superior to that possessed by the average man or woman.

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If you want to amount to something; if you want to get the education that will enable you to do it, drop us a line, telling us what your ambitions are. It won't cost you anything. You can be just as successful as so many others have been.

Educational Division

Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

them soiled and wrinkled. She watched Tufik chanting about the plains of Lebanon and shoving the carpet sweeper with a bang against her best furniture; and, with Hannah's salad in mind, she sniffed a warning odor from the kitchen that told of more Syrian experiments with her digestion. Tish surrendered: that morning she wrote to Hannah that Tufik was going back to Syria, and to come and bring the salad recipe with her.

That was, I think, on a Monday. Tufik's steamer sailed on Thursday. On Tuesday Aggie and I went shopping; and in a spirit of repentance—for we felt we were not solving Tufik's question but getting rid of him—we bought him a complete new outfit. He almost disgraced us by kissing our hands in the store, and while we were buying him some ties he disappeared—to come back later with the rims of his eyes red from weeping. His gentle soul was touched with gratitude. Aggie had to tell him firmly that if he kissed any more hands he would get his ears boxed.

The clerks in the store were all interested, and two or three cashboys followed us round and stood, open-mouthed, staring at us. Neither Aggie nor I knew anything about masculine attire, and Tufik's idea was a suit, with nothing underneath, a shirtfront and collar of celluloid, and a green necktie already tied and hooking on to his collar-button. He was dazed when we bought him a steamer trunk and a rug, and disappeared again, returning in a few moments with a small paper bag full of gumdrops. We were quite touched.

That, as I say, was on Tuesday. Tufik had been sleeping in Tish's guestroom since his desperate attempt at suicide, and we sent his things to Tish's apartment. That evening Tufik asked permission to spend the night with a friend in the restaurant business—a Damascan. Tish let him go against my advice.

"He'll eat a lot of that Syrian food," I objected, "and get sick and miss his boat, and we'll have the whole thing over again!"

But Tish was adamant.

"It's his last night," she said, "and he has promised not to smoke any cigarettes and I've given him two pepsin tablets. This is the land of the free, Lizzie."

We were to meet Tufik at the station next morning and we arranged a lunch for him to eat on the train, Aggie bringing fried chicken and I sandwiches and cake. Tish's domestic arrangements being upset, she supplied fruit, figs and dates mostly, to make him think of home.

The train left early, and none of us felt very cheerful at having to be about. Aggie sat in the station and sneezed; Tish had a pain above her eye and sat by a heater. We had the luncheon in a large shoebox, wrapped in oiled paper to keep it moist.

He never showed up! The train was called, filled up and left. People took to staring at us as we sat there. Aggie sneezed and Tish held her eye. And no Tufik! In a sort of helpless, breakfastless rage we called a taxicab and went to Tish's. No one said much. We were all thinking.

We were hungry; so we spread out the shoebox lunch on one of the Cluny-lace covers and ate it, mostly in silence. The steamer trunk and the rug had gone. We let them go. They might go to Jerusalem as far as we were concerned!

After we had eaten—about eleven o'clock, I think—Tish got up and surveyed the apartment. Then, with a savage gleam in her eye, she whisked off all the fancy linens, the Cluny laces, the hemstitched bedspreads, and piled them in a heap on the floor. Aggie and I watched her in silence. She said nothing, but kicked the whole lot into the bottom of a cupboard. When she had slammed the door she turned and faced us grimly.

"That roll of fiddle-de-dees has cost me about five hundred dollars," she said. "It's been worth it if it teaches me that I'm an old fool and that you are two others! If that boy shows his face here again I'll hand him over to the police."

However, as it happened, she did nothing of the sort. At four o'clock that afternoon there was a timid ring at the door bell and I answered it. Outside was Tufik, forlorn and drooping, and held up by main force by a tall, dark-skinned man with a heavy mustache.

"I bring your boy!" said the mustached person, smiling. "He has great trouble—sorrow; he faint with grief."

I took a good look at Tufik then. He was pale and shaky, and his new suit looked as if he had slept in it. His collar was bent and wilted, and the green necktie had been taken off and exchanged for a ragged black one.

"Miss Liz!" he said huskily. "I die; the heart is gone! My parent ——"

He broke down again; and leaning against the doorjamb he buried his face in a handkerchief that I could hardly believe was one of the lot we had bought only yesterday. I hardly knew what to do. Tish had said she was through with the boy. I decided to close them out in the hallway until we had held a council; but Tufik's foot was on the sill, and the more I asked him to move it, the harder he wept.

The mustached person said it was quite true. Tufik's father had died of the plague; the letter had come early that morning. Beirut was full of the plague. He waved the letter at me; but I ordered him to burn it immediately—on account of germs. I brought him a shovel to burn it on; and when that was over Tufik had worked out his own salvation. He was at the door of Tish's room, pouring out to Aggie and Tish his grief, and offering the black necktie as proof.

We were just where we had started, but minus one hundred and twenty dollars; for, the black-mustached gentleman having gone after trying to sell Tish another silk kimono, I demanded Tufik's ticket—to be redeemed—and was met with two empty hands, outstretched.

"Oh, my friends—my Miss Tish, my Miss Liz, my Miss Ag—what must I say? I have not the ticket! I have been wikkid—but for my sister—only for my sister! She must not die—she so young, so little girl!"

"Tufik," said Tish sternly, "I want you to tell us everything this minute, and get it over."

"She ees so little!" he said wistfully. "And the body of my parent—could I let it lie and rot in the so hot sun? Ah, no; Miss Tish, Miss Liz, Miss Ag—not so. Today I take back my ticket, get the money and send it to my sister. She will bury my parent, and then—she comes to this so great America, the land of my good friends!"

There was a moment's silence. Then Aggie sneezed!

IV

I SHALL pass over the next month, with its unpleasantnesses; over Charlie Sands' coming one evening with a black tie and, on the strength of having killed a dog with his machine, asking for money to bury it and bring another one from Syria! I shall not more than mention Hannah, who kept Tish physically comfortable and well fed and mentally wretched, having a teakettle of boiling water always ready if Tufik came to the apartment; I shall say nothing of our success in getting him employment in the foreign department of a bank, and his ending up by washing its windows; or of the position Tish got him as elevator boy in her hospital, where he jammed the car in some way and held up four surgeons and three nurses and a patient on his way to the operating room—until the patient changed his mind and refused to be operated on.

Aggie had a brilliant idea about the census—that he could make the census reports in the Syrian district. To this end she worked for some time, coaching Tufik for the examination, only to have him fail—fail absolutely and without hope. He was staying in the Syrian Quarter at that time, on account of Hannah; and he brought us various tempting offers now and then—a fruitstand that could be bought for a hundred dollars; a restaurant for fifty; a tailor's shop for twenty-five. But, as he knew nothing of fruits or restaurants or tailoring, we refused to invest. Tish said that we had been a good while getting to it, but that we were being businesslike at last. We gave the boy nine dollars a week and not a penny more; and we refused to buy any more of his silly linens and crocheted laces. We were quite firm with him.

And now I come to the arriving of Tufik's little sister—not that she was really little. But that comes later.

Tufik had decided at last on what he would be in our so great America. Once or twice, when he was tired or discouraged, Tish had taken him out in her machine, and he had been thrilled—really thrilled. He did not seem able to learn how to crank it—Tish's car is hard to crank—but he learned how to light the lamps and to spot a policeman two blocks away. Several times, when we were going into the country, Tish took him because it gave her a sense of security to have a man along.

(Continued on Page 68)

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(Continued from Page 66)

Having come from a country where the general travel is by camel, however, he had not the first idea of machinery. He thought Tish made the engine go by pressing on the clutch with her foot, like a sewing machine, and he regarded her strength with awe. And once, when we were filling a tire from an air bottle and the tube burst and struck him, he declared there was a demon in the air bottle and said a prayer in the middle of the road. About that time Tish learned of a school for chauffeurs, and the three of us decided to divide the expense and send him.

"In three months," Tish explained, "we can get him a state license and he can drive a taxicab. It will suit him, because he can sit to do it."

So Tufik went to an automobile school and stood by while some one drew pictures of parts of the engine on a blackboard, and took home lists of words that he translated into Arabic at the library, and learned everything but why and how the engine of an automobile goes. He still thought—at the end of two months—that the driver did it with his foot! But we were ignorant of all that. He would drop round in the evenings, when Hannah was out or in bed, and tell us what magneto was in Arabic, and how he would soon be able to care for Tish's car and would not take a cent for it, doing it at night when the taxicab was resting.

At the end of six weeks we bought him a chauffeur's outfit. The next day the sister arrived and Tufik brought her to Aggie's, where we were waiting. We had not told Hannah about the sister, she would not have understood.

Charlie Sands telephoned while we were waiting and asked if he might come over and help receive the girl. We were to greet her and welcome her to America; then she was to go to the home of the Syrian with the large mustache. Charlie Sands came in and shook hands all round, surveying each of us carefully.

"Strange!" he muttered. "Curious is no name for it! What do we know of the vagaries of the human mind? Three minds and one obsession!" he said with the utmost gentleness. "Three maiden ladies who have lived impeccable lives for far be it from me to say how many years; and now—this! Oh, Aunt Tish! Dear Aunt Tish!"

He got out his handkerchief and wiped his eyes. Tish was speechless with rage, but I rose to our defense.

"We don't want to do it and you know it!" I said tartly. "But when the Lord sends want and suffering to one's very door ——"

"Want, with large brown eyes and a gentle voice!" he retorted. "My dear ladies, it's your money; and I dare say it costs you less than bridge at five cents a point, or the Gay White Way. But, for Heaven's sake, my respected but foolish virgins, why not an American that wants a real job? Why let a sticky Oriental pull your legs ——"

"Charlie Sands!" cried Tish, rising in her wrath. "I will not endure such vulgarity. And when Tufik takes you out in a taxicab ——"

"God forbid!" said Charlie Sands, and sat down to wait for Tufik's sister.

She did not look like Tufik and she was tired and dirty from the journey; but she had big brown eyes and masses of dark hair and she spoke not a single word of English. Tufik's joy was boundless; his soft eyes were snapping with excitement; and Aggie, who is sentimental, was obliged to go out and swallow half a glass of water without breathing to keep from crying. Charlie Sands said nothing, but sat back in a corner and watched us all; and once he took out his notebook and made a memorandum of something. He showed it to us later.

Tufik's sister was the calmest of us all, I believe. She sat on a stiff chair near the door and turned her brown eyes from one to the other. Tish said that proper clothing would make her beautiful; and Aggie, disappearing for a few minutes, came back with her last summer's foulard and a jet bonnet. When the poor thing understood they were for her she looked almost frightened, the thing being unexpected; and Tufik, in a paroxysm of delight, kissed all our hands and the girl on each cheek.

Tish says our vulgar lip-osculation is unknown in the Orient and that they rub noses by way of greeting. I think, however, that she is mistaken in this and that the Australians are the noserubbers. I recall a returned missionary's telling this, but I cannot remember just where he had been stationed.

Things were very quiet for a couple of weeks. Tufik came round only once—to tell us that, having to pay carfare to get to the automobile school, his nine dollars were not enough. We added a dollar a week under protest; and Tish suggested with some asperity that as he was only busy four hours a day he might find some light employment for the balance of the day. He spread out his hands and drew up his shoulders.

"My friends are angry," he said sadly. "It is not enough that I study? I must also work? Ver' well, I labor. I sell the newspaper. But, to buy newspapers, one must have money—a dollar; two dollars. Ver' leetle; only—I have it not."

We gave him another dollar and he went out smiling and hopeful. It seemed that at last we had solved his problem. Tish recalled one of her Sunday-school scholars who sold papers and saved enough to buy a second-hand automobile and rear a family. But our fond hopes were dashed to the ground when, the next morning, Hannah, opening the door at Tish's to bring in the milk bottles, found a huge stack of the night-before's newspapers and a note on top addressed to Tish, which said:

"*Dear Mother Tish:* You see now that I am no good. I wish to die! I hav one papier sold, and newsboys kell me on sight. I hav but you and God—and God has forget! TUFIK."

We were discouraged and so, clearly, was Tufik. For ten days we did not hear from him, except that a dirty little Syrian boy called for the ten dollars on Saturday and brought a pair of Tufik's shoes for us to have resoled. But one day Tish telephoned in some excitement and said that Tufik was there and wanted us to go to a wedding.

"His little sister's wedding!" she explained. "The dear child is all excited. He says it has been going on for two days and this is the day of the ceremony."

Aggie was spending the afternoon with me, and spoke up hastily.

"Ask her if I have time to go home and put on my broadcloth," she said. "I'm not fixed for a wedding."

Tish said there was no time. She would come round with the machine and we were to be ready in fifteen minutes. Aggie hesitated on account of intending to wash her hair that night and so not having put up her crimps; but she finally agreed to go and Tish came for us. Tufik was in the machine. He looked very tidy and wore the shoes we had had repaired, a pink carnation in his buttonhole and an air of suppressed excitement.

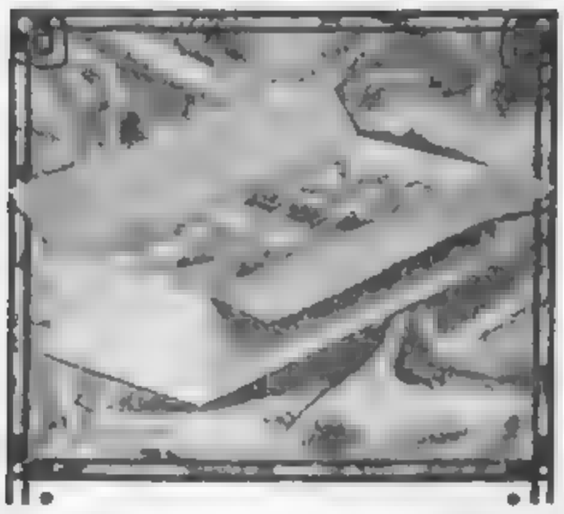
"At last," he said joyously while Tish cranked the car—"At last my friends see my three mothers! They think Tufik only talks—now they see! And the priest will bless my mothers on this so happy day."

Tish having crawled panting from her exertion into the driver's seat and taken the wheel, in sheer excess of boyish excitement he leaned over and kissed the hand nearest him.

The janitor's small boy was on the curb watching, and at that he set up a yell of joy. We left him calling awful things after us and Tish's face was a study; but soon the care of the machine made her forget everything else.

The Syrian Quarter was not impressive. It was on a hillside above the Russian Jewish colony, and consisted of a network of cobble-paved alleys, indescribably dirty and incredibly steep. In one or two of these alleys Tish was obliged to turn the car and go up backward, her machine climbing much better on the reverse gear. Crowds of children followed us; dogs got under the wheels and apparently died, judging by the yelps—only to follow us with undiminished energy after they had picked themselves up. We fought and won a battle with a barrel of ashes and came out victorious but dusty; and at last, as Tufik made a lordly gesture, we stopped at an angle of forty-five degrees and Tufik bowed us out of the car. He stood by visibly glowing with happiness, while Tish got a cobblestone and placed it under a wheel, and Aggie and I took in our surroundings.

We were in an alley ten feet wide and paved indiscriminately with stones and tin cans, babies and broken bottles. Before us was a two-story brick house with broken windows and a high, railed wooden stoop, minus two steps. Under the stoop was a door leading into a cellar, and from this cellar was coming a curious stamping noise



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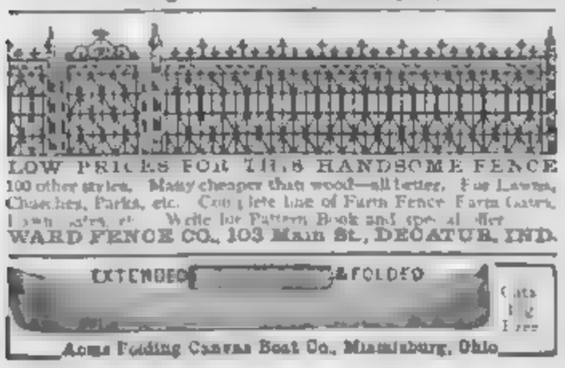

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and a sound as of an animal in its death throes. Aggie caught my arm.

"What's that?" she quavered.

I had no time to reply. Tufik had thrown open the door and stood aside to let us pass.

"They dance," he said gravely. "There is always much dancing before a wedding. The music one hears is of Damascus and he who dances now is a sheik among his people."

Reassured as to the sounds, we stepped down into the basement. That was at four o'clock in the afternoon.

I have never been fairly clear as to what followed and Aggie's memory is a complete blank. I remember a long, boarded-in and floored cellar, smelling very damp and lighted by flaring gasjets. The center was empty save for a swarthy gentleman in a fez and his shirtsleeves, wearing a pair of green suspenders and dancing alone—a curious stamping dance that kept time to a drum. I remember the musicians too—three of them in a corner; one playing on a sort of pipes-of-Pan affair of reeds, one on a long-necked instrument that looked like a guitar with zither ambitions, and a drummer who chanted with his eyes shut and kept time to his chants by beating on a sheepskin tied over the mouth of a brass bowl. Round three sides of the room were long, oilcloth-covered tables; and in preparation for the ceremony a little Syrian girl was sweeping up peanut-shells, ashes and beer bottles, with absolute disregard of the guests.

All round the wall, behind rows of beer bottles, dishes of bananas and plates of raw liver, were men—soft-eyed Syrians with white teeth gleaming and black hair plastered close and celluloid collars—gentle-voiced, urbane-mannered Orientals, who came up gravely one by one and shook hands with us; who pressed on us beer and peanuts and raw liver.

Aggie, speaking between sneezes and over the chanting and the drum, bent toward me.

"It's a breath of the Orient!" she said ecstatically. "Oh, Lizzie, do you think I could buy that drum for my tabouret?"

"Orient!" observed Tish, coughing. "I'm going out and take the sparkplugs out of that car. And I wish I'd brought Charlie Sands!"

It was in vain we reminded her that the Syrians are a pastoral people and that they come from the land of the Bible. She looked round her grimly.

"They look like a lot of bandits to me," she sniffed. "And there's always a murder at a wedding of this sort. There isn't a woman here but ourselves!"

She was exceedingly disagreeable and Aggie and I began to get uncomfortable. But when Tufik brought us little thimble-sized glasses filled with a milky stuff, and assured us that the women had only gone to prepare the bride, we felt reassured. He said that etiquette demanded that we drink the milky white stuff. Tish was inclined to demur.

"Has it any alcohol in it?" she demanded.

Tufik did not understand, but he said it was harmless and given to all the Syrian babies; and while we were still undecided Aggie sniffed it.

"It smells like paregoric, Tish," she said. "I'm sure it's harmless."

We took it then. It tasted sweet and rather spicy, and Aggie said it stopped her sneezing at once. It was very mild and pleasant, and rather medicinal in its flavor. We each had two little glasses—and Tish said she would not bother about the sparkplugs. The car was insured against theft.

A little later Aggie said she used to do a little jigstep when she was a girl, and if they would play slower she would like to see if she had forgotten it. Tish did not hear this—she was talking to Tufik and a moment later she got up and went out.

Aggie had decided to ask the musicians to play a little slower and I had my hands full with her; so it was with horror that, shortly after, I heard the whirring of the engine and through the cellar window caught a glimpse of Tish's machine starting off up the hill. I rose excitedly, but Tufik was before me, smiling and bowing.

"Miss Tish has gone for the bride," he said softly. "The taxicab hav' not come. Soon the priest arrive, and so great shame—the bride is not here! Miss Tish is my mother, my heart's delight!"

When Aggie realized that Tish had gone she was rather upset—she depends a great deal on Tish—and she took another of the little glasses of milky stuff to revive her.

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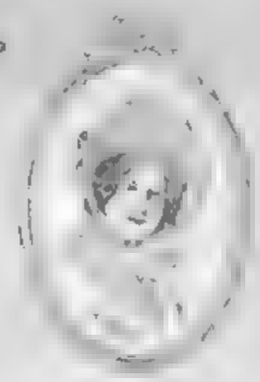

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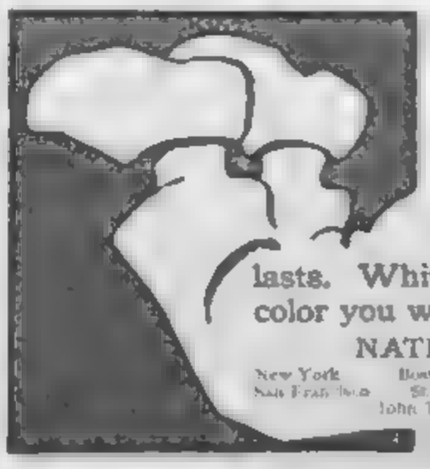

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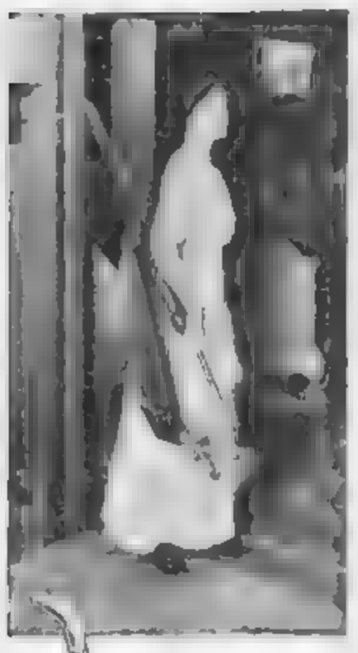

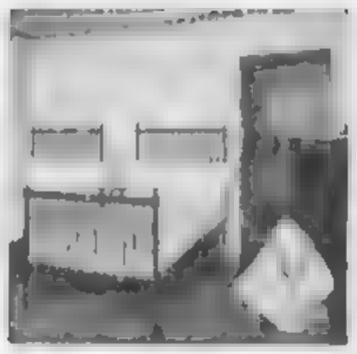

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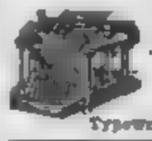

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I was a little bit nervous with Tish gone and the sun setting and another tub of beer bottles brought in—though the people were orderly enough and Tufik stood near. But Aggie began to feel very strange, and declared that the man with the sheepskin drum was winking at her and that her head was twitching round on her shoulders. And when a dozen or so young Syrians formed a circle, their hands on each other's shoulders, and sang a melancholy chant, stamping to beat time, she wept with sheer sentiment.

"Ha! Hoo! Ta, Ta, Ta!" they chanted in unison; and Tufik bent over us, his soft eyes beaming.

"They are shepherds and the sons of shepherds from Palestine," he whispered. "That is the shepherd's call to his sheep. In my country many are shepherds. Perhaps some day you go with me back to my country, and we hear the shepherd call his sheep—'Ha! Hoo! Ta, Ta, Ta!'—and we hear the sleepy sheep reply: 'Maaaa!'"

"It is too beautiful!" murmured Aggie. "It is the Holy Land all over again! And we should never have known this but for you, Tufik!"

Just then some one near the door clapped his hands and all the noise ceased. Those who were standing sat down. The little girl with the broom swept the accumulations of the room under a chair and put the broom in a corner. The music became loud and stirring. Aggie swayed toward me.

"I'm sick, Lizzie!" she gasped. "That paregoric stuff has poisoned me. Air!"

I took one arm and Tufik the other, and we got her out and seated on one of the wooden steps. She was a blue-green color and the whites of her eyes were yellow. But I had little time for Aggie. Tufik caught my hand and pointed.

Tish's machine was coming down the alley. Beside her sat Tufik's sister, sobbing at the top of her voice and wearing Aggie's foulard, a pair of cotton gloves and a lace curtain over her head. Behind in the tonneau were her maid of honor, a young Syrian woman with a baby in her arms and four other black-eyed children about her. But that was not all. In front of the machine, marching slowly and with dignity, were three bearded gentlemen, two in coats and one in a striped vest, blowing on curious double flutes and making a shrill wailing noise. And all round were crowds of women and children, carrying tin pans and paper bags full of parched peas, which they were flinging with all their might.

I caught Tish's eye as the procession stopped, and she looked subdued—almost stunned. The pipers still piped. But the bride refused to move. Instead, her wails rose higher; and Aggie, who had paid no attention so far, but was sitting back with her eyes shut, looked up.

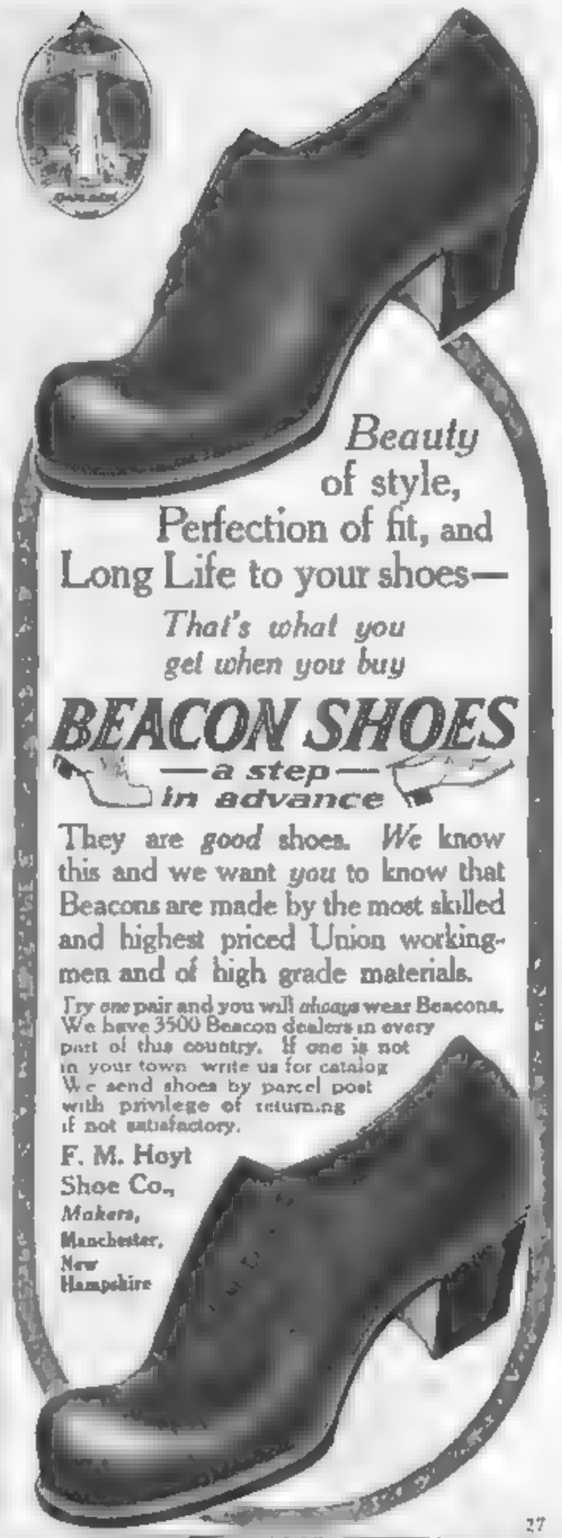
"Lizzhie," she said thickly, "Tish looks about the way I feel." And with that she fell to laughing—awful laughter that mingled with the bride's cries and the wail of the pipes.

The bride, after a struggle, was taken by force from the machine and placed on a chair against the wall. Her veil was torn and her wreath crooked, and she observed a sulky silence. To our amazement, Tufik was still smiling, urbane and cheerful.

"It is the custom of my country, my mothers," he said. "The bride leave with tears the home of her good parents or of her friends; and she speak no word—only weep—until she is marriaged. Ah—the priest!"

The rest of the story is short and somewhat blurred. Tish having broken her glasses, Aggie being, as one may say, *hors de combat*, and I having developed a frightful headache in the dust and bad air, the real meaning of what was occurring did not penetrate to any of us. The priest officiated from a table in the center of the room, on which he placed two candles, an Arabic Bible and a sacred picture, all of which he took out of a brown valise. He himself wore a long black robe and a beard, and looked, as Tish observed, for all the world as if he had stepped from an Egyptian painting. Before him stood Tufik's sister, the maid of honor with her baby, the black-mustached friend who had brought Tufik to us after his tragic attempt at suicide, and Tufik himself.

Everybody held lighted candles, and the heat was frightful. The music ceased, there was much exhorting in Arabic, much reading from the book, many soft replies indiscriminately from the four principals—and then suddenly Tish turned and gripped my arm.



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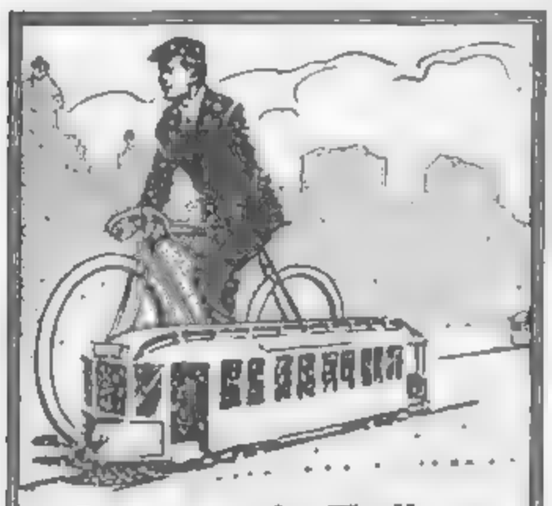

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"Lizzie," she said hoarsely, "that little thief and liar has done us again! That isn't his sister at all. He's marrying her—for us to keep!"

Luckily Aggie grew faint again at that moment, and we led her out into the open air. Behind us the ceremony seemed to be over; the drum was beating, the pipes screaming, the lute thrumming.

Tish let in the clutch with a vicious jerk, and the whir of the engine drowned out the beating of the drum and the clapping of the hands. Twilight hid the tin cans and ash-barrels, and the dogs slept on the cool pavements. In the doorways soft-eyed Syrian women rocked their babies to drowsy chants. The air revived Aggie. She leaned forward and touched Tish on the shoulder.

"After all," she said softly, "if he loves her very much, and there was no other way —— Do you remember that night she arrived—how he looked at her?"

"Yes," Tish snapped. "And I remember the way he looked at us every time he wanted money. We've been a lot of sheep and we've been sheared good and proper! But we needn't bleat with joy about it!"

As we drew up at my door Tish pulled out her watch.

"It's seven o'clock," she said bruskly. "I am going to New York on the nine-forty train and I shall take the first steamer outward bound—I need a rest! I'll go anywhere but to the Holy Land!"

We went to Panama.

Two months afterward, in the dusk of a late spring evening, Charlie Sands met us at the station and took us to Tish's in a taxicab. We were homesick, tired and dirty; and Aggie, who had been frightfully seasick, was clamoring for tea.

As the taxicab drew up at the curb Tish clutched my arm and Aggie uttered a muffled cry and promptly sneezed. Seated on the doorstep, celluloid collar shining, the brown pasteboard suitcase at his feet, was Tufik. He sat calmly smoking a cigarette, his eyes upturned in placid and Oriental contemplation of the heavens.

"Drive on!" said Tish desperately. "If he sees us we are lost!"

"Drive where?" demanded Charlie.

Tufik's gaze had dropped gradually—another moment and his brown eyes would rest on us. But just then a diversion occurred. A window overhead opened with a slam and a stream of hot water descended. It had been carefully aimed—as if with long practice. Tufik was apparently not surprised. He sidestepped it with a boredom as of many repetitions and, picking up his suitcase, stood at a safe distance looking up. First, in his gentle voice he addressed the window in Arabic; then from a safer distance in English.

"You ugly old she-wolf!" he said softly. "When my three old women come back I eat you, skin and bones—and they shall say nothing! They love me—Tufik! I am their child. Aye! And when my child—which comes—will be their grandchild!"

He kissed his fingers to the upper window which closed with a slam. Tufik stooped, picked up his suitcase, and saw the taxi for the first time. Even in the twilight we saw his face change, his brown eyes brighten, his teeth show in his boyish smile. The taxicab driver had stalled his engine and was cranking it.

"Sh!" I said desperately, and we all cowered back into the shadows. Tufik approached, uncertainty changing to certainty. The engine was started now. Oh, for a second of time! He was at the window now, peering into the darkness.

"Miss Tish!" he said breathlessly. No one answered. We hardly breathed. And then suddenly Aggie sneezed! "Miss Pilk!" he shouted in delight. "My mothers! My so dear friends ——"

The machine jerked, started, moved slowly off. He ran beside it, a hand on the door. Tish bent forward to speak, but Charlie Sands put his hand over her mouth.

And so we left him, standing in the street undecided, staring after us wistfully, uncertainly—the suitcase, full of Cluny-lace centerpieces, crocheted lace, silk kimonos and embroidered bedspreads, in his hand.

That night we hid in a hotel and the next day we started for Europe. We heard nothing from Tufik; but on the anniversary of Mr. Wiggins' death, while we were in Berlin, Aggie received a small package forwarded from home. It was a small lace doily, and pinned to it was a card. It read:

"For the sadness, Miss Pilk! TUFIK."

Aggie cried over it.

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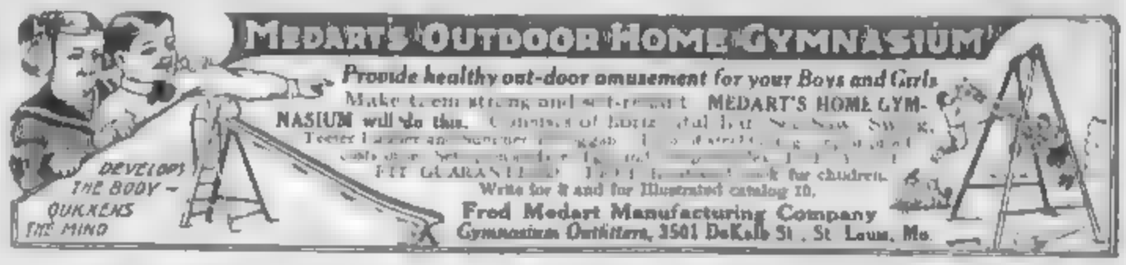
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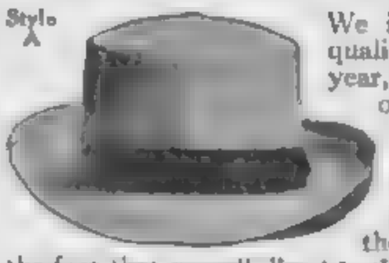

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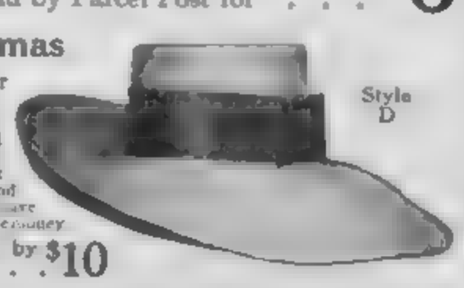

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The new Garford "Six" was designed contrary to the usual custom. Instead of utilizing, re-designing or substituting any old parts, this car is new in its entire construction.

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In it are embodied more new and practical six-cylinder improvements and conveniences than in any other "Six" built.

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And this is but one of the many exclusive Garford features.

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Equipment—everything complete from tools to top

The Garford Company, Dept. 5, Elyria, Ohio

PUSHING TO PROSPERITY

(Continued from Page 12)

his coat brushed the animal's knee. Instantly the mouse-colored leg shot out and the little Jap found himself pitched into the dirt several feet away. Before I could reach him he had picked himself up and walked back to the spot from which he had started. Then, neatly and deliberately, he kicked that mule on the shin! I held my breath and shut my eyes, for I expected this time the mule would get a higher and deadlier aim; but the brute simply turned an amazed countenance upon the audacious Jap and stared at him in astonishment.

The most difficult task I had in connection with this interesting colony was to teach the men to respect the mules. They had never worked with animals in their own country and it seemed to be almost an impossibility to impress them with the peril that lurks in the heels of an American mule. Months later this very mule, which had shown such remarkable forbearance under provocation, brought great disaster to the colony. The young nobleman was in the field directing operations when he decided to send the boy driving this mule and its harness-mate to the house on an errand. Taking the reins from the hand of the boy he climbed into the seat of the disk cultivator, jerking the reins as he did so. Instantly the vicious mule leaped to one side, overturning the machine upon the young man. He was dead when his friends found him.

The thoroughness and skill with which these Japanese did their work was amazing, and so were the results. Their rice crop was a wonder! At first, their native neighbors were a bit unfriendly; but after they saw that first rice crop, and came to understand the almost courtly politeness of the Japanese boys, they warmed up and began to learn things. The crops raised by these Japanese were at least thirty per cent better than those of the Americans about them. There was no magic about their methods—it was all a matter of thoroughness.

For instance, before the seeding season the Japs would spend their Sundays fanning the chaff from their rice. Then they would put the kernels in tubs of water, and the dead or imperfect seed would rise to the top and float. These would be skimmed off and the other seed spread out on tarpaulins to dry. As a consequence, practically every seed the Japanese put into the ground germinated. No American rice farmer in that region had been known to go to this trouble before the Japs came—but they learned to do so afterward. It was a matter of keeping up to the Japs.

Movies in the Rice-Field

Every evening when these little brown farmers came in from the fields they bathed, and then dressed themselves in kimonos and slippers before they sat down to their meal. Each evening was spent by every member of the colony in making notes in a queer little Japanese book of the work done during the day, of the work for the morrow, and of any improvement considered possible in cultivating the next crop. The smallest financial transaction on the place was entered in their books, and every egg brought in from the chicken house was made a matter of record. A thermometer hung just outside the door, with a pencil and a pad of paper. At morning, noon and night the temperature was recorded; so, also, was each change of wind and each fall of rain.

More important than this, perhaps, was the daily record of the condition of the rice crop. They even sent to a moving-picture concern for a machine and operator and had films taken of all the principal operations in connection with the crop. These films were sent back to their own people in Japan. Later on the Japanese Government secured duplicates of the films and distributed them among the Mikado's agricultural schools.

An astonishing phase of my early development work was the discovery that the oldtimer is the hardest man of all to convince that his country is really good for anything aside from the particular thing that he happens to be raising as a main crop. I was always on the lookout for any evidence that the scope of agriculture in any particular community could be profitably enlarged.

For instance, in Southern Texas, when I saw splendid oranges growing on scattered individual trees in the front yards along the village street I knew I had discovered a new crop for that region which would some time be of immense commercial importance. I was delighted, for the oranges were beautiful and delicious. The following day I took a little group of Northern visitors to one of those trees and showed them the fruit. They were enthusiastic. But just as we were about to leave the yard the owner of the place came out, listened to our conversation for a moment, and then volunteered the opinion that oranges would never become a commercial crop in that region! When I asked him if the tree had ever failed to bear a good crop since it had reached maturity, he confessed that it had not.

The only reason he could give for his opinion was that he had been there for more than twenty years and in that time there had not been a carload of oranges shipped out of the place.

This, however, did not put a damper on the enthusiasm of the development missionary; he induced men from the North to put out orange orchards right in that very place, and they have made a splendid success.

Seeing this demonstration, the native pessimist of the original tree later planted some fifty acres of oranges and is now convinced that he lives in an orange country. Left to himself, he never would have reached this conclusion.

A Narrow Escape

I have had this same experience paralleled in almost every other line. The people in Southern Texas, for example, said their low land could not be drained; they did not know that they were about on the level of the Gulf. Repeatedly I have settled an argument of this sort by plowing a furrow myself and proving to one of these obdurate old nesters that his land would drain. Drainage became one of the most important planks in our development platform. The cattlemen were almost invariably dead against it. They first insisted that it would not work—and later that it would not pay.

The hardest development work I have ever done has been trying to convince cattlemen that their land could be effectively drained; that the drainage would pay a capitalized profit in the increased value of their land, and an immediate profit in the extra fat their cattle would take on by having a dry place in which to lie down and let their food assimilate.

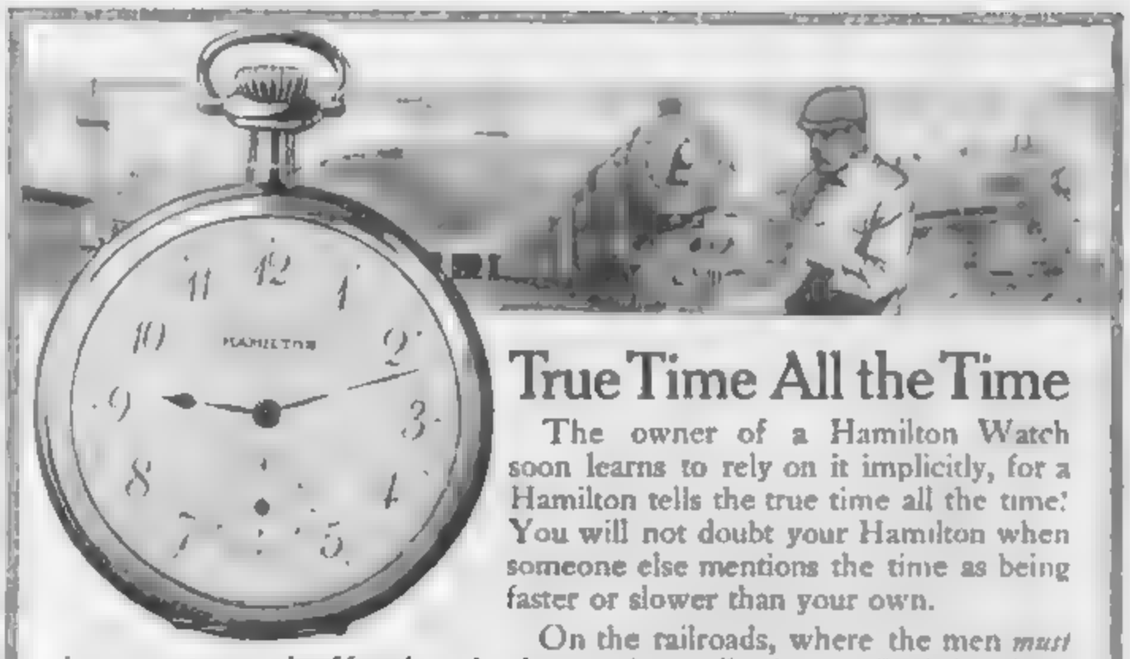
Once, in the finish of a hot local campaign for the establishment of a drainage district, I told a bunch of oldtime cattlemen that if the district did not carry I would turn cowboy and ride any pony they brought me. It was a reckless challenge, for they promptly provided a pony that would have broken my neck—sure! They had the beast ready while the ballots were being counted. I was just scared enough to send for my wife, so that she would be at hand if the worst happened. Fortunately the district was voted in. If it had not been it would have been necessary for me to mount that bronco. My feeling has always been that I had a narrow escape from riding in a hearse.

The thing that makes the work of the development missionary the greatest game in the world is the fact that he never knows at what minute he is going to spot the germ of something that may mean thousands of dollars—possibly millions—to the territory he is trying to develop; and he is almost afraid to wink for fear it may slip past him. That gives an edge of expectation to every instant—at least in the case of the man who is alert enough to fill his job. He is always ready to be surprised, so to speak. Down in the Gulf Coast country one day I saw at a distance a great block of trees that startled me. Stopping at the nearest house I asked:

"What are those—magnolias or fig trees?"

"Both," answered the owner of the plantation. "I thought I was putting out a nursery of magnolias, but they developed into magnolia figs. Not worth a cent for anything but canning! My wife and the women of the neighborhood put up all they want of them and we let the rest go. Can't sell 'em. No market!"

"Would your wife let me sample some of those preserves?" I asked.



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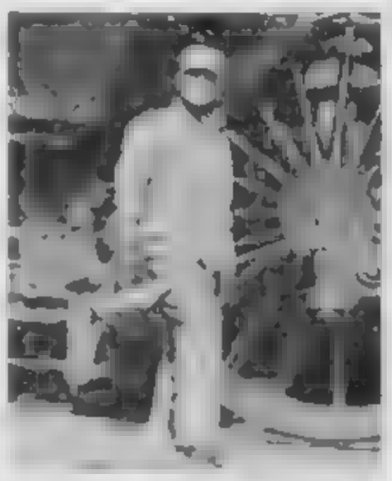
HAMILTON WATCH COMPANY

Dept. J, Lancaster, Pennsylvania



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THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

Questions of less interest and local in importance are answered through correspondence. The Editors glean from the Department of Agriculture, the Colleges and Experiment Stations and from successful farmers the best of their experience and offer this in helpful terms to any one who seeks it of the publication. If you are not familiar with this new agricultural weekly get a copy this week.

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THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

He invited me in and I found the figs delicious. They were too good and valuable a product for that region to remain neglected. It was my job to find or make a market for them. I carried several cans away with me, sending them to the largest dealers in preserved goods in the East. One house responded that it did not wish to place a wholesale order, but would take several hundred gallons of the figs to start with.

The planter almost fell off his horse when I showed him the letter and the price offered! He could not begin to fill the order; but the development missionary got busy, spreading the good news and starting all the settlers of that locality growing magnolia-fig trees.

One of the worst problems I had to contend with in trying to do real development work that would build up the country was the guerrilla warfare between the land agents. They had reduced body-snatching to a science. Every land agent—and the state was alive with them—had a pass over all the roads leading into Texas. The favorite pastime among the less reputable of these agents was that of stealing the customers other agents had drummed up and brought into the state.

For instance, an agent would come on from Illinois with a party of twenty men, bound for a certain place where they expected to buy land. Before they reached their destination half of them would be diverted to other points by shifty agents, who swarmed on the train and masqueraded in the guise of private planters or capitalists who were willing to part with some of their individual holdings in order to prevent the landowner from being robbed by the "unscrupulous agent" who had them in tow.

The Best-Hated Man in Texas

That kind of business was bound to give the state a black eye and I determined to break it up. As every pass over our road given to a land agent in the state had to be authorized by myself I felt that I was in position to control this matter—at least so far as our territory was concerned. By registered letter I served notice on every land agent holding a pass from us that the first time complaint was made against him for enticing another agent's prospects from a train his transportation would be canceled. They all laughed at this—thought it was just a bluff. Six of them tried the old game on the next incoming train loaded with landlookers. I was right on the job and took their passes away from them—they had to get off the train or pay fare. That put a crimp in the practice of body-snatching and did a lot toward lifting landselling in Texas to a legitimate business basis, but it made an active personal enemy of almost every crooked or shifty land agent in the state.

Another thing I could not stand for was laziness and indifference on the part of station agents of the road. When I saw that an agent was shirking and allowing his station to be in a chronic state of dirt and filth I got after him. As a conscientious development missionary, looking out for the permanent interest of the road and the territory, I saw the importance of having every station a credit to both the community and the company.

That sort of discipline was contrary to the traditions of the country, and my course added scores of recruits to the ranks of my enemies. They worked harder knocking me than they had ever worked in keeping their stations clean or hustling for business. As a consequence, I think that in time I became about the best-hated man in Texas, so far as the land agents and the local representatives of the railroad were concerned. To them I was a crank who did not mind his own business, and they were all out to get my scalp.

They did not get it—at least, not in the way they wanted to; but they made me so tired that, when the vice-president of our company became the head of a great insurance company in the city of New York and offered me a fine position as general agent of his concern in Texas, I accepted. It was a mistake. I ought to have stuck with the railroad and fought the thing out to a finish. Perhaps I might have lost out—but I think not. Anyhow, I had the complete confidence of the Old Man; and I believe he would have backed me to the limit.

In the course of a few months the legislature of Texas enacted a statute, which was signed by the governor, that prohibited

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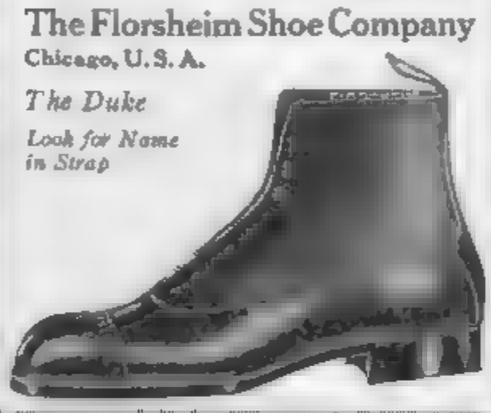

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our insurance company from doing business in the state. This was a hard blow, for the position was a very profitable one.

There was one consolation, however: I thought I could never feel the interest in any other kind of work that I felt in development. It was more to me than a means of livelihood or moneymaking: it was a mission. To help build up a raw country into a finished, prosperous, civilized community seemed to me to be about as big and satisfying work as any man could undertake. If I had been worth millions instead of being a mere hired man, I would have followed that calling just the same. I did not want to do anything else; and I was determined to get back into that game when the first good opportunity offered.

I did not have long to wait, either. A little group of Northern men having about a million acres of splendid raw land in a solid body asked me to become their land commissioner, with full charge of the settlement and development of the property. I accepted and have been with that outfit ever since. It was good to get back to development work again and I went to it with a will.

The first thing I found was that the settlers already on the land were backward and not doing half what they should with their land. They were doing all their work with their hands instead of with their heads. If there was ever a bunch of farmers who needed the help of a development missionary, that was the bunch.

Farmer, Spare That Sow!

One incident will show what I was up against. Those farmers were raising a lot of feedstuff without the animals needed to turn it into money; their surplus fodder and grain were drugs on the market. The only hogs they had were the native razorbacks and they were short of these. At once I went to the owner of the finest and largest herd of registered Duroc-Jersey hogs in the state and arranged to get a few carloads of these brood animals at just about the price they would command for killing.

The owner was a very public-spirited citizen and was willing to do this for the good of the state. These hogs were distributed among our farmers on the following terms: they were to be paid for in one year at the actual cost price plus interest at six per cent—the prevailing Texas rate being much higher than that. Of course the hogs were ours until they were entirely paid for.

Then I personally instructed each farmer in the care of these animals and gave him an exhaustive talk on their points of superiority over the razorbacks.

Not long after I had planted these seed hogs among our farmers, I received word that a certain old German had said he was going to kill one of the thoroughbred Duroc-Jersey brood sows the next week for family meat. I could not believe this; but I lost no time in getting to his place. He took me out to the pen to show me how fat and fine the new hogs were looking. When I asked him if it was true that he intended to kill one of them the following week he replied:

"*Ja!* Sure I do! Nodings too good for us Germans—eh? That hog, she make the best eatings I ever saw. I got a big appetite for that hog already!"

"Why don't you kill one of those razorbacks?" I asked. "They've always been good enough for you before."

"*Nein!* Nodings too good for us Germans!" he stubbornly persisted.

I labored with him for an hour trying to show him the reckless folly of killing a splendid thoroughbred brood sow for his table when he was trying to build up a moneymaking herd and when he had plenty of razorbacks he could easily spare. But he could not see the point; so I took the hogs away from him, and saw to it that every other farmer in the German settlement knew all about it and understood why it had been done.

Scores of other difficulties almost as disheartening as this experience are constantly coming up, but they are being gradually overcome, and even the most obdurate and stolid of the oldtimers are being taught to farm more with their heads and less with their hands.

I still think the work of the development missionary is the greatest job on earth—and I hope I shall never have to do anything else!

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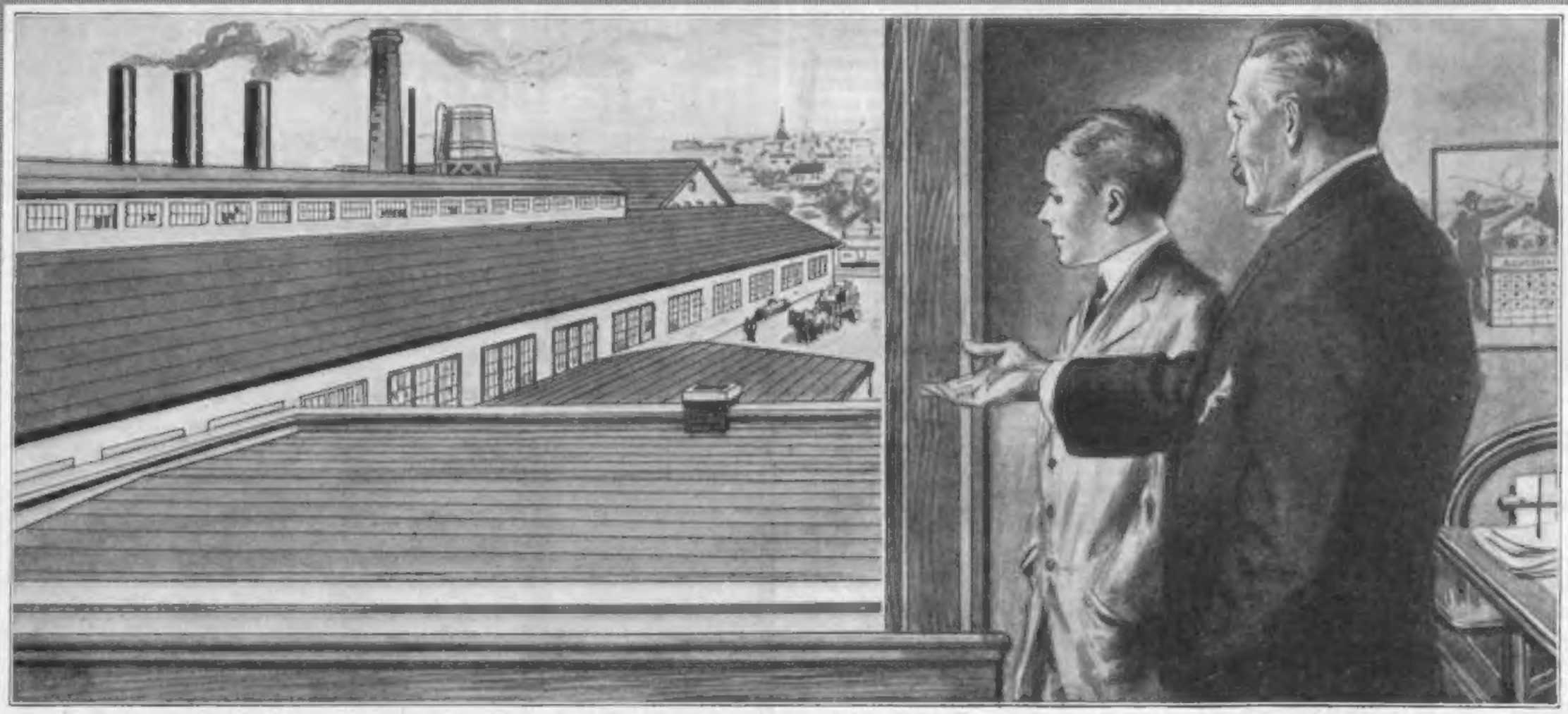

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